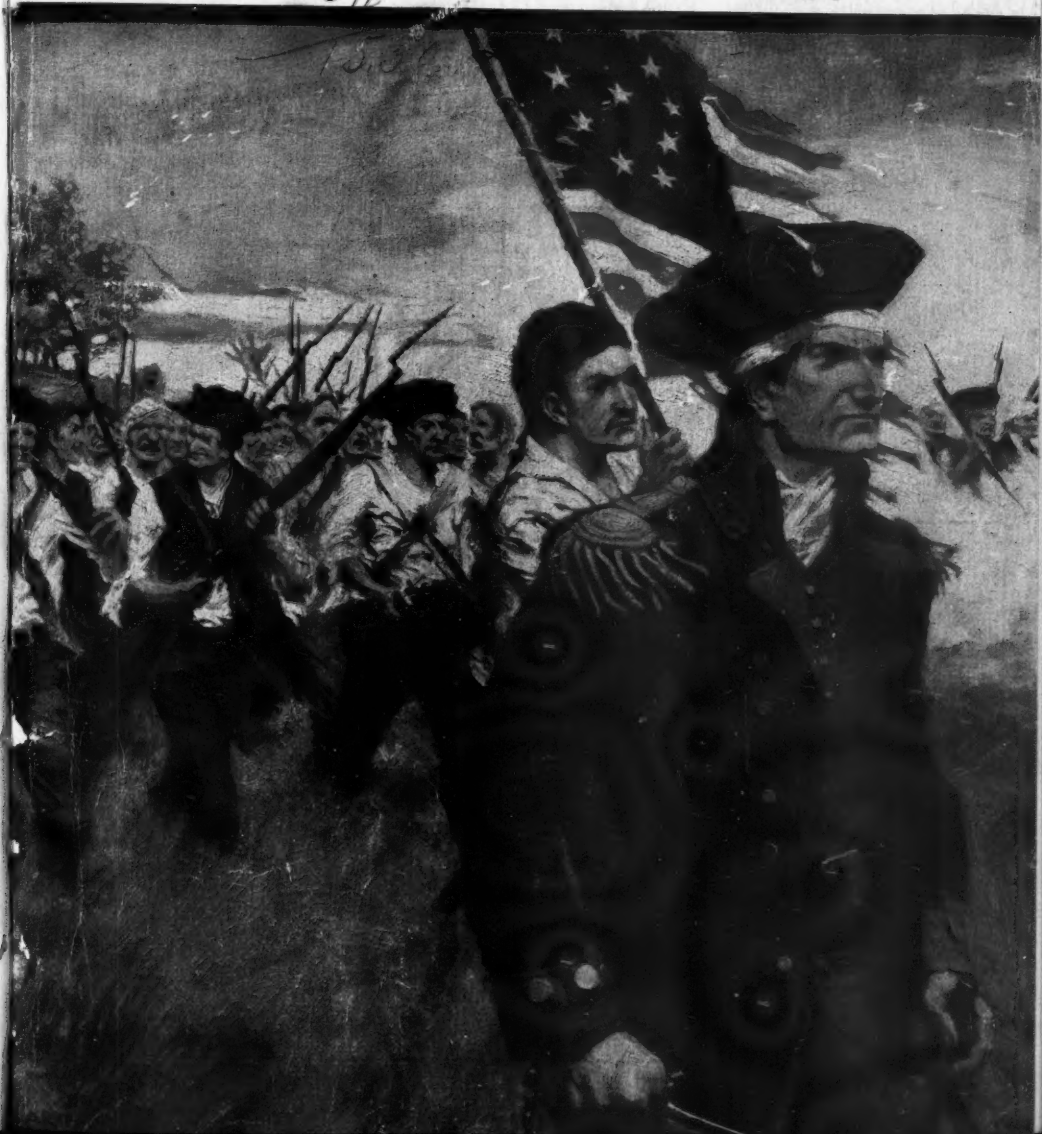


July - June

15 Cents

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

^{15,000}
Edited by ¹⁰Joe Mitchell Chapple





The
PLEASURES of HEALTH

can only be realized when supported by physical strength. Physical strength can only be attained through proper nourishment and physical exercise.

ANHEUSER BUSCH'S
Malt-Nutrine

is not only a liquid food of itself but, when taken with meals, produces the fermentation necessary for the digestion of other foods.

Declared by U. S. Revenue Department A PURE
MALT PRODUCT and **not** an alcoholic beverage
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS

ANHEUSER-BUSCH - - - St. Louis, Mo.

The Necco Seal

The Special Reason for Approval

WHERE you really care for appreciation and want especially to please—take NECCO SWEETS. Don't run chances of disappointment. The Necco Seal identifies the package and gives a clear title to the confectionery inside before a string is untied or a cover lifted, and it guarantees the same sure, delicious goodness every time. The more particular the taste the more reason for NECCO SWEETS. Until you've tried



Lenox Chocolates

you've missed a treat. There are some 500 varieties of NECCO SWEETS—creams, pastes, fudge, chocolate coated nuts, simple fruit drops and brittle chips, and the most elaborate bonbons. Every kind is as wholesome and good as we know how to make it and we have a reputation for knowing how to make good, wholesome confectionery.

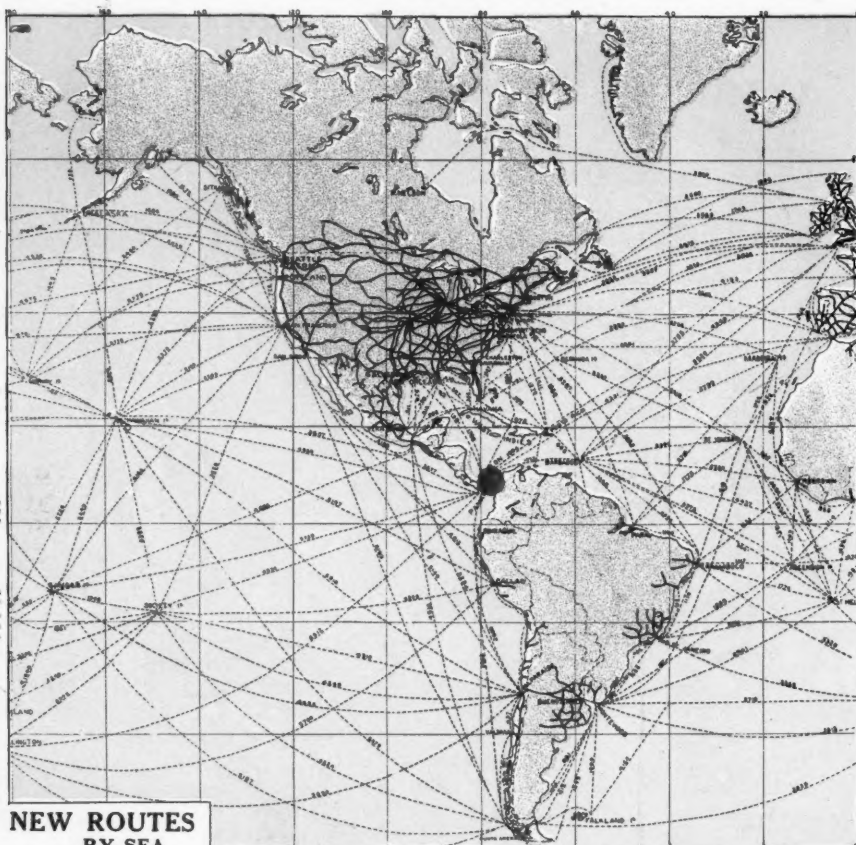


NECCO SWEETS are sold everywhere by high grade dealers.

NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY CO., Boston, Mass.

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

How the PANAMA CANAL



NEW ROUTES BY SEA

A GLANCE at the map of the world, with red dot showing the Panama canal as an axis indicates how many radical changes have been wrought by its reversal of the usual sailing routes established for centuries between the great seaports. For instance, the saving in distance from New York to Honolulu approximates 6,000 miles; to Manila over 5,200 miles; to Australia over 2,000 miles, and to Valparaiso almost 4,000 miles. An important change in the route to Vladivostok, the great railroad terminus of Russian Asia, lessens the distance over 7,035 miles from New York to New Zealand, which is sure to become an important trading point with the United States, a saving of 3,000 miles being recorded. From New York to Nome and Sitka, Alaska, the water distance is lessened by nearly 9,000 miles. The "open door" to China is closer now by nearly 2,000 miles to New York than before. Melbourne, Australia, is drawn closer by nearly 3,000 miles, and Yokohama, the key to Northern Oriental trade, will be a little over 3,000 miles nearer to New York. These same figures apply to ports reached from New Orleans, especially Callao and other South American ports which of course are much nearer the Gulf City. Ships from San Francisco save in the distance around distance is lessened by 4,000 miles or more from San Francisco. Cape Town is nearer to San Francisco the Horn about 5,000 miles. To Brest, Antwerp, Hamburg, London and other European ports the by 1,000 miles. Gibraltar and Mediterranean ports are nearly 5,000 miles closer.

The distance from San Francisco to Panama is 3,277 miles; from Panama to New York is 2,036 miles; from New Orleans to Panama is 812 miles; from Mobile to Panama about 846 miles; from Charleston about 1,650 miles; from Baltimore about 1,850 miles. The saving in the distance from San Francisco to Liverpool is 4,385 miles, while Rio Janeiro and the southeast coast of South America are nearer by one to two thousand miles to San Francisco.

NOTE—The two-page map, in colors, of the Canal Zone, showing the Panama canal, printed in May issue, has attracted widespread interest. Copies will be furnished to schools at fifty cents per dozen, or five cents each. This map shows the Atlantic city of Colon west of the city of Panama on the Pacific, and was one of the first ever printed showing the exact location of canal routes on north and south lines.

Changes the World's Sea Routes

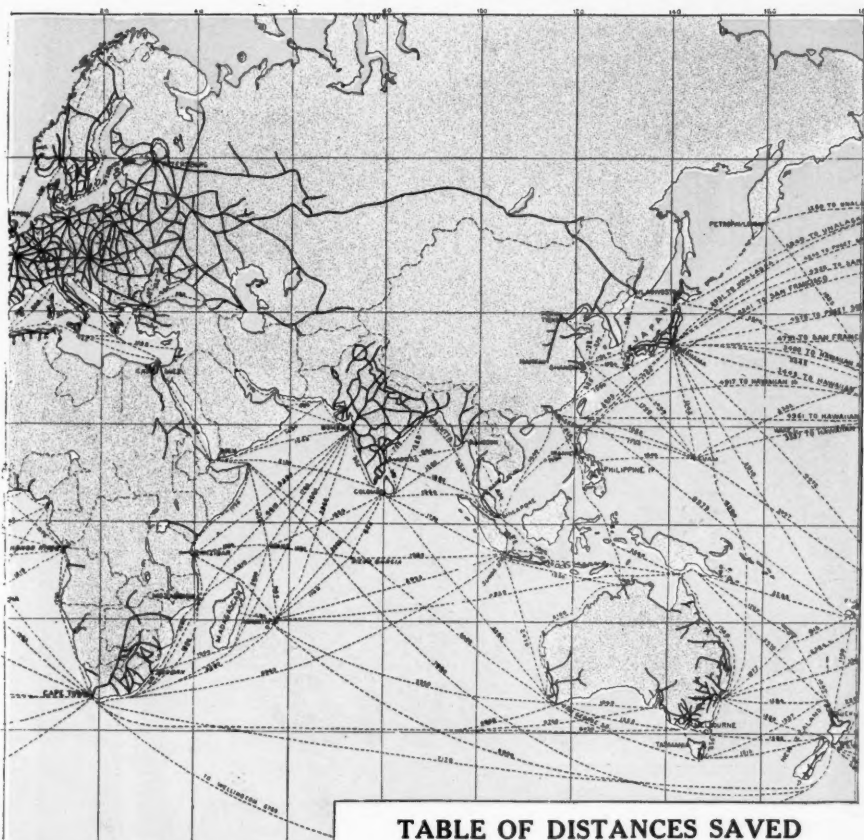


TABLE OF DISTANCES SAVED

New York to	
Honolulu via Magellan...	13,269
Honolulu via Panama...	6,686
Manila via Suez...	11,566
Manila via Panama...	4,346
Melbourne, Australia, via Cape of Good Hope...	12,679
Melbourne, Australia, via Panama...	10,028
Valparaiso via Magellan...	8,460
Valparaiso via Panama...	4,637
Vladivostok via Magellan...	17,036
Vladivostok via Panama...	10,001
Wellington, New Zealand via Magellan...	11,500
Wellington, New Zealand via Panama...	8,540
Nome via Magellan Straits...	15,840
Nome via Panama...	8,010
Shanghai, China, via Suez Canal...	12,360
Shanghai, China, via Panama...	10,855
Hong Kong via Suez...	11,610
Hong Kong via Panama...	11,431
Manila via Suez...	11,556
Manila via Panama...	11,346
Melbourne, Australia, via Magellan...	12,880

New York to	
Melbourne, Australia, via Panama...	10,028
Yokohama via Suez...	13,040
Yokohama via Panama...	9,867

New Orleans to	
Callao via Magellan...	10,142
Callao via Panama...	2,762
Hong Kong via Suez...	12,892
Hong Kong via Panama...	10,830
Honolulu via Magellan...	13,719
Honolulu via Panama...	6,085
Manila via Suez...	12,946
Manila via Panama...	10,993
Melbourne via Magellan...	13,143
Melbourne via Panama...	9,427
Nome via Magellan...	16,249
Nome via Panama...	7,410
Shanghai via Suez...	13,700
Shanghai via Panama...	10,254
Vladivostok via Magellan...	17,445
Vladivostok via Panama...	9,410
Wellington, New Zealand, via Magellan...	11,773
Wellington, New Zealand, via Panama...	7,939
Yokohama via Suez...	14,471
Yokohama via Panama...	9,492

San Francisco to	
Antwerp via Magellan...	13,671
Antwerp via Panama...	8,264
Brest, France, via Magellan...	13,209
Brest, France, via Panama...	7,840
Cape Town via Magellan...	10,454
Cape Town via Panama...	9,898
Gibraltar via Magellan...	12,734
Gibraltar via Panama...	7,642
Havana, rail and steam, via New York...	3,079
Havana, rail and steam, via Panama...	4,337
Liverpool via Magellan...	13,503
Liverpool via Panama...	8,038
Marseilles via Magellan...	13,324
Marseilles via Panama...	8,332
Pernambuco, Brazil, via Magellan...	8,539
Pernambuco, Brazil, via Panama...	7,678
Rio de Janeiro via Magellan...	8,539
Rio de Janeiro via Panama...	7,678

Life

Life from now on
will be one constant
effort to keep cool---to
quench that summer thirst
and to drive away weather
weariness.



Drink

Coca-Cola

Full of life---sparkling as wit and with not a dry touch to
its wet vigorousness.

The cooling, satisfying, thirst-quenching beverage.

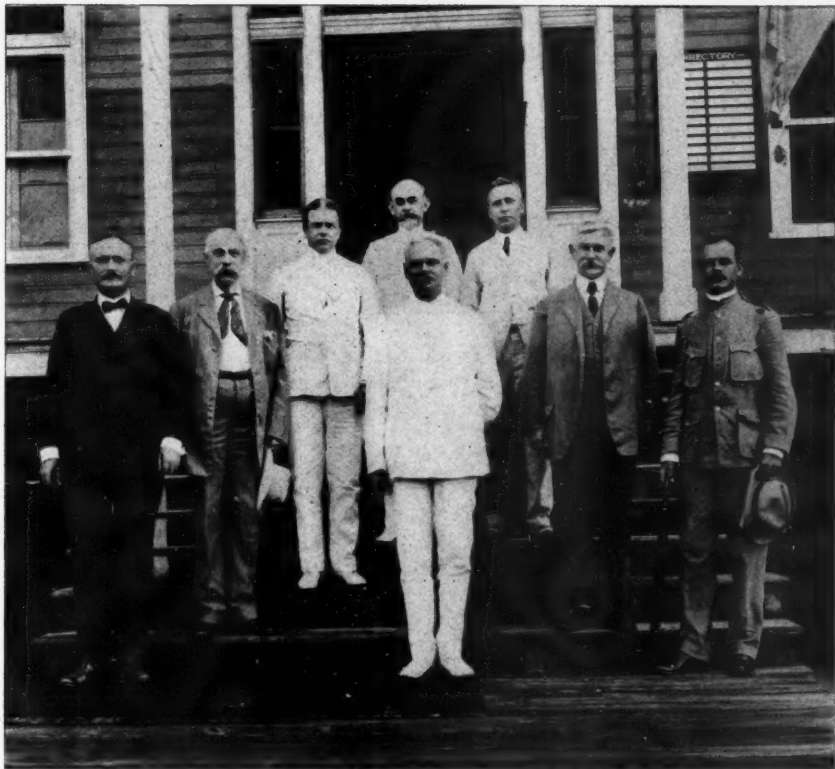
DELICIOUS --- REFRESHING
WHOLESOME

5c Everywhere

Send for our free booklet "The Truth About Coca-Cola."

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY
Atlanta, Ga.

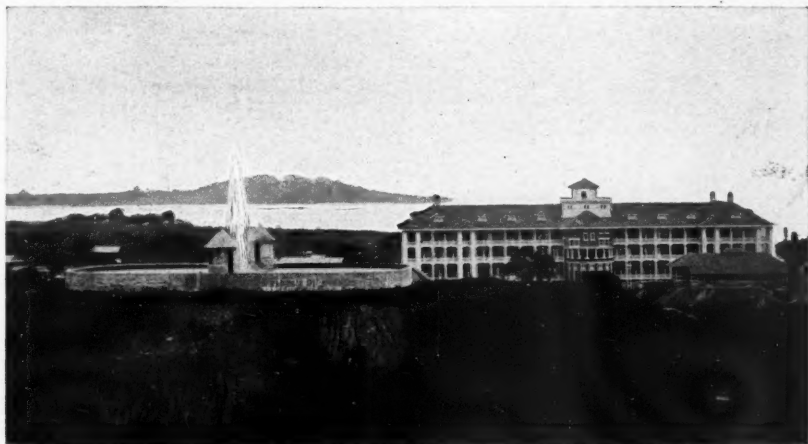
Whenever
you see an
Arrow think
of Coca-Cola

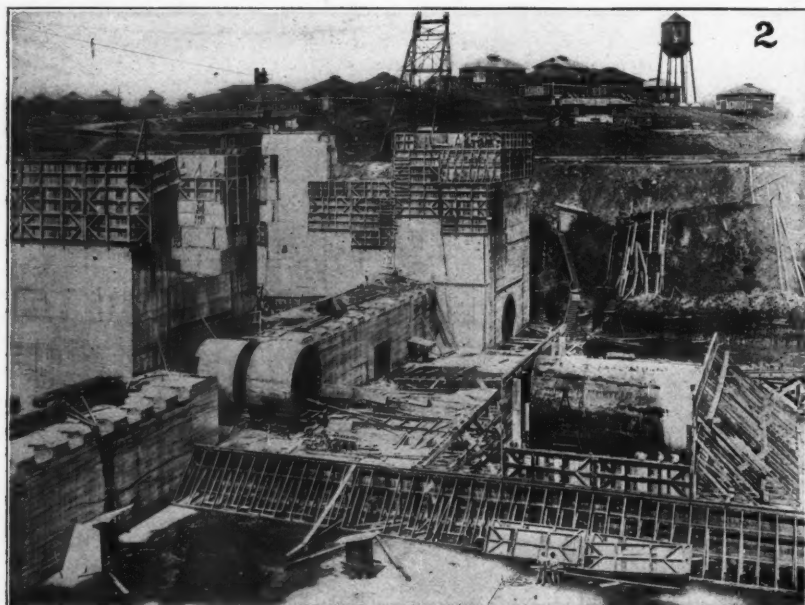
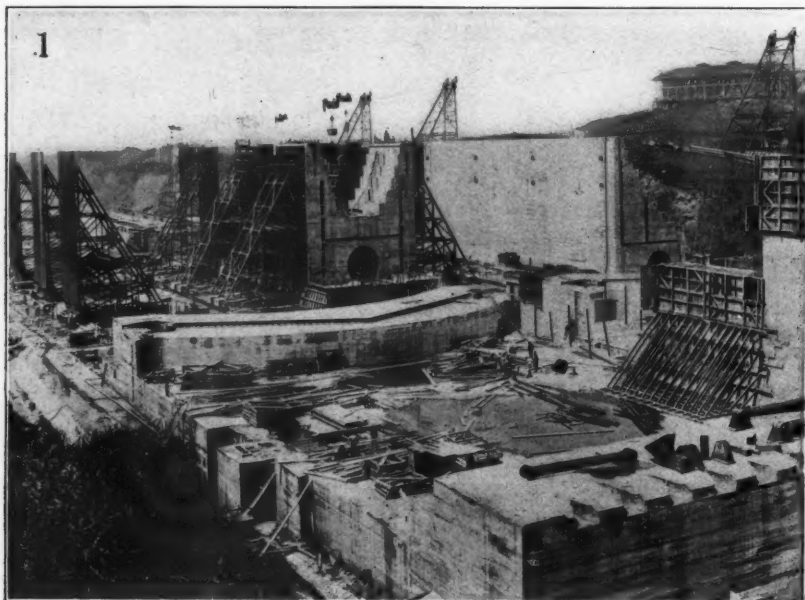


MEMBERS OF THE ISTHMIAN CANAL COMMISSION

Colonel George W. Goethals, chairman, in the center in white. Reading from left to right are Colonel William L. Sibert; Senator Blackburn, who has retired and whose place has been taken by Mr. M. B. Thatcher of Kentucky; Lieutenant H. H. Rousseau; Joseph Bucklin Bishop, secretary; Colonel H. F. Hodges; Colonel W. C. Gorgas; and Lieutenant D. D. Gaillard. No body of eight men have ever worked harder or more harmoniously for the furtherance of the great government contract.

Below is given also a view of the handsome Tivoli Hotel, built, owned and operated by the United States Government and a favorite rendezvous for tourists from all parts of the world. This hotel proves a most profitable venture for the government during the tourists' season.





This, the newest picture obtainable of the work at Gatun Locks, is an inspiring panoramic view of the great construction. The first work done at Gatun was in June, 1906, and the present status indicates that the locks will be practically completed within a year. The first steam shovel started the excavation in September, 1906, and work on the locks' great dam in August, 1907. The locks called for the excavation of 5,000,000 cubic yards of earth and rock, of which over 4,000,000 cubic yards had been completed on May 1st. It also required the laying of 2,000,000 cubic yards of masonry of which nearly half a million has already been completed, and the emplacement of thousands of tons of steel, 5,000 tons being used to date. The dam will be a mile long, 115 feet high, and 360 feet thick at the water line, and a half mile thick at the base, necessitating the placing of 19,160,000 cubic yards of earth and rock filling, nearly 7,000,000 of which are already completed. The excavation of 1,555,000 cubic yards of rock has been entirely completed, and of 1,850,000 cubic yards of masonry nearly 70,000 cubic yards were laid by May 1st.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXXII

JUNE-JULY, 1910

NUMBER THREE



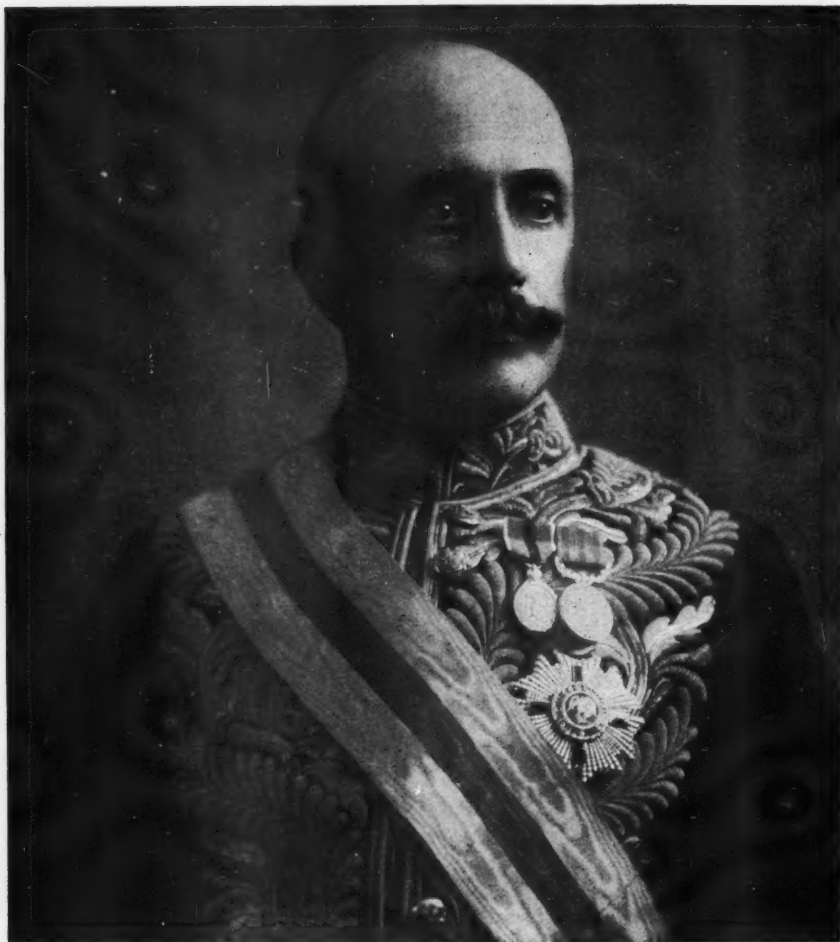
Affairs at Washington *By Joe Mitchell Chapple*

AS the end of the session approaches, there recurs that lively bustle that suggests universal preparations for "going home," and recalls memories of the end of the summer term at school, and setting out upon the long-desired vacation. Every face wears an off-to-the-country smile. All the acrimony of past discussions or differences are dissipated, and everyone is at peace with all the world.

Mingling with the cheerfulness of closing up work for the summer vacation, there is nevertheless an undercurrent of the heat and ardor of campaign preparation. Records are being searched for correct dates of historical events, especially apposite quotations from brilliant speeches and other material for the fall campaign. The great cedar chests are being packed, and even around the White House there is a pervading atmosphere of future political activities and an odor of turpentine and mothballs for the preservation of precious furs and discarded woollens. While the ladies of the family are on the lookout for moths, the men—between tugging at trunk straps and turning of keys that "won't lock"—are scanning lists of worthy constituents. They know that by and by every envelope addressed, and every document sent out now will count. One feels that it might throw light on the future of the entire human race, if one could get an insight into the thoughts of each member of the family while setting out to fulfil the summer programme.

IN a city of the Middle West dwell some of the direct descendants of Halley, the royal astronomer of Great Britain, after whom was named the comet on which the attention of the world was focused during April, 1910, when it was visible to ordinary vision. This comet revolves around the sun once every seventy-six years. Halley proved that its orbit was in the form of an ellipse. In 1066, the year that William the Conqueror fought the battle of Hastings, it was looked upon as an omen of success for the Norman invasion. Nearly four centuries later it developed a tail almost sixty degrees in length. The present visit of the comet is notable as being the first occasion that it has been possible to photograph the celestial visitant or to ascertain its composition by means of the spectroscope. The Hydrographic Department of Washington has made observations and published an ephemeris showing the position of the comet during the time that it is visible from the earth. A table is given which indicates that the comet was much nearer the earth on May 18 than at any other date.

Shipmasters sailing in the Pacific were requested by the Department to make observations of the comet, as to its brightness contrasted with that of nearby stars, and the length and brilliancy of the tail: they were especially urged to study the heavens closely on May 16, as it was expected that the comet would then be visible from the Pacific Ocean.



EARL GREY, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA

AT Albany the President met Earl Grey, Governor-General of Canada, and Hon. W. F. Fielding, the Canadian tariff commissioner, who had come to discuss with him the perplexities of tariff conditions and to begin negotiations for a permanent basis under the Payne law. At the University Club banquet at Hotel Ten Eyck there was an exchange of international amenities that was refreshing as a prelude to a tedious tariff conference, scheduled for a quiet Sunday afternoon. Good old Albany, of historic manor house

fame, was gay with bunting, revealing the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes intertwined in a most impressively affectionate manner. The festive spirit of good will and amity permeated the banquet and there was evidence of cordial relationship between the two countries, which might even count for much on the verge of a tariff war. To the common air of the two national anthems, "God Save the King," and "My Country 'tis of Thee," the President lustily sang "Confound their politics," and tunelessly alluded to "their

knavish tricks," and, while the auditors sought to repress a smile, Earl Grey politely tried to master the "rocks and rills" of Uncle Sam's favorite hymn.

The conference was to be held at the Executive Mansion. The rain was coming down as I walked along the old, cobble-stoned streets, past the Manor House and site of old Fort Orange, which figured prominently in the school history of my youthful days. The road to the Executive Mansion leads past the First Congregational Church, of which the Rev. Ray Palmer was first pastor. Members of the party instinctively lifted their hats in reverence for the man who had composed that exquisite hymn, "My faith looks up to Thee," which has brought peace and comfort to so many souls.

* * *

THE New York Executive Mansion is a massive pile, with numerous gables and towers. Automobiles stood buzzing outside the portals, while hundreds of Albanians stood in the rain to watch for the celebrities. When the autos left in the early evening, the white curtains were drawn down, and the lights turned on while the tariff question of two great countries was being discussed. Subsequent events also indicate that it was at this conference that the acquaintance ripened that impelled President Taft to appoint Governor Hughes as a Justice of the Supreme Court.

At the left of the entrance of the Executive Mansion is the Governor's workshop and library, wherein there are books, books and more books. The reception parlors are furnished in red, and a sociable bull dog was seated on a couch to welcome the guests. In the great hall and in the reception rooms carnations shed their fragrance on the air,

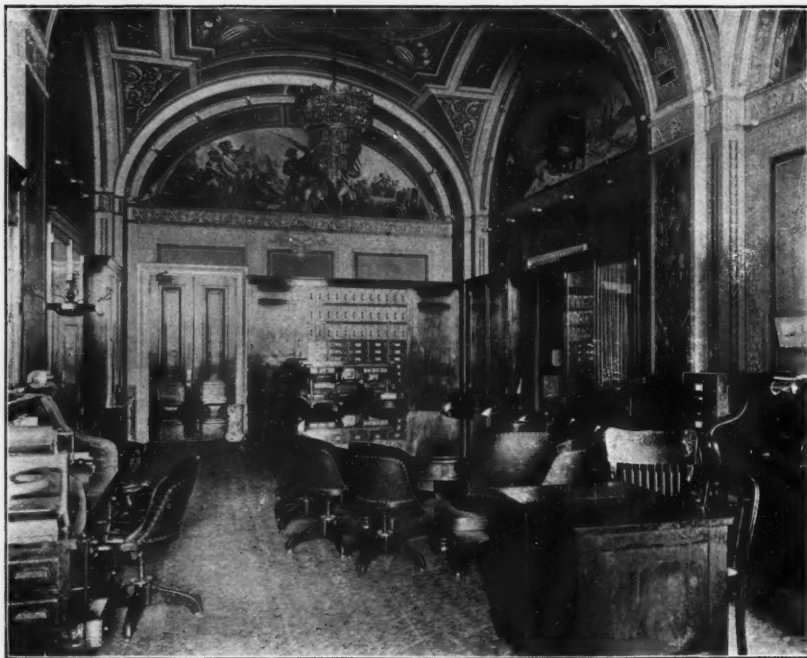
while on a handsome centre table, pink tulips held up their heads, aware that they harmonized charmingly with the decoration scheme of the apartment. The wide stairway, leading from the great entrance



MISS MARGOT MERRIAM

A California leading woman, now with the Worcester (Mass.) Stock Company, under the management of Harrison Gray Fiske

hall, suggests the old Dutch mansions on the Hudson of the early days. It was an ideal setting for a tariff conference of so momentous a nature, for there were only eleven days left before the ultimatum must be delivered. The French-American tariff treaty had been signed, and now the



SENATE MILITARY COMMITTEE ROOM WITH ITS AMERICAN BATTLE PICTURES

Where Senator Warren of Wyoming puts in many hours overtime

question was how to arrange perplexing points to the satisfaction of Canada and the United States. The Canadians seemed disposed to let the Americans take the initiative, and Dr. Pepper, the tariff expert, and the President were ready to consider the complicated points.

The tariff policy of Canada is referred to as controlled by "a commission in council," which is authorized to make rates and agreements within certain limits, irrespective of parliamentary action. Some of the Canadian representatives seemed to feel that the United States government is an anomaly of power, and lack of power, and confidence in the chief executive. Even President Taft, with the discretion of exercising the maximum and minimum tariff, seemed to them to require certain restraints to bring the United States to the same footing as Canada in this matter. Tariff conditions between the two countries now hinge on the question of whether the Canadians must discriminate against

the United States because of a former treaty made by the British, under a "favored nation" clause, in which thirteen other countries were included but not the States.

Another question raised was whether to estimate the tariff on the basis of actual exports and imports, or the aggregate of the entire list, estimated on all duties prescribed.

The effect of the maximum tariff, a twenty-five per cent advance, *ad valorem*, it was felt would be almost ruinous to lumber and fish imports from Canada, which are now extensive. For instance, a mackerel duty of a cent a pound amounts on a barrel of two hundred pounds to two dollars. If the fish are assessed at twenty dollars a barrel, the *ad valorem* duty would be five dollars, and with the specific duty of two dollars, would amount to seven dollars, a ruinous rate which bears a resemblance to the Dutchman's noted one per cent rate of profit.

IT was a veritable home-coming for President Taft when he visited Millbury, Massachusetts, and ate apple pie with his Aunt Delia. The Railway Brotherhood convention at Worcester was addressed during this visit, and thousands united in giving the President a splendid ovation, but for him personally the heart-interest must have centered in the Sunday which he enjoyed with his aunt. Arriving at nine in the morning, there were the ham and eggs—done on one side only—all ready, just as in boyhood's days. Later he went to church as peacefully and obediently as he had been wont to do when visiting in Millbury long ago, when as a boy he had come back for part of the summer. He noted with pleasure the wide stone wall around the pasture, just as of old, when he had played with Jimmy Powers, who soon became owner of the village livery stable.

The President was met by Governor Draper at Millbury, and escorted to Worcester. The hearty ovation given to the Governor was indicative of the honor in which the chief executive of the Commonwealth is held by his home people. His sturdy courage and businesslike administration are appreciated by the people who know him best, and regard him as one of the ablest and most efficient governors that the Bay State has ever sent to Beacon Hill.

Almost every house on the road from Worcester to Millbury was gaily decorated with bunting and portraits of the President, in honor of the boy who had played along that road years ago. The ministers in the churches hereabouts spoke of him as "the boy from

the Millbury hills." The village streets were crowded as on a great holiday, the bandstand was aflame with flags, and the



Courtesy of the Boston American

PRESIDENT TAFT AND AUNT DELIA OUT FOR A WALK

churches, schools and homes were decorated profusely to offer a royal welcome to the chief executive of the United States. Of course a call was made at the big house surrounded by stately elms,

which was the home of the President's maternal grandfather.

The people gathered in the streets to watch him cross the road with that same swing as when a barefoot boy he had played among them. The secret service men, attired in linen dusters, were kept busy moving hither and thither, as the automobiles swept to and fro—for the President made the most of every minute. At the station, on the banks of the old Blackstone, where "Bill" Taft used to fish in the merry days of youth, in the stillness of the Sabbath morning, after the

an eloquent tribute to the worth of maiden aunts.

Looking from his car at Millbury upon the throngs gathered to see him, he may have wondered that it had never occurred to him, as a boy, that some such scene might be enacted in this familiar spot. Perhaps there was a tender thought of the sweet-faced mother, to whom he said farewell when he left for his tour around the world. She died here at the old home and did not witness the distinction that has come to her illustrious son as President of the United States.



Courtesy of the Boston Journal

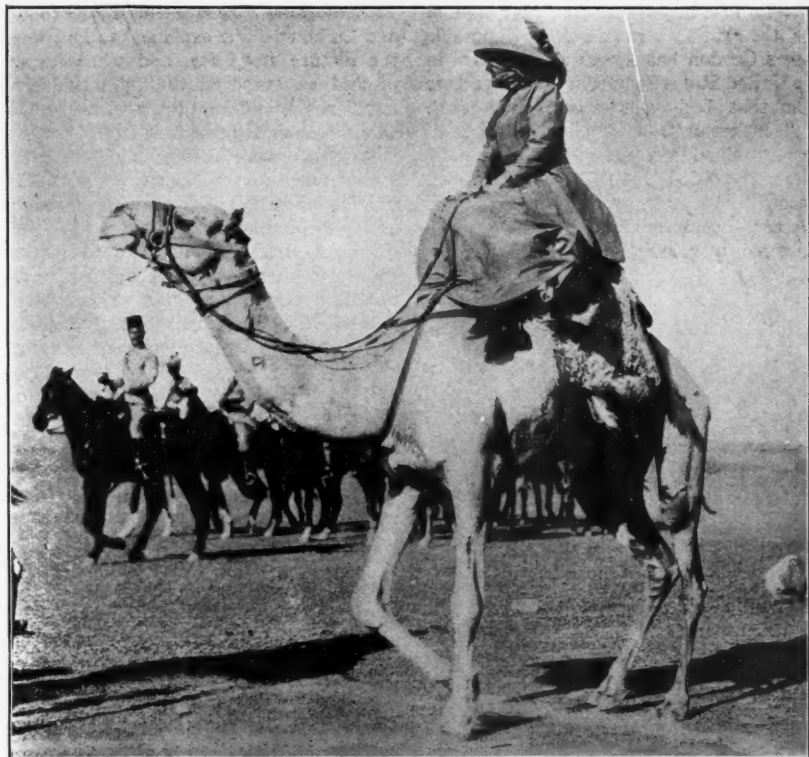
PRESIDENT TAFT AND GOVERNOR DRAPER IN AUTOMOBILE AT WORCESTER

church bells had ceased, the President made the great speech of the day. He alluded feelingly to the many happy memories revived, and the tender friendships cherished in connection with the bygone days; he said that he felt as though he had been born half in Massachusetts and half in Ohio. The President pointed to the hill nearby, where the old school-house stood which he had attended in the happy carefree days when he had been the especial charge and delight of his "Aunt Delia." Her influence seems to have stayed with him all through life, and it was to her that he referred in his speeches in the South, when he paid such

After the last word had been spoken in the old home, the shades were drawn in the car and the President relaxed from the strain of a long day, fraught with pleasurable emotion, and sank into his seat with a happy sigh. He had enjoyed a visit to the old home, as well as met thousands of railroad men at their great convention.

* * *

THE death of Justice Brewer removed from the Supreme Court bench a most pronounced character. At the last judicial reception at the White House, I saw Justice Brewer and Justice Harlan go off into a quiet corner, between the



Copyright, 1910, by Underwood & Underwood, New York

MRS. ROOSEVELT ON CAMEL AT KERRI

red and blue room to enjoy a cheery chat, telling each other jolly good stories of bygone days. These two jurists having taken part in the absolutely necessary formalities pertaining to their position, gladly slipped away for a quiet time together. They had served in concert on the bench during their mature years, and been active in the solution of many knotty points, but they have remained unpretentious, humane and kindly.

The mother of Justice Brewer was a sister of Cyrus W. Field, who laid the Atlantic cable and was one of the remarkable Field family. The late Justice was born in Asia Minor, while his father resided in that country as a missionary. He was a classmate of Senator Depew, at Yale, and studied law in the office of his uncle, Dudley Field. His first office

was that of United States commissioner, and his first judicial service was in the probate court. In 1865 he entered the federal service as judge, with an interim of four years as prosecuting attorney, when he was appointed justice of the Supreme Court of the state of Kansas. In 1889 he was appointed by President Harrison to the Supreme Court bench.

Justice Brewer was a member of the famous Venezuelan Arbitration Tribunal, and also the author of a number of books. The first was "The Pew to the Pulpit," and awakened widespread comment. A man of strong convictions and deep emotions, tempered with broad experience, his writings have been read with eager interest, and for many years Justice Brewer has been regarded as one of the strongest, brainiest jurists of the country.

A STATELY and gallant gentleman of the old Southern school, the Honorable James Gordon has served a brief term in the United States Senate, and his departure from that body was sincerely regretted. A "gentleman from Mississippi" indeed, his farewell address was one of the happiest efforts recorded in the "Congressional Record" for many years. In a simple manner, characteristic of the man, he delivered a valedictory which is replete

United States Senate in the days of Clay and Calhoun. She explained to him what the picture stood for, and when he expressed an ambition to "be there some day," she told him that a clean, industrious life might bring him to it.

What a picture that genial Confederate soldier made in the Senate, as he told of the day when he wore the gray and fought and bled, humorously adding, "I didn't die—I skedaddled." His words further confirmed the unity of the nation under one flag, the tribute "to our country" bringing forth hearty applause from the galleries and floor.

"I am tired of sectionalism," continued the retiring Senator. "God knows I got enough of the fighting, and I don't want to hear any speech in the Senate or elsewhere which stirs up strife." He confessed that there were "trouble-makers," North and South, but he added that "the people were all right."

"A man might as well attempt to scale the ramparts of Jehovah, and pluck from heaven God's proudest star, as to pluck from the brow of the conqueror or conquered the loyalty which was on the brows of the men on either side who stood under the apple tree in Appomattox.

"Since then I have kept the oath which I took as a good citizen of the United States." He went on to speak of the need for perfect understanding before an opinion is passed. "I

have heard you, the Senate, abused and censured, and I find that this is the finest working body of men with whom I have been associated. I had no idea of the work incumbent on a man who occupied a seat in the Senate, but I am glad to have had the opportunity of obtaining the information direct."

Interspersed in the address was a bit of verse on the Old Black Mammy; every paragraph in the speech was fraught with genial good will and cheery humor. Closing with a hearty and cordial assurance of a welcome awaiting the Senators if they came to Mississippi, and a bow of



Photo by
Clinedinst

MISS MAY HOWARD

A prominent Washington society woman, whose skill as a horse-woman has put Uncle Sam's fighting men on their mettle. She rode in the army endurance test ordered by ex-President Roosevelt, and covered ninety-eight miles in fifteen and one-half hours. Her performance was a marvel to many officers who had a hard time to meet the requirements. New test rides have been ordered by the Navy Department, in which Miss Howard will participate.

with human interest and full of a broad and inspiring patriotism.

When he arose at his desk and announced his retirement, he disclaimed any intention of making a set speech, and also disclaimed the honor of having written the poems ascribed to him. In his preface he naively remarked that he was going to present the only book of poems that he had written to the president of the Senate. He stated that he set out to become a United States Senator when he was but five years of age. His mother then helped him to spin an old-fashioned teetotum top, on which was pictured the

old-time courtesy, the gentleman from Mississippi concluded his speech.

When he had taken his seat, Senator Depew, with one of his courteous and gracious bows, arose and paid a charming tribute to his colleague, saying that he regarded the speech as an unique contribution to literature of this character, and that he believed it would go down in the records as an utterance of patriotism, good-fellowship, broad-minded charity and good humor that would live long after other apparently more able addresses had long been forgotten. The adieu bidden to Senator Gordon was such as would have gladdened even the heart of a man who had filled a seat in the Senate for years.

* * *

ONE of the first to arouse Boston and Eastern business men to the seriousness of the Canadian tariff situation was Mr. John F. Masters, New England Superintendent of the Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamship Line. Realizing that relations were sure to be badly strained, and that prompt action was necessary, he made a hurried trip to Albany, and had a conference with the Hon. W. F. Fielding, Canadian Minister of Finance. Referring to the situation, Mr. Masters stated:

"The Canadians are, of course, very much pleased with the satisfactory outcome of tariff negotiations, and regard President Taft as a high type of statesman, at whose hands, as an official of the United States, Canada is likely to receive fair treatment.

"Had the maximum tariff gone into effect, it would have been disastrous to the shipping interests between Canada and this country, and the port of Boston in particular, and New England in general, would have been the greatest losers. Of course, all commodities of living would have materially advanced; the increased cost would have fallen entirely on the consumer.

"At the time the negotiations were talked over, there was a likelihood that the United States would put into effect the maximum tariff, which increases the present duties twenty-five per cent, ad valorem, unless the States should be accorded the same preferential tariff given

to France and twelve other countries, under the favored nation clause."

The Canadians declined to do this because the United States was, in their opinion, offering no adequate return; they considered that the minimum tariff being retained represented no concession. The Canadian commissioners claimed that the average duty against Canada is far higher than (about double) that accorded by Canada to the States, and pointed out that it was unfair to consider only an average duty on articles at present shipped



Photo by Chickering

JOHN F. MASTERS

New England Superintendent, Dominion Atlantic
Railway Steamship Company

because there were many commodities not being interchanged at this time because of a prohibitive tariff, this being especially true in regard to agricultural products.

The editor of the *Toronto Globe*, Mr. J. A. Macdonald, went to Ottawa and Washington and, after many conferences with the President, brought about the meeting at Albany, at which an arrangement was agreed upon that settles the matter for the present. Canada has agreed to extend to the United States the same rates on about twelve articles—silk, linseed oil and other products not grown in Canada—

that are already accorded to more favored nations. It makes no material difference to the Dominion where these articles are purchased. President Taft has intimated that further negotiations will be made to effect an exchange of pulp-wood and fish products in return for concessions on United States manufactured goods. Thus the tariff situation today remains prac-



Photo by Clinedinst

MISS CARRIE CLINE

Daughter of Congressman Cline of Indiana, who is noted for her beauty and talents

tically unaltered, except that these twelve selected articles have been made the basis of future negotiations, which it is understood are now pending.

* * *

IT was interesting to watch two brothers walking arm in arm down the aisle of the House of Representatives. They belong to opposing political parties. Congressman Eugene N. Foss, elected to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Congressman Lovering of Massachusetts, was elected on the Democratic ticket, and proceeded to be sworn in. His brother, Representative George E. Foss, Chairman of the Naval Committee,

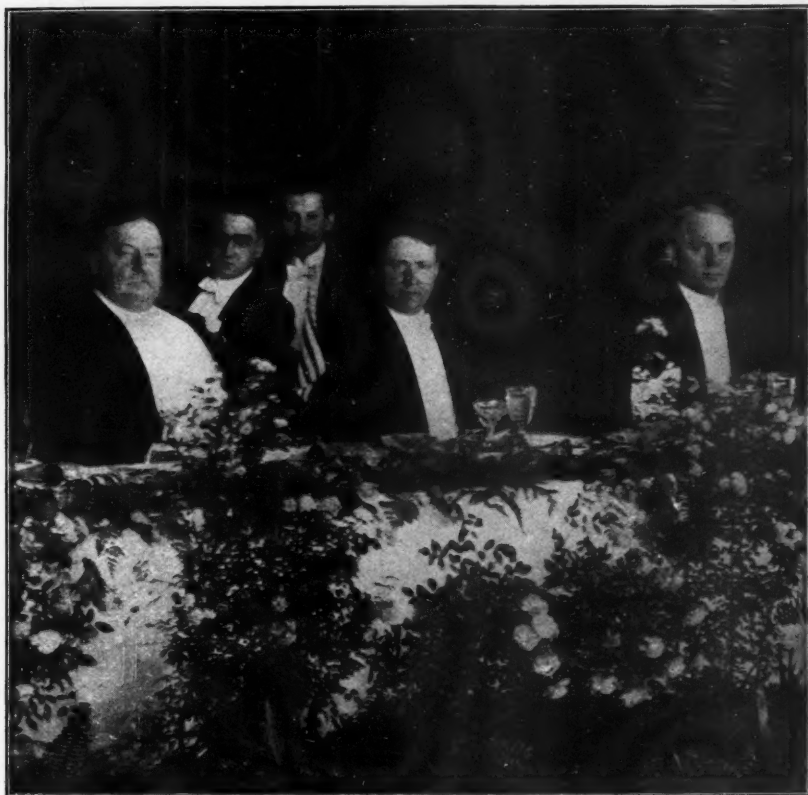
is one of the Republican leaders in Congress. The two brothers were born in Vermont, and the younger went West early in life. The older brother remained engaged in manufacture in Boston. Their mother was in the gallery, looking down on her two boys as they appeared before the Speaker, honored representatives in Congress of two political parties.

The comradeship of those two brothers may stand as a type of the fraternal spirit of Congress—despite the division of party lines. The success of her two boys brought to the cheek of the mother a flush of pleasure, and her eager interest was beautiful to behold, as she peered over the rail with the same kindly glance as when hearing her sons recite in school on Friday afternoons in the old schoolhouse in Vermont.

* * *

THE activities of the Taft administration are not confined to any one section. An address is made tonight in Chicago, tomorrow night in New York, and every state and territory has been united. Newspaper men are bearded in their lair, and there is a general desire to understand matters. In Rochester seven hundred business men applauded while President Taft frankly outlined plans for federal legislation, and at Albany the Canadian officials were greeted.

The Rochester meeting was in the nature of a council, and the utterances made there deserve careful consideration. The remarks of Mr. Wm. C. Brown, President of the New York Central Railroad—nationally recognized as a man of progressive ideas and optimistic faith—were in curious contrast to the opinions of the equally able, but somewhat older railroad man, Mr. James J. Hill, who after a life of achievement has become a little apprehensive. His views have a cautious tinge suggestive of the prudence of maturity, while Mr. Brown holds fast to the most hopeful signs of the future and the present. He called attention to the normal and encouraging conditions which now prevail. The 400,000 idle cars and the 10,000 locomotives that figured in reports of the "panic year" have been put into action, to keep abreast of the activities of fields,



PRESIDENT TAFT A GUEST AT THE TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL DINNER OF THE ROCHESTER CHAMBER OF COMMERCE. MR. W. C. BROWN TO THE RIGHT OF PICTURE

mines, forests and factories, which are everywhere bearing witness to the renaissance of a great era of prosperity. Every car and engine is double-crewed and working to the outside of its capacity.

This aggressive railroad president believes that the first business of the government of any country is to secure the most abundant measure of prosperity and comfort possible for the greatest number of citizens. "If you are interested in the welfare of your country, get in line with the Taft administration," was the conclusion that echoed with the ring of uncompromising confidence that was infectious. He deplored the lack of intelligent farming, the run-down and impoverished farms, and compared our agricultural con-

dition to the attitude of children, who, supplied with too many oranges, merely take a small bite from each, suck a little of the juice and throw away the best part of the fruit. Mr. Brown contends that this is the position of many farmers, who cultivate what he calls "half-farmed land." To prove his point he produced comparative figures of the production in other countries, showing that more and better farming would solve many economic difficulties.

* * *

A WORK of art that is worthy to stand side by side with the classics in children's books—Arabian Nights, Water Babies, Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare

and others—is the "Great Sea Horse," by Isabel Anderson, published by Little, Brown & Company, price two dollars. In passing one marvels how such a book can be sold at so low a cost. The ex-

quisite pictures are in three colors, and each one is a gem in itself, and is daintily covered with tissue paper which brings joy to the heart of a child. Probably there is not one in the world who has not laid

tissue paper over a colored picture for the pleasure of seeing the shades of color gleaming through in misty fashion. It is a beautiful book in every way; even the inside covers are decorated with suitable designs, and there is something on every page to catch the eye and rivet the attention of a child. Mrs. Anderson evidently knows just what the little ones love to look at and to hear.

This is the author's first book, and is a notable contribution to a form of literature which the ablest writers concede to be very difficult to write well. Mrs. Anderson resides in Boston and is the wife of the Hon. Larz Anderson, who has occupied many prominent positions in the United States diplomatic service in Italy and elsewhere. Last winter the Anderson residence in Washington was frequented by many diplomats, artists and men of letters. Mrs. Anderson is one of the very few society leaders who has succeeded in reviving in Washington the inspiration and charm of the Parisian salon of former days.

Now for the stories. "The Great Sea Horse" is a fine fellow, who will win the hearts of his little friends, even though he is in the unfortunate position of having too many admirers among the mermaids. The very word "mermaid" is a delight, to a child, and the story of the sea horse will be eagerly read over many times. If his evil doings up the river suggest some mischief, it is atoned for by his



Courtesy of C. M. Clark Publishing Company

MRS. LARZ ANDERSON
Author of "The Great Sea Horse"



Courtesy of C. M. Clark Publishing Company

A HALL IN MRS. ANDERSON'S WASHINGTON HOUSE

good deeds in helping to rescue the shipwrecked mariner. Many a child will dream of the beautiful horse, with a tail and mane of golden brown seaweed, tossing his head and galloping, or rolling in the yellow sand.

The story of King Foxy and gnome land with its mists and snow will be especially attractive, and grown-up readers will admire the deft way in which Mrs. Anderson conveys information in her line or two of description of Muir Glacier,

"forever slowly moving," and will hastily prepare themselves for the flood of questions which the reading of every story is sure to bring from the little people. The doings of King Foxy will be remembered long after the little readers have grown so busy that they cannot spare time to read the beautiful book in which they first met the tiny king "before whom even polar bears have trembled." Many a man and woman of the future will discover

that he or she gained a first knowledge of geography and transportation from the story of the travels of King Foxy and his faithful gnomes, when they went in search of the queen gnome—something which had never before been heard of.

Then comes a pretty lesson in forestry in "The Forest School," a story in which Mrs. Oak, the Misses Maple and many other lovely maids of the forest appear. The "Fairy Sitting on a Pond Lily" is one of the most beautiful pictures in the

that are strangely realistic. Everything takes on an aspect of the magical for her, from the opening of the Jamestown Exposition to the boyish experiences of Johnny Cork, who afterward became a great explorer. "The child's dreams often become the great realities of a man's life," she says. All through the book are beautiful illustrations, and every story is of deepest interest. Mrs. Anderson realizes that the craving of a child for "a story" is evidence of the desire for information, and in the

cleverest way possible she stimulates the imagination and blazes the path to future achievement for the little readers. She has created a new departure in present-day literature that must have its effect on the history of the men and women who are to be the future citizens of the United States.

* * *



"STORMFIELD," THE HOME OF MARK TWAIN
AT REDDING, CONNECTICUT

book. The story of the Magic Lock and the little "Chink" who had such hard times and finally landed in the Yellow River near the "Great Wall," gives a thrilling glimpse of what a little alien may endure in an enlightened land, as well as a suggestion of Chinese customs.

"It wears its beard without a chin, and leaves its bed to be tucked in," was the riddle propounded by Princess Dawn to Prince Sunshine, when she appeared to him in the guise of a mermaid. He could not guess that it was an oyster, so the fair lady had to tell him as she sat and "untangled her hair with the Venus comb-shell." This story of "The Maiden of Rosyland" is one of the many in which the mermaids or mermen appear. In fact, Mrs. Anderson seems especially familiar with fairy lore, for she tells tales of fire, flower and woodland fairies, of gnomes and of Neptune and of mer-boys

THE passing of Samuel L. Clemens, known universally as Mark Twain, calls us to bid farewell to one of the most popular and well-known Americans the world has ever seen. Two years ago the National published that bit of exquisite verse, inscribed on the stone which marks his daughter's resting place, at the old home:

"Warm summer sun, shine kindly here;
Warm southern wind, blow softly here;
Green sod above, lie light, lie light;
Goodnight, dear heart; goodnight, good-night."

Everyone who came under the spell of those kindly blue eyes, gleaming genially beneath the shaggy brows will always remember the humorist, Mark Twain. His sense of humor was so different from that of ordinary men, and yet so universal that he will stand in the annals of literature as a genius in this line. Is there any phase of life in the West that has not come under the influence of "Huckleberry Finn" experiences, and of the steamboat days on the Mississippi; are these not as much a matter of history as those labelled as such? He was always full of that homely wit

and deep wisdom that marked him as a sage as well as a humorist, throughout his long and eventful life.

Many times I have met him in Washington, in the depth of winter wearing his white flannel suit, and in the heat of summer attired in a fur-lined overcoat, and he was always the centre of interest. His works have been translated into almost every language.

The maxims of Mark Twain bid fair to go down in history along with the sayings of Poor Richard.

"To be good is to be noble; but to show others how to be good is nobler and no trouble."

"Training is everything. The peach was once a bitter almond; a cauliflower is nothing but a cabbage with a college education."

"Habit is habit, and not to be flung out of the window by any man, but coaxed down stairs a step at a time."

"Few things are harder to put up with than the annoyance of a good example."

"April 1st. This is the day upon which we are reminded of what we are on the other 364."

"Consider well the proportions of things. It is better to be a young Junebug than an old bird of paradise."

"The man with a new idea is a crank until the idea succeeds."

"All say, 'How hard it is that we have to die'—a strange complaint to come from the mouths of people who have to live."

"Truth is stranger than fiction, but it is because fiction is obliged to stick to possibilities; truth isn't."

* * *

Many more anecdotes of Mark Twain are being told than would have been dreamed of before his death. In fact, his record threatens to rival Lincoln's in the number and variety of incidents connected with his life and sayings, and letters long ago filed with other correspondence are now being dug out, because they bear his treasured signature.

Almost the only letter Mark Twain ever wrote concerning a political matter, was one to Uncle Joe Cannon, which is reproduced on page 301. It reveals the friendly relations between the two men, and recalls an incident well worth reciting. The humorist was interested in the new copyright law, which was finally passed. When he presented the letter to Uncle Joe there was a twinkle in his eye, that was reflected in the orbs of the Speaker. After they had shaken hands, Speaker Cannon took up the little black-covered, red-edged book, "Rules and Practice of House of Rep's" whereby a legislator "standeth or falleth." He turned to page 461 and read rule 34: "Of admission to the floor." The enumeration of all entitled to be on the floor debarred Mark Twain from receiving an affirmative answer to his request for admission to the floor of the House during the session.



MARK TWAIN ENJOYING A PIPE AFTER LUNCH

And then in a melancholy voice, Uncle Joe read:

"It shall not be in order for the Speaker to entertain a request for the suspension of this rule or to present from the chair the request of any member for unanimous consent."

More cheerfully, he continued:

"There shall be excluded at all times from the Hall of the House of Representatives and the cloak-rooms all persons not entitled to the privilege of the floor during

the session, except that until fifteen minutes of the hour of the meeting of the House persons employed in its service, accredited members of the press entitled to admission to the press gallery, and other persons on request of members, by card or in writing, may be admitted.

"This rule was adopted in 1902."

However, Mark had the privileges of Uncle Joe's office while the House was actually in session, and many congressmen gathered there to welcome the celebrated humorist. To them he told the famous story of the poet of the Wabash, along whose storied banks the Speaker of the House wandered as a boy. The joke relates to the opening of a canal through to Toledo. A local genius felt that it should be immortalized in verse, and evidently "pumped himself" to make his lines rhyme whether they would or no, as follows:

"The Canal has been built through
All the way from Tarry-hut (Terre Haute)
To Tol-ee-doo."



THE HALL AT "STORMFIELD"

Toledo thus mutilated to make it rhyme with "through," struck Mark Twain as so ludicrous that he persisted in calling Uncle Joe "The Man from Tol-ee-doo" every time he had occasion to address him.

During the engagement in New York City, Mark Twain called on William Hodge, in his dressing-room. He desired to pay a personal tribute to "The Man From



THE HOME OF MARK TWAIN, FROM THE PERGOLA

Home" who had done so much to win a wholesome record, and had secured the affection of his audiences. He entered just as Mr. Hodge was applying the brick red to his cheeks, in "making up," going through the process with the regular, swift motions of shaving. The old gentleman watched for some time, and commented upon how much the stage resembled life, "for we all have to make up to play our parts, and have to await our cues to enter upon our act," he said.

Dr. John Wesley Hill was present and saw the opportunity to secure Mark Twain to speak in his church. He made the request as diplomatically as possible. Mr. Clemens replied: "I have not been to church for twenty years, but I will promise you that the next time I go to church I will speak for you."

The doctor was all excitement, and thanked the author profusely for his kindness, and was about to hurry off to put the name of Mark Twain upon his next week's calendar, when Mr. Clemens spoke again:

"Remember I said 'the next time I go

From
Clemens.

Hon. Joseph Cannon
Speaker of the House

THE NEW WILLARD
WASHINGTON

Dec. 7

Dear Uncle Joseph:

Please get me the thanks
of Congress — not next week,
but right away! It is very
necessary. Do accomplish
this for your affectionate old
friend — & right away! By per-
mission if you can, by volume
if you must. For it is impera-
tively necessary that I get on
the floor for 2 or 3 hours &
talk to the members, man by
man, in behalf of the support

2.
inconceivable & protection
of one of the nation's most valu-
able assets & industries —
its Literature. I have argued
with me — also a barrel with
liquor in it.

Get me a chance! Get me the
thanks of Congress. Wait's wait
for the others — there isn't time —
furnish them to me yourself,
& let Congress ratify later.
I have stayed away & let Congress
alone for 71 years, & am entitled
to the thanks. Congress knows
this perfectly well, & I have

3

Long felt that this entire
proper & lauded expression
of gratitude has been merely
felt & never publicly uttered
~~affectionately~~

Said me an order on the
Sergeant-at-Arms

Quick!

When shall I come!

With love & a hand of friendship,
Mark Twain.

to church,' but I have not been for twenty years and it does not look just now as though I should go there for another twenty."

This was a decided wet blanket to the hopes of Dr. Hill, but he took comfort in the thought that no one has ever been able to calculate just what the humorist would do or say in a given situation, as he usually has to be reckoned with on the "inverse calculation" method.

* * *

SITTING in a cafe at Panama, in conversation with Monsieur Pacet, the Peruvian minister to Panama, I felt in close touch with that country which had been a sort of fairyland to my youthful imagination, and has received a new impetus since work on the Canal was begun. Monsieur Pacet has been in diplomatic service for many years, and is meeting the



The Crown Prince of Sweden and Mr. Pacet

duties of his important post in a most efficient manner.

In the early hours of that warm afternoon a story was related of how small things may count for much, especially in the life of a diplomat. Monsieur Pacet was to entertain the Crown Prince of Sweden, and he thought that the warmest welcome would be to address a remark to him in his own language. He was in some difficulty as to how the remark should be secured, but luck was with him

and he found a box of Swedish matches. He searched out the pronunciation of the words thereon, and repeated them until he could say the entire sentence with flowing smoothness. Having been duly presented to the Crown Prince, the courtly diplomat softly repeated those few words. Instantly a bright smile illumined the face of the scion of the royal house of Sweden, who not only recognized the words but the kindly courtesy which had led the entertainer to address him in a tongue that meant so much more to him than French or English could have done. He knew that the young Peruvian diplomat, eager to honor the native land of a guest, was in touch with one of the great commercial products of the Swedish empire.

The Crown Prince was asked to give the correct pronunciation of the words, which he did several times, after which he humorously remarked:

"My mission is not to 'make a match,' though I greatly admire the recognition which matches have had today in the interchange of international compliments."

* * *

SEVERAL times recently, when the name of the American ex-president-sportsman has been mentioned, I have been asked: "You've heard the dog story, of course?"

I like to hear all the variations on dog stories, so I asked "Which dog story?"

"That one, you know, that 'Buffalo Bill' tells about Roosevelt hunting bears in Colorado. It seems that he had hired a man and a dog, but neither seemed to be very successful in getting him the desired bear. At last he lost patience, and inquired: 'Isn't there a good dog to be had in this country?'"

"Oh, yes—Smith down below here has the best bear dog in the Mountains."

"Well, go and get him," urged the presidential hunter. "Let's see if we can't have some sport with a bear."

"Smith won't hire his dog."

"Tell Smith to come along and join the party for hire or on any terms he likes." The story runs that the guide departed and returned with a report of non-success. Mr. Roosevelt's impatience took on a tinge

of vexation, and he went himself to secure the adamant Smith and his valuable dog.

"This is Mr. Smith? I understand you have a fine bear dog, Mr. Smith."

"None better in the Rockies," was the assurance.

"Can't I hire him or buy him?"

"He ain't for hire and I wouldn't sell that dog for no price you could offer."

"Well, won't you come with the dog—allow me to hire both you and the dog?"

"No, I ain't hirin' out now. I got to go after bacon and flour and some more things my folks wants for the house."

Report has it that President Roosevelt felt a trifle nettled at the man's obstinacy.

"Look here," he said, "do you know who I am?"

"No, I don't know—what's the odds?"

"I am Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States." A pause to await the desired effect and yielding.

Smith dexterously deposited some tobacco juice on the ground just beyond the President's nearest hunting boot.

"Well," he said slowly, "I don't care if you are Booker T. Washington you can't hire my dog."

And all the little innocent bears went to bed happy that night, glad they had escaped Smith's dog.

* * *

A MOST effective speech was made in the Senate, during the present session, by Senator Borah upon the Income Tax. The information was presented in the close-knit and coherent form characteristic of the young Senator from Idaho. It was a reply to the protest of Governor Hughes to the New York Legislature, containing a recommendation against the ratification of the proposed amendment to the Constitution providing for an income tax. The gist of the discussion lies in the difficulty of interpreting the constitutional meaning of incomes included in the words "from whatever source derived." The Governor of New York contends that to confer upon the federal authorities the power to impose a tax on incomes derived from state and municipal bonds would also confer the power to levy taxes upon salaries of state officials, and consequently tax the very

instrumentality and means of the state government.

Senator Borah argued that the attributes of state sovereignty exempt any and all means and instrumentalities of state government from all federal taxation. From his rear seat on the extreme right in the chamber, the Senator's voice was clearly heard in all parts of the hall, as he called attention to the universal restlessness in regard to these questions of the



Theodore Roosevelt and the stubborn farmer

great mass of the people which is rapidly developing a class hatred, already too much encouraged in this country. He insisted that the expense of government is constantly increasing the burdens of the nation, which must be evenly and uniformly distributed, if they are to be peacefully borne. Certain forms of wealth which breed luxury, idleness and idiocy ought to be taxed. He believed that the governors of the states would do their duty, and see that the amendment was adopted, insisting that it would be indeed a national catastrophe for this amendment to be defeated, as it was the people's right to establish a more equitable distribution of taxation.

The debate involved a proposal that the federal government have power to collect taxes on incomes "from whatever source derived." The last four words are the pivot on which this very able argument between the Governor of New York and the Senator from Idaho has hinged.

A DUTIFUL son from the South was writing to his kind father from Washington; pater was on his first trip to New York, and each letter from the son was filled with grave warnings and kindly words of advice as to how he should beware of the pitfalls and snares laid for the feet of the unwary in New York.

"Do not forget to keep in the straight path and remember to come home early at night," wrote the young man. The rest of the letter was almost as graphic as an artist's pencil in its description of the temptations of the great "white way." It was read by the loving father with mingled emotions. After a suitable recapitulation of good advice from a son to

should ask her now who she is she would tell you that her name is Queen Victoria."

The congressman advanced hat in hand and bowed almost to the ground before her.

"Madam, am I speaking to Queen Victoria?"

The woman looked steadily at him, as though she would read his very soul with her great, dark eyes.

"I know who I'm speaking to," she said. "You are a fool."

The astonished congressman stepped back, and in the moment's silence that followed the shrill treble whisper of the girl of eight was heard:

"She isn't crazy now, mamma, is she? She does know something."

"I then and there decided," said the narrator, "never to question insane patients as to their identity. They know too much," he added with a quizzical smile.

* * *

THE labyrinthine processes of passing a law are little known or understood outside of Washington. In the first place every single word in a bill has to be minutely studied that there may be no misinterpretation or straining of the meaning later, or of the relation of words to works and the hinge value of prepositions. One can readily understand this process

of tearing a bill to pieces by discussion would bring such result as was described by late Senator John Sherman:

"I have been forty years in Congress and have never had a bill passed exactly as I wanted it. No matter how carefully prepared, there are sure to be changes, additions or eliminations, made in deference to the wishes of others."

Senator Sherman introduced the original anti-trust law, which is still on the statute books. The contest at that time between him and Senator George was very acute, and while he had a bill that he thought everyone would be able to agree upon, before it had passed it was hardly recognizable by its author. Today, it remains a fact that for thirteen out of the twenty years since this law was passed, its interpretation by the courts reveals that two-



The Congressman meeting old lady who resembles Queen Victoria

a dutiful father, and a final touch on the maelstrom of city life, he added, at the very bottom of the last sheet, in tiny letters far down in the corner, these words, "From memory."

* * *

NO man loves to be ridiculed, but it sometimes happens that a congressman will tell a story, even when the "joke is on him." A party of legislators—so a distinguished member told us—went to inspect a state insane asylum. Some ladies and children were in the party, notably a bright little child of eight years. In a certain ward of the asylum they were shown a tall, fine-looking woman, and were told that she constantly had the delusion that she was Queen Victoria.

"She never has a lucid interval. If you



IMPELLED BY THE THOUGHT POWER OF THE NATION, THE STATUE OF LIBERTY WADES OUT, WHILE THE BAND PLAYS "LO THE CONQUERING HERO COMES."

thirds of the business of the country is carried on in literal violation of this anti-trust law. It is said that should the exact wording of this law be adhered to today, the normal growth of the nation would be materially interfered with. The vital defect in the law is pointed out as being in the use of the words, "Every contract, combination or agreement." It is claimed that the word "every" ought

not to have been used, and exception is also taken to "in restraint of trade or commerce." The law was clearly to apply only to such contracts and combinations as were for the express purpose of exploiting manufactures to prevent natural and legitimate competition, the idea being to control prices and unduly enhance profits.

When President Taft was on the Federal Circuit Bench it was pointed out that the

indefinite language of the law was a positive error. Prior to 1897 there were scarcely sixty concerns dominant in their respective trades. In 1899 there were seventy-nine organized with a capitalization of over four billions. These enormous combinations, it is asserted, control one-seventh of the manufacturing output of the country, and one-twentieth of the total



"That is my hat," I remonstrated. "You are mistaken," he replied."

value of the nation—all wealth being almost twice as much as the amount of money in circulation in the United States. The United States Steel Corporation, with a capitalization of one billion, four hundred million, represents ninety per cent of the total capitalization of the railroad companies of the country. Fifty-seven separate systems control the railway systems today.

Little did John Sherman realize that he was enacting a law of such vital consequence, when he prepared a measure with the idea of checking the growth of corporations and consolidations; contrary to his purpose, the law has apparently encouraged the formation of corporations. It is somewhat like developing impulses in young people by incessantly calling attention to the things which they "must

not" do. The injunction is almost sure to create a desire to do that very thing. It is another illustration of the thought expressed by Tennyson, "The tie that binds too tightly snaps."

* * *

NOT long ago an Englishman carried a joke over the ocean, and across the continent to Chicago. Now a joke sounds well in the Windy City, even without an Englishman to tell it. The newspaper men who heard the story first hand were especially delighted.

"I was walking down State Street, you know, when a gust of wind—ah—well, relieved me of my hat—in fact, left me quite bareheaded. I gave chase, and you may imagine my joy on turning a corner to see my hat just before me, and lying quietly for the moment. I hastened toward it, you know, but at the same moment another hatless man dashed up and grabbed it, quite rudely, you know, just as I was about to stoop to reach it. He put it on his head.

"But that is my hat," I remonstrated.

"You are mistaken," he replied.

"I assure you, sir, it is the hat that I have chased for quite half a mile."

"That is true," he answered with a somewhat impolite grin.

"You know, I began to feel rather indignant, and I asked if I had chased it for half a mile why was not that my hat—I had never lost sight of it. 'If this is not my hat, where is it?' I demanded.

"Your hat—your hat—why, it's hanging down your back with a bit of string attached," he replied with a laugh."

This joke was told by Senator Lorimer, who is a native-born Englishman. He likes nothing so well as a good joke on an Englishman, told with all the charm of the true insular accent.

* * *

THE agricultural Department in Washington, taking practical cognizance of the general interest in the high cost of living, has issued a book giving fifty recipes of savory dishes and much general information as to the best methods of preparing meats, and how to utilize cheaper cuts to make them toothsome and easily

digested. There are also hints as to clarifying fats and retaining the flavor in meats by skilful cooking. This pamphlet contains such simple formulas as can be followed by any housekeeper of ordinary intelligence, and are not like the recipe which puzzled the cook described by Wilkie Collins:

"Look at this recipe for an omelette, that you say you want, ma'am—it reads 'a piece of butter the size of your thumb.' Now, whose thumb is meant, yours or mine?" and she stretched out a massive thumb side by side with the diminutive one of her employer, who happened to be a small woman, while the cook was a six-footer.

Secretary Wilson has the happy faculty of knowing when to do things, and keeps in touch with the people in the development of the Agricultural Department. This new book will be of permanent value, is sent free on application, and will need no press notices to exploit it. The Agricultural Department can furnish information on any subject of interest to the people, whether it is pip in chickens or how to masticate "chuck beef." These matters may not be great political issues, but care for them indicates a creditable interest in public welfare in its broadest sense. The most valuable public servants we have are those who constantly study how to prepare and disseminate valuable information to promote the happiness and comfort of the greatest number of people.

* * *

SATURDAY afternoon has come to be recognized as a universal holiday. That is the day when the father of the family has an opportunity to become acquainted with his children, and, incidentally, to remove them from the path of the busy mother that she may "cook and clean." On the streets and in the parks every Saturday afternoon in many cities the fond fathers wheeling baby carriages may be seen. Older children walk beside him with an air of especial pride and importance because they are arrayed in their best to "go out with father." Father himself is as carefully dressed as when he took "mother" to matinee or dinner, or a picnic in the old

days. It is love of his children that impels the laboring man to array himself in his best for this Saturday afternoon walk with the little ones. The little groups are very happy, and papa shows it too, but it sometimes happens that baby discovers papa's weak point and refuses the obedience given readily at home to "mama." The scene on the street, the bawling child, the perplexed man, aware that he "looks like a fool," cannot but provoke a smile from the onlookers, as they hurry past, realizing that all pictures have lights and shadows.

* * *

HOW like a family a nation is! The little bickerings that arise at the table, or in the sitting room, after school or work are over, are often the cause of something said or done which means the



"The bawling child—the perplexed man aware that he looks like a fool"

estrangement of brothers and sisters for years, perhaps for life—useless and oftentimes inconsequential disputes, all because of some little misunderstanding. One accuses another of injustice, when if the truth were known there is in each member of the family some noble trait, something that would rise to self-sacrifice with but little encouragement.

So in the nation—how many there be who like cannibals seem ready to eat and tear each other about some trifle, some little thing of no vital importance, while

the great things are "passing while we lie asleep." The flame of temper, prejudice or passion supplants reason, and great harm is done. In the nation's domestic affairs at the present time, there is not, we feel, the kindly spirit of criticism that makes the family—when it is as it should be—the best possible training school. Public men nowadays are not only criticized—which they must expect—but they are abused; their motives are impugned; they are suspected of the vilest conduct; until it will soon become impossible for a self-respecting man to remain long in public



"He makes a deep impression on the boys whom he left behind on the farms."

life, serving as a target for the abuse of those whose vanity he may offend, or whose plans he may have hindered.

FOR years metropolitan dailies and newspapers all over the land have been pointing out the great attractions of the cities. The boy from the country is still "a rube," and when he goes to the city, remains for a while and then comes back home with his new clothes, and

boasts of his ample weekly salary, he makes a deep impression on the boys whom he left behind on the farms and in the village.

In 1893 the political spell-binders were telling farmers at grange meetings and cross-roads that they were being robbed by the bloated bondholders in the cities. Such men helped to depopulate the farms because they caused thousands of young men and women to leave home, thus depleting the muscle and youthful energy which should have illuminated farm life, and wasting its energies in crowded cities where it was little needed. The career of many successful men has been decided in this way—apparently because they have "come to the city to find an outlet for their talent." But who has considered what they might have done with that same talent if applied to important agricultural problems? There is no loss without some gain, and so the rural parts of the country have become prosperous because the cities are overcrowded. The few who are left at home are usually well off; at least they live well and the rural poor-houses are being depopulated. This is not for the good of the nation at large, because the production is less and the prices are higher in consequence. The way to equalize prices for both city and country is to get the young blood and the muscle back on the land, where economical and increased production will soon be devised by the busy brains that are occupied in striving for a bare existence in the city.

* * *

IN the Census Department there is always some interesting phase of information in reference to statistics. A Chicago attorney called the other day to obtain more detailed knowledge regarding the divorce industry, and wanted especially to find out why Reno, Nevada, had supplanted Chicago in the social bulletins. His search disclosed to him that Switzerland carries the palm among all the nations for cheapness and ease in procuring a divorce.

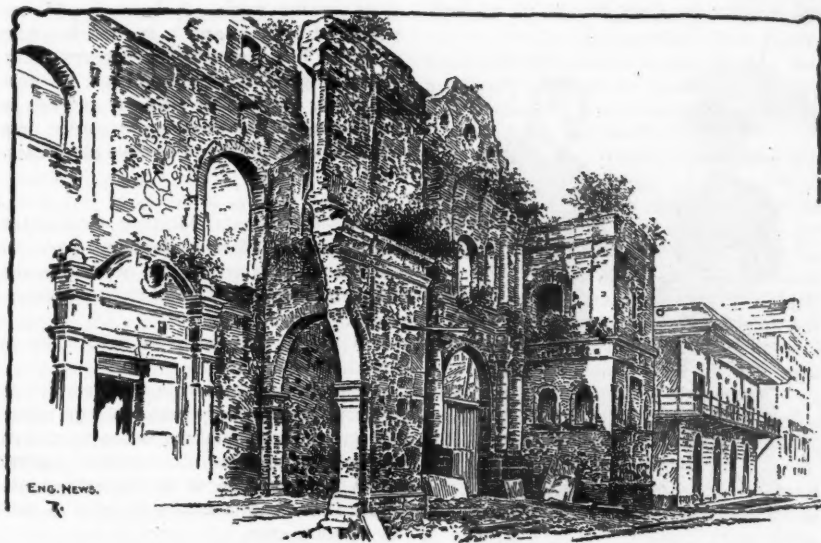
Those desiring to dissolve the marriage tie are requested first to appear privately, or with their lawyers, before the judge, in order to effect a reconciliation if possible. Prior to all divorce proceedings, this

preliminary notice is sent out. It occasionally happens that one of the parties fails to appear before the kindly judge. Often this preliminary visit effects a reconciliation, and the case goes no farther. A lawyer in Geneva, who made a specialty of this line of work, reported that at least thirty per cent of such cases are settled by the advice of the judge out of court. Swiss lawyers will not take up a divorce case unless this first proceeding has failed to reconcile the parties. When neither party appears before the judge, it is understood

of ability, he has no business to attempt to serve his country," was the recent utterance of a distinguished English visitor, who was viewing the Capitol.

While the stranger knew little of the retirement of Senators Aldrich and Hale, he had seen enough to get the idea that long and able service is not appreciated in the United States. He continued to generalize:

"You Americans seem to prefer youth to age. That may be because you are a young nation, but it seems to us, on the



RUINS OF THE CHURCH OF SAN JOSE, PANAMA, SHOWING UNSTABLE OVERHANGING WALL

that the case is to be contested to the bitter end. When Americans realize that the usual cost of divorce in America ranges as high as two hundred dollars, and that in Switzerland it may be obtained as low as ten dollars, there promises to be an exodus to that country in the future, rather than to Reno—but the United States lawyers have no occasion for worry, as Americans are debarred from taking out divorce papers under Swiss laws.

* * *

"THE time is coming when the United States will lay down as an invariable rule that if a man has a reasonable amount

other side of the water, that long service is bound to accumulate a certain amount of power, prestige and knowledge which cannot be attained by younger men, however brilliant."

In view of the retirement of the two veterans, the Englishman's oration was impressive. When Senator Hale arises in the Senate, and in his stately way, with dignified gestures, addresses the assembly, his words interspersed with an occasional wave of his pince nez, he stands as a fine type of the statesman of the old school. The senators listen and know they are hearing nuggets of facts. His speeches are in strong contrast to the more

hasty, less carefully prepared utterances of younger men.

The retiring senators may certainly be proud of their record, and of the confidence and friendship which they have won. On the other hand, thoughtful citizens all over the country are beginning to wonder whether it might not be well to hearken to the advice of experienced legislators.

A young farmer from Maine remarked: "The Romans may have been 'scared blue' at sight of the comet, but they were wise enough to create and maintain a stately body of elderly advisers, adding dignity and solidity to their nation in its best

ment New England will lose the power she once had, which will now inevitably be transferred to the West. Perhaps, in the logic of events, it belongs there.

The expressions of opinions coming to the veteran senators at this time must be gratifying. One letter recalls the active part taken by Senator Hale in the building of vessels at Bath; another speaks of the Navy Yards at Portsmouth, Charlestown and Kittery, which alone brought millions of dollars into the state, to say nothing of the granite industry. Senator Hale thought not only of his nation but of his state in his work. A learned and experienced lawyer, and a trained business man, he has given to his country forty years of good service, and that he now cheerfully resigns his post to another is in keeping with the dignity which has always been one of his notable attributes.

* * *

ON the Senate Military Committee Senator Warren devours work as though he relished it; he often remains in his room at the Capitol until past midnight.

"Why do you work so hard?" he is asked.

"Have you no pride in your work?" is the reply, as the busy man looks up under the green shade that he wears to relieve his eyes, as he dives into a mass of papers.

"When you wish to do everything just right, it becomes a matter of pride as well as of conscience."

After spending the afternoon at the sessions, many of the Senators work late into the night in order to finish up work on the various committees.

* * *

THE assiduous attendance of senators at the meetings of the various committees consumes enough time to baffle even an industrious man. Long hours of plain, hard work are essential—and no pay for overtime. Senator Bailey paid a deserved tribute to his Republican colleague when he insisted that the Senate ought not to convene until two o'clock, to give members time to complete their committee work in the morning and enable them to attend the sessions.



Mark Twain moving with his wardrobe in a cigar box

days. It seems that no such memorable gathering will ever be seen in the United States as that of the white-bearded Roman senators, each sitting with quiet dignity in his seat, and presenting an aspect that awed into silence even an attacking horde of barbarians."

Nowadays, in the heat of political contests, and the desire to forward personal ambitions and aid friends, there is danger of forgetting the public welfare and the highest good of the nation. The conservative and thinking press all over the country is expressing regret at the retirement of Senators Hale and Aldrich. Many papers are pointing out that by this move-

My Lord Hamlet at Mountjoy's

POSSIBLE INFLUENCES OF SHAKESPEARE'S NEWLY DISCOVERED
FRENCH SURROUNDINGS

By JOHN McGOVERN and JESSE EDSON HALL

NEW light has been thrown on the drama of "Hamlet" and its author by the surprising discoveries of Professor Charles W. Wallace, of Nebraska, U. S. A., in the *Public Record* office at London, England. These discoveries were announced in *Harper's Magazine* for March, 1910. Some matters may be added to both parts of our work on "My Lord Hamlet," published in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, June to December, inclusive, 1908.

In the Chronology, there should be entered the fact that, on May 11, 1612, "William Shakespeare, of Stratford-on-Avon, in the county of Warwick, gentleman, of the age of forty-eight years, or thereabouts," appeared as a principal witness in a lawsuit, and signed a deposition which made answer to five interrogatories. This signature he abbreviated into "Willm. Shaks."

This proves, for a second time, that William Shakespeare, the poet, was born in Stratford in 1564, the present (copied) Stratford church register again appearing as a true copy, and this time with especial regard to him. (1564 from 1612 leaves 48.)

William Shakespeare, the poet and gentleman, author of the sonnets and other poems, is at last well traced and connected as to Stratford and London. This author of the sonnets is also, according to the laws and art of human speech, the author of the finest language in the plays attributed to William Shakespeare by his partners and publishers, Heming and Condell.

The original records of the lawsuit show that Christopher Mountjoy, wealthy wig-maker, a Frenchman, dwelt at the north-east corner of Silver and Monkwell

(Muggle) streets, near Cripplegate. Shakespeare, it is sworn, lived with Mountjoy. He was probably an honored guest and tenant, as the incorruptible Robespierre lived with the cabinet-maker Duplay and his family at Paris in the Grand Terror. Shakespeare is mentioned by name in twelve of the depositions.

Sometime after 1604 Shakespeare was sent by the Mountjoys to entreat and negotiate a marriage between Stephen Belott, a former apprentice, and Mary Mountjoy, only daughter and heir of the wigmaker. This marriage followed, and brought on the lawsuit in 1612. While Shakespeare, in his testimony, bore out the main allegations of the former apprentice, who was plaintiff, he at the same time shielded his landlord as much as possible by a faulty memory. Shakespeare certainly figured in the romantic role of matchmaker.

Twelve witnesses made depositions, and Joan Johnson, who had sewed in the house of the wigmaker, testified that "one, Maister Shakespeare lay in the house." The date she gave is 1604.

Shakespeare testified that he knew both the suing son-in-law and his father-in-law, the wigmaker, during the apprenticeship (which began in 1598), and had known them "some ten years or thereabouts." (in 1612).

"To lie in the house" was to have lodgings there, and in another deposition it is stated that the wigmaker has "a sojourner in the house with him" (in 1612). The wigmaker did not become a "citizen of London" for several years after settling in London from France, and the style, "William Shakespeare, gentleman, of Stratford-on-Avon," etc., argues that Shakespeare himself was never a

citizen of London. Professor Wallace reckons that Shakespeare's "ten years or thereabouts" were nearer thirteen years. Carlyle's "hired girl" living afterward at Chicago, used to delight in telling to the newspaper men of the new world how the Sage of Chelsea wrote and fretted; and what a different Shakespeariana there would be if Joan Johnson had chanced to gossip similarly into the ears of oncoming humanity. All of the Baconian hypothesis and its logarithms would have failed to be, and much of three hundred years of *ana* regarding the absolute mystery of the man Shakespeare would have shared the same fate.

We have known that Shakespeare played a double part in life. To be a poet (and that meant often a playwright) was honorable; to be an actor was scandalous—there were "citizens of London" who considered and even made it criminal. William Shakespeare, as poet, could gain entrance to a rich man's house, but as actor or stage-manager he would not be welcomed by a native "citizen of London." It would be different at the house of a Frenchman, and, above all, a wigmaker, who would more than welcome "a member of the profession." The drama had come from Italy, through the Spanish and French ports. France, Mountjoy's county, was much more civilized (citified) than England—more degenerate, further from the primal simplicity of the human race. France had a common tongue or speech more generally agreed on than the English, for in London people might spell, or even pronounce, as they pleased—that is, the French were, as a whole, "better educated" in cases where neither Frenchman nor Englishman knew Latin, which was the vehicle of all scholars. William Shakespeare, gentleman (by purchase) naturally could live with his wigmaker, who also assuredly would have something to do with his costumes.

Reader, the discoveries of Professor Wallace concerning this frugal wigmaker give us a right to believe that the glory of Juliet (her hair), the soft tresses of "Cordelia," the sterner knots of "Portia," the braids that the fair "Ophelia" plaited with flowers, were arranged at the corner of Silver and Muggle streets for boys to

wear at Blackfriars and the Globe. The white majesty of "Lear," the fierce beard of "Macbeth," the raven locks of "My Lord Hamlet"—all the similar trappings of the most original stage the world has produced—were handled under the very eye of the "monarch of mankind" at Monsieur Mountjoy's house. Little wonder that Shakespeare should be commissioned with the hopes of Mary Mountjoy, that he might work on the absent wig-maker and entice him into both matrimony and the renewed service of the Shakespearian theatres.

The Frenchmen had better stomachs for acting than the canting Puritans, so soon to be successful rebels. And at this merry workshop, Shakespeare would hear the French jabbering and parleying that could be so easily transferred to his comedies. In "Henry V" its author made Mountjoy a herald.

Let us inquire now about "Hamlet." It would not seem that the French folk necessarily possessed a French translation of Bandello's Italian novels, because Shakespeare uses a cry, "A rat! a rat!" That is not literally in Latin Saxo, Italian Bandello, or French Bellefoust, but *is* in the English rendition of the Danish tale.

"Hamlet" is a Scandinavian, not a Latin or a Gallic affair. Only its "Ghost" is from the Mediterranean. Shakespeare's mind was on the rude belongings of the north, rather than the luxuries and refinements of the south. He, however, had read his Plutarch and Montaigne, and had shared Montaigne's affection for the wonderful Greek biographer. It is possible that residence in a house so friendly to "the profession" as a French wigmaker's must be would embolden Shakespeare to champion the calling of the "periwig-patie fellows" as he did in "Hamlet." In this way the most important part of the drama would find its mainspring.

We know that William Shakespeare was a famous poet and playwright as early as 1600 (twelve years before the lawsuit). While he lived at Monsieur Mountjoy's, and while he was composing the greatest of his masterpieces, a "William Shakespeare," a minor actor, must have been occupying many hours of his time in rehearsals and performances at the Globe

or the Blackfriars. Did some other actor in Burbage's company assume Shakespeare's name and place under Shakespeare's license? For in our own day we have seen even the most popular comedians and acrobatic dancers represented and imitated by substitutes, while the regular price of admission was charged at the door.

If William Shakespeare, gentleman, wealthy, friend of great noblemen, part-proprietor, author, and therefore director of the play, also bore the part of a minor and ill-paid actor, there is more that we do not yet understand about him than we would like to believe.

Rather, we should now be tempted to think that Shakespeare was back and forth from Stratford a good deal while he was a "sojourner" at Monsieur Mountjoy's, although all signs still point to an extended separation from Mrs. Shakespeare.

It is at first puzzling that the numerous acquaintances of the French family who were summoned as witnesses and spoke of Shakespeare so often, did not connect him with the art and calling in which he was so celebrated in St. Paul's churchyard, and therefore in play-going London. French wigmakers would be playgoers. But George Wilkins, one of Shakespeare's probable collaborators, was also a witness in the same lawsuit, and received no extra mention, though he was also well-to-do, and became the landlord of the former apprentice, after he married the wig-maker's daughter.

Professor Wallace has thus connected Wilkins with Shakespeare. If Kyd and Middleton should likewise be traced into the Mountjoy coterie, a great step indeed would be made. Professor Wallace states that Heming and Condell lived for many years almost within a stone's throw of the Mountjoys.

As Professor Curie of Paris worked with his wife in the discovery and isolation of the great radio-active elements of nature, so the noble and assiduous Professor Wallace credits his wife with an equal share of the success that has crowned his extraordinary labors among the neglected records of the Archive office.

Americans, from Ben Franklin's time, have owed to France an immense debt

of gratitude. Now, by the aid of Professor Wallace and his wife, they may know that their Shakespeare, in the greatest years of his life and through the kindness and intelligence of Frenchmen lived in an atmosphere highly favorable to art and letters, though menaced on all sides, at Stratford and London, with ignorance and prejudice. Such is our second great debt to France.

The reader familiar with Visscher's ancient picture of London may wish to locate the Silver and Muggle Street corner. It was a block from the north wall. Leaving the Tower, and following the semi-circular wall, one passed Aldgate, Bishopgate, Moorgate, Cripplegate. "The theatre," where the Stratford colony started its inn and stage, was outside Bishopgate, and Shakespeare, if he lived near St. Helen's, where he was taxed, came in at Rat portal and went down Bishopgate Street. "The Theatre" was moved, and became the Globe, south of the river, in 1598, when Belott began his apprenticeship under Mountjoy. As Shakespeare knew the complaining party during all his apprenticeship, it may be that the poet changed lodgings from St. Helen's to Silver Street when Burbage moved the theatre. If Shakespeare, in fine weather, kept to the fields in reaching his domicile from the theatre, he would pass Moorgate and come in at Cripplegate. As he entered from the north, the block on his right hand included his abode, but the wigmaker lived on its farthest corner, diagonally; he might enter Cripplegate, turn to his right, go a short block on Hart Street, reach Muggle Street, and then go a longer block down Muggle to his own corner at Silver Street. There were fine gardens nearby, the relics of monastic establishment. Mountjoy's house was east of northeast of St. Paul's, and a little farther from the Cathedral than the Cathedral's distance from the river. Shakespeare would naturally visit St. Paul's often, where his pirated works were so extensively advertised, and the Mountjoy quarters were more convenient than the stopping place in St. Helen's on Bishopgate Street. Going to either of his theatres after Burbage moved, Shakespeare would pass St. Paul's.

At this corner of Silver and Monkwell Streets, in the train of William Shakespeare, there sprang into creative thought, for the recognition of increasing millions of humanity, a vast array of English words, the canon, the anchor, of the now most nearly cosmopolitan speech of the world. Where writers sleep is probably the place where most of their primal and formative labors are done. Rousseau tells us accurately of the process by which his phrases were polished into immortality. Thus, psychically, the new London shrine far surpasses in interest the shrine over

which the phlegmatic and embarrassed Reverend Arbuthnot has so long presided at Trinity Church, Stratford. We feel nearer to the doubt of "My Lord Hamlet," to the mad songs of "Ophelia," to the bones of "Yorick," to the soft recorders of the "King" and his roisterous or lethal ordnance—we feel nearer to the high and moonlit "platform" or talus, where the hours flew past on the swift wings of minutes—nearer at Silver Street than at any other place whatever, be it "Wooden O," or monkish theatre, or rural place of respectable and orthodox sepulture.

THE "HALF-WAY HOUSE"

At sundown splendid and serene he entered in

On the hills he built him a Lodge-of-Life,
Far off from the noise of the angry strife—

While the hours wore on toward 'leven;
'Twas a sort of a shelter to pass the night,
Where at evening time it would still be light—
Just half-way home to heaven!

There, out on the Hills of Joy and Life,
Unreached by the jangle and jar of strife,
Where the wild birds nest for the coming night—

While the star-fire lamps burned seven;
Far from the clamor and clang and din—
'Twas sundown there when he entered in—
Half-way home on the road to heaven!

*

Forsake fear's frenzied fret and care,
O ye who would enter here;
Rest's haven of body and soul repair,
Where hearts agloom for sweet sunshine's air
Breathe strong with Life's Song and Cheer.

Let all of the wealth of the world beside
Fade from thy Vision's view;
For above earth's sleepless, troubled tide
Where greed's gaunt, fevered phantoms glide,
Smiles God's glad dream of blue:
Above man's petty, contentious pride,
Deep as His peace of the eventide,
Slumbers Infinitude!

Henry Young Ostrander, M.D.

A Great Industrial Epic

By PROF. L. H. BAILEY

Of Cornell University

HOW does the Panama Canal impress me?
It impresses me that this is not the digging of a ditch, or the building of railroad trackage ten times across the Isthmus. It is the implanting of a civilization. Its parts are great flights in engineering and sanitation; bold experiments in government, organization, education, and in social cohesion. It is a conquest, to which are contributed all the elements of a good human society.

* * *

A PIECE OF CONSTRUCTIVE POETRY

The building of the Panama Canal and the conquest of the Zone are concrete results of great feats in imagination. We are told that the great poets are gone and that the best expression of the poetic impulse is passing away. Yet I am convinced that of all epochs this is essentially the most poetic; but we do not recognize the poetry of it. Here in this great enterprise

are imagination, prophecy, and better than all, fulfillment. It may not set itself directly to the music of words, although this will come. But even before it comes, the action, the rhythm of work, the stupendous leap of the imagination, the grasp of the future, the bonding of the peoples of the earth, are the elements of a greater poem than yet has been written.

I like to think of this enterprise, and of all other enterprises that realize great prophecies, as constructive poetry. The mere putting of it into words is a secondary and really a minor matter. Poetry may take other forms than that of words. It is not essential that all poetry be written: it may be builded. All good work well done is essentially poetic to the sensitive mind; and when the work is the rhythm of fifty thousand souls striking in unison, the poem is majestic.

*The striking of the rivet,
The purr of a drill,
The crash of a steam shovel,
The plunge of a dredge,
The breaking of a furrow,
The scooping of a channel,
The roll of the mill,
The silence intent of men at work,
The talk of men going to their homes—
These are all the notes of a great symphony.*

Nothing is finer than to see the adding of line upon line that makes a bridge a poem.

Here on the Isthmus has been a paradise lost; we are seeing the miracle of a paradise regained. It is regained not by angels and supermen, not by dark forces that we invoke from the unseen, but by men and women in the flesh who have the light of the future in their eyes.

Here, at the Isthmus, is to be the crossing of the currents, economic, ethnological, political, military. Here is to be a proving ground of the brotherhood of man.

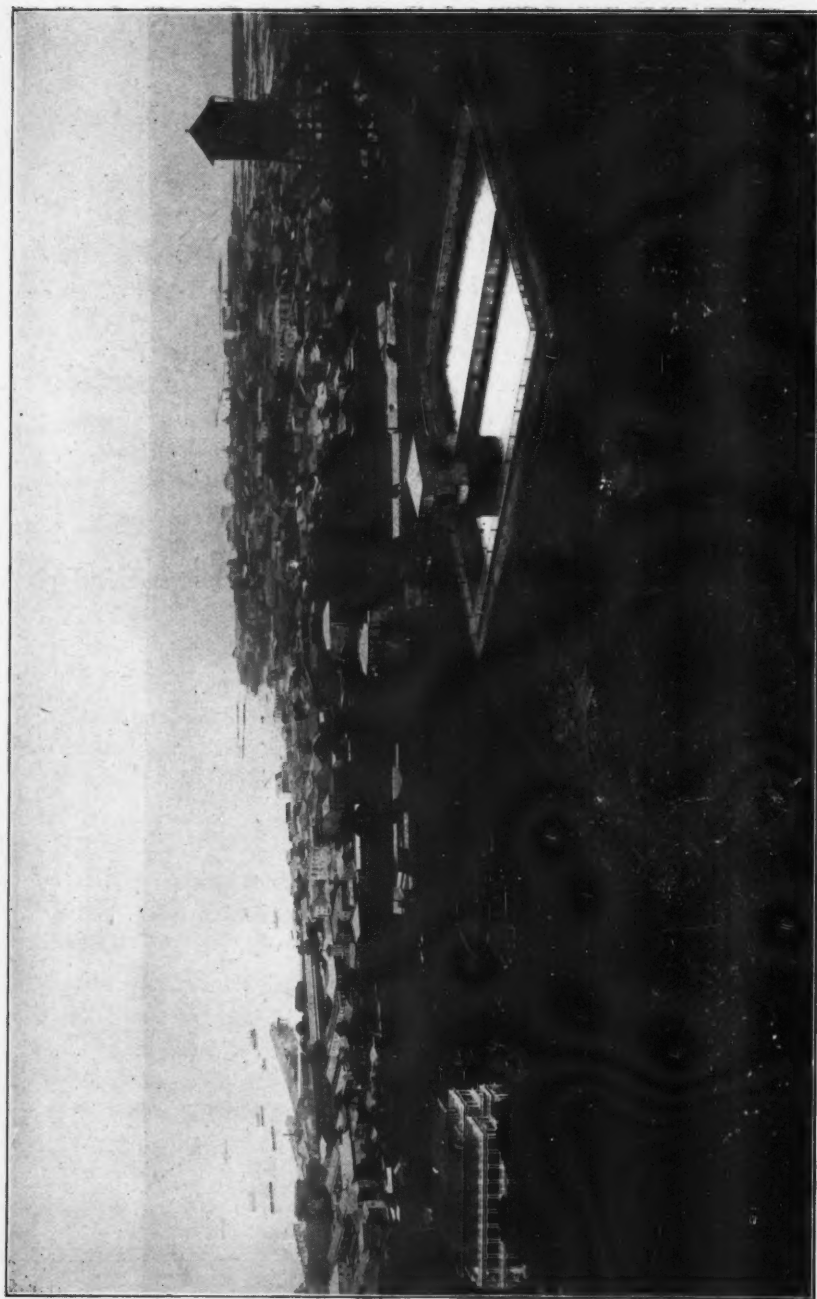
AN OBJECT LESSON IN COUNTRY LIFE

The Zone should be an object-lesson of a good country life for the tropics. We confidently expect that here will be a vast model of engineering to the peoples of the earth. The ships of the nations will pass and repass. Men and women will lean far out the windows as they cross from ocean to ocean, and the impressions of what they see will be disseminated to the corners of the world. This entails vast responsibilities.

Here is a strip of country ten miles wide, for which we as a people are responsible. The Canal itself will occupy but a small part of it, but our responsibility extends to the whole of it. The Canal Zone should be an object-lesson to the world not only in engineering but in a triumphant tropical agriculture.

I hear it said that crops cannot be grown in the Zone; but a soil and climate that will produce this exuberant jungle can be made to produce products useful to man, and in an orderly way. I know that there are difficulties. They may be very great. But a people that can build the Panama Canal can till the land that fringes it. I am very earnest about this matter. Man must utilize the surface of the earth. It is his function. A self-sustaining tropical agriculture of a high type is yet practically unknown.

We can make this Zone a great experiment station in the rearing of tropical products; and if we do not utilize it we shall be open to ridicule. We cannot afford to let the Panama Canal lie in a riotous jungle. Our imagination has properly run high in the engineering conquest; now let us give it exercise in the development of a good agriculture and of a good rural society. If, as I am told, there are special difficulties in this region, all the more urgent is the necessity and the greater the opportunity that the Zone presents to the nation that has dug the Canal.



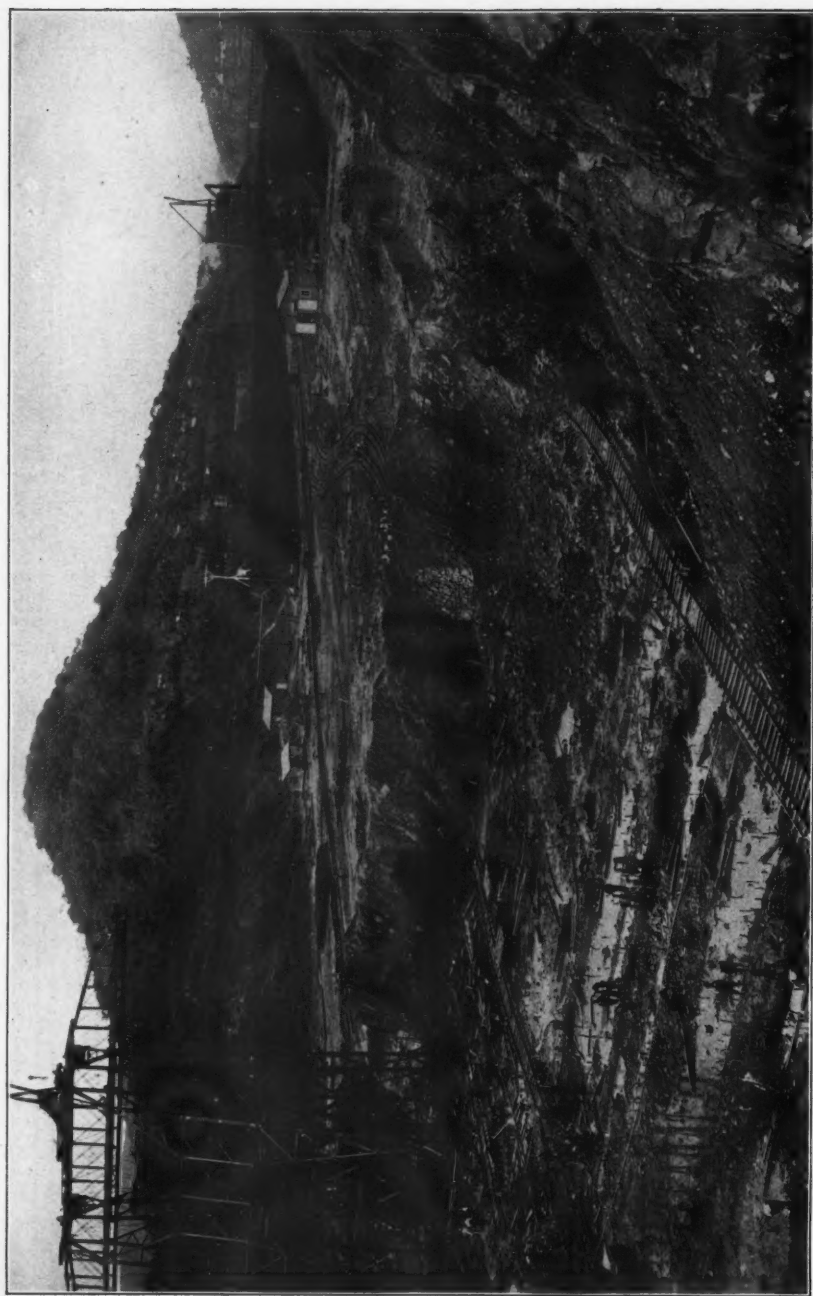
CITY OF PANAMA FROM THE NEW RESERVOIR, SHOWING ISLANDS IN THE DISTANCE

The Panama Canal as it IS

By *Mr. Mitchell Chapple*

A NEW slogan, "Get Ready for the Panama Canal," is being sounded by Mr. John Barrett, Director of the International Bureau of American Republics. He is thoroughly familiar with all that pertains to South American trade, and no man in the United States is better fitted to pronounce a correct prophecy for the future of the Panama Canal. He says:

"There are twenty-one States of the Union bordering on the high seas and having ports from which vessels ought to steam through the Panama Canal, and yet hardly one of them realizes the opportunities which the Canal offers, with its completion only five years distant. Every city and commercial center having any interest in foreign commerce should acquaint itself with actual trade conditions in all parts of the world reached by the Canal. I would have every chamber of commerce or board of trade, from the Roanoke to the Rio Grande, from the Potomac to the Platte, organize committees or subordinate clubs to awaken interest in everything pertaining to Latin America. I wish we could start a Pan-American League, with branches in every important city and town of the South and West, supported by the best citizens of each community."



THE EXCAVATIONS AND CONCRETE CONSTRUCTION AT PEDRO MIGUEL, SHOWING CANTILEVER BRIDGE

Changing the World Map

AFTER a few days spent on the Isthmus one wonders how anyone has had the hardihood to write false criticisms regarding the work. It remains a marvel that men who stand up in Congress or elsewhere should attack so great an enterprise, until they have at least visited the Isthmus and used their eyes and common sense to assure themselves that their statements are correct. The people will not tolerate these unfounded political football attacks. Considering the bargain which was secured by Uncle Sam from the French government, and the fact that many millions of the dollars paid for labor and supplies are coming directly back to the States; that many millions more are expended in buying materials from United States firms, it will be seen that the \$375,000,000 appropriation for the Canal is really a good investment, for it comes back to the people of the nation digging the Canal.

* * *

Among our contingent was Professor L. H. Bailey, Dean of Agriculture of Cornell University. It was a delight to hear his views on the work at Panama. Going across the Isthmus on the train, the Professor insisted that the appearance of the land, as seen from the car windows, proves it capable of producing almost anything. He believes that there is a great agricultural future before the Zone when it is known just what products can be profitably handled.

Dr. Josiah A. Strong and other eminent students of sociology were there with us. The experts have agreed that the canal work means the establishment of a new form of civilization in the tropics.

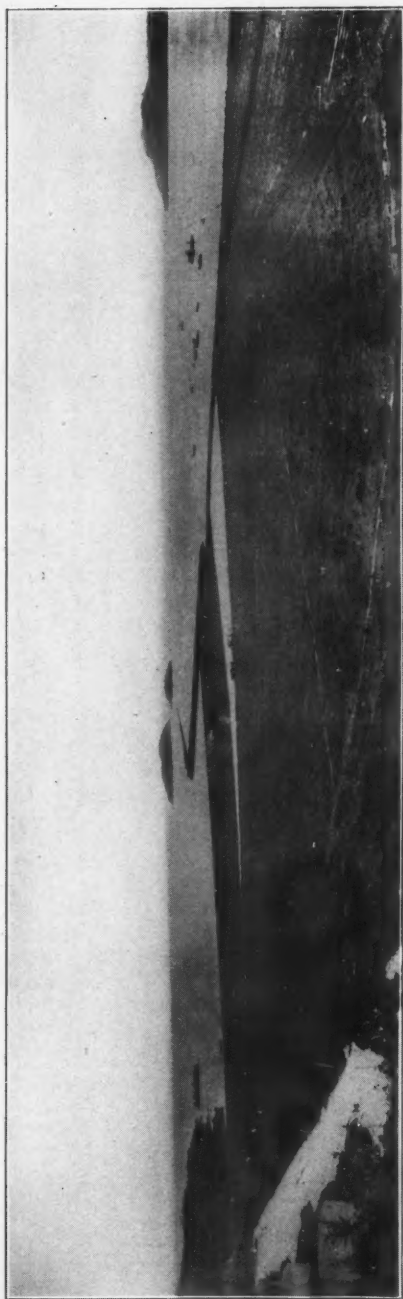
Great writers, seeking food for the imagination, will be attracted by the work done on this historic strip of land, but

it is a question whether a poet will arise in our time who will be able to handle so vast a theme. The siege of Troy was a small affair compared with this gigantic undertaking, which is attracting world-wide attention. On every boat, from every part of the globe, visitors are arriving. They are collecting data and specimens that will become household treasures, handed down from generation to generation. Reams of literature are being written descriptive of the great work, and in a few years the present-day disgruntled complainers will be considered as short-sighted as those persons who objected to the use of illuminating gas for fear of explosions, and to the study of mythology as "irreligious."

The total population of the Zone is about fifty-five thousand. The census of 1908 showed a total of fifty thousand which it is believed has been considerably increased this year. The problem of creating a complete government for this large and mixed assemblage of people has been effectively solved, and now the conduct of the Zone is regarded as an object lesson of great value, and is closely scrutinized by the surrounding American republics. A dog muzzling order, or the adjustment of a case in equity, are accorded equal care and there is no friction, much to the surprise of the onlooking republics. Many of the results obtained and the ideas evolved are of deep interest to all students of effective administration and political economy.

* * *

The benefits of the Panama Canal are already forecast. No one state will receive more positive benefits from this great work than Texas. With its immense area, and such cities as Galveston, Houston,



THE FORTUNATE ISLES OF A STORMLESS SEA, ONE OF WHICH IS REACHED BY A BREAKWATER MADE OF CULEBRA DIRT

Dallas and Fort Worth, no state is more likely to feel the impetus of the diverted channels of trade, that will lead to the Southwest through the great artery of world-commerce on the Isthmus. The Canal brings every great Texan commercial centre within as easy access of the vast undeveloped South American and Central American trade as of New York and San Francisco. The profitable interchange of products is the basis of healthful commerce, and the aggressive and alert American enterprise, of the thriving cities of the Southwest, will find their influence and profit more than doubled when steamers connect the ports of the Texan coast and speed by regular voyages to the harbors of Western South America, Australia and the Orient.

* * *

Letters from William Jennings Bryan concerning the Panama Canal show how the conception of this great project is changed by a visit to the Isthmus. Like all visitors Mr. Bryan seems to have been alert in watching for mosquitoes, and hastens to announce that he "has not seen one." He also says:

"Our appearance here (on the Isthmus) will prove a calamity rather than a boon if, by the establishment of an arbitrary government we set a harmful example to adjacent republics. We are engaged in engineering enterprises in the United States and do not find it necessary to interfere with the governments of the states and territories in which the works are going on—it is just as unnecessary here.

"As one studies the Canal Zone and the countries which it brings under the influence of the United States, the physical features of the Canal dwindle in importance, and one finds himself contemplating the waterway as a factor in the development of Latin America, in the extension of American commerce, and in the spread of American ideas and ideals.

"It has always been urged in behalf of a Canal that it would increase the efficiency of our navy; if that be true we can afford to appropriate less for the building of battle-ships and more for the construction of transports. These can be used as merchant vessels in time of peace.

"The Canal should be open to the commerce of the world without other charge than that necessary for expense of operation and maintenance. This policy is demanded in the interests of our own people. . . . The cheaper we can make the water rate the cheaper will be the railroad rate."

The Canal Zone, A Province of Ground

THE personnel of the American working force on the Canal represents such an industrial army as has never before been mustered. The post office records show that many hundreds of thousands of dollars are sent back to the states every month. One blacksmith, who came from New York state, has saved \$2,900, has lifted the mortgage on his home and provided himself with a little farm beside. He said that the average cost of living was a trifle over thirty dollars per month and he was paid seventy-eight cents an hour. The steam shovel men get \$210 a month. The crane men, who sit perched aloft, get \$185. It is interesting to know that most of the money saved on the Isthmus is going back to the states to buy farms; even the doctors are purchasing Idaho irrigated land and Texan land, or old New England farms and the old home farms in Iowa. In fact, work on the Isthmus seems to accentuate the desire to own some acres of "God's country," as the boys on the Isthmus call the states. Pushing forward the work under broiling tropical suns, they seem to be always dreaming of the time when they can "go back home," and sit under orchard trees, possibly own an automobile and "farm like gentlemen."

The Jamaicans and other cheaper laborers have little inclination to save their earnings, although Jamaica and the West Indies have never known such an era of prosperity as they have entered upon with the digging of the Canal. The shops at Empire employ over six hundred men for repairing of all sorts, and the efficiency of the great canal plant is always kept tuned right up to "high C." The speed of the

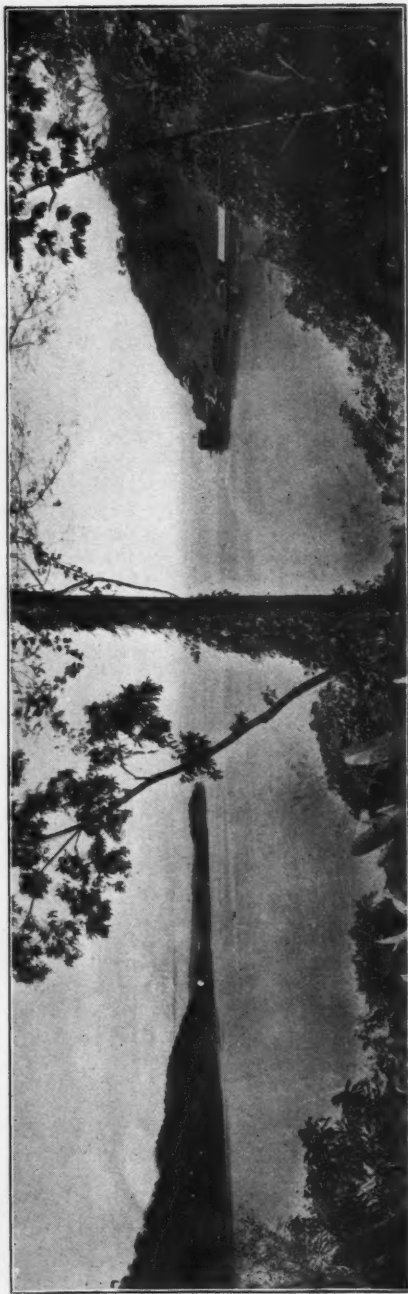
work is largely due to the thorough up-keep of the equipment.

A large number of the workers come from the southern states. Although no one could speak in higher terms of President Taft than they do, acknowledging him as the great projector of vast enterprises, yet when a straw vote was taken in 1908 they went five to one in favor of Bryan. The boys said this was due to the habit of voting formed in youth—the Democratic ticket being an inheritance regardless of personal opinion. They said that on a straw vote they simply could not resist voting the Democratic ticket.

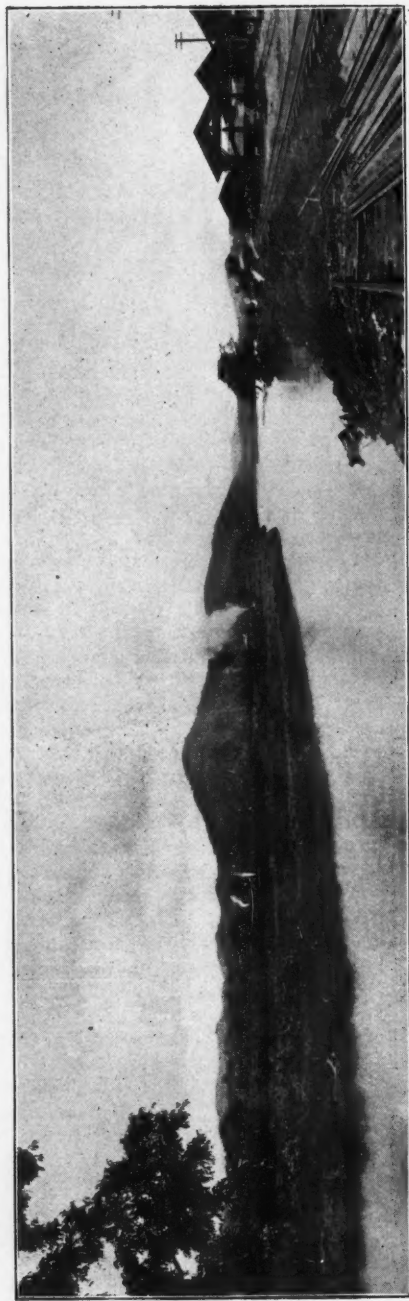
* * *

The total working force on the Canal is at this time 37,432 men, divided on the basis of payments into the "gold" force, consisting of physicians, skilled artisans, teachers and all high class labor on the Canal or the railway. There is also the "silver" force, which represents the unskilled labor of thirty thousand Europeans, chiefly Spaniards, with a sprinkling of Italians, Jamaicans and natives of the West Indies; these receive from sixteen to forty cents an hour. The rate for the West Indian labor is ten cents gold, while Spaniards are paid twenty cents per hour, gold. The white men become very brown and their eyes are bloodshot from the terrific glare of the tropical sun. Work begins at seven and continues until eleven A.M. After two hours rest for dinner, work is resumed at one o'clock and continues until five.

The shortening of the working day to eight hours has increased the cost of the work over the original estimate



PUERTO BELLO, TAKEN BY ADMIRAL VERNON, 1741; HERE ROCK FOR CEMENT MADE ON THE ATLANTIC SIDE IS SECURED



ALONG A QUIET REACH OF THE CHAGRES

on the Canal, which were all made on a nine-hour basis.

The berm, or ledge of land along the canal on which the railroad runs, is to be ten feet above the water, and from the north end of Culebra Cut, at Bas Obispo, will run parallel with the Canal to Paraiso. Near Miraflores, a tunnel of 736 feet has been constructed, and the entire line from ocean to ocean shortened a mile without crossing the Gatun Lake. The old lettering, "I. C. C.," has been discarded, and government ownership evidences itself in the large "U. S." which appears on all the locomotives and rolling stock, and, of course, means "United States," but one wonders why the A for "America" is omitted.

At five o'clock in the afternoon the supply and repair trains start out from the yards, to spend the night in the cut and all along the line making repairs and placing supplies, that all may be in readiness for the morning's early start at seven. During the rainy season, it sometimes happens that landslides or sudden floods tip over steam shovels, and float off the track, but even the deluge wouldn't phase some of the veterans who have grown web-footed in land work "when the dew falls."

The three years just passed have plainly revealed that the Panama "camp" is a model of progress, and full of possibilities along other lines than those of "digging dirt." It is not a frontier for the gathering of roughs and toughs, but even in a walk along the streets of the Isthmian towns, or a visit to any part of the workings, the best and most aggressive citizenship can be felt. The Zone police are very effective keeping up discipline in settlements, camps and cities, and are very similar to the northwestern police of Canada. Splendid, stalwart fellows, most of them have seen service in the Philippines and Porto Rico. Everyone seems bent on making a record. After two years of service the workers in the canal are given a service medal, and every two years thereafter a bar is added as a service distinction. Men who have been five years on the Isthmus are now regarded almost in the light of Civil War veterans, and all are proud of the distinction of long service.

Two hundred and five women hold

positions on the Isthmus as nurses, postal clerks, stenographers and teachers. The first woman employed by the Commission was Miss Eugenia Hibbard, superintendent of nurses, who took this position in 1904 when an epidemic of yellow fever was prevalent. Women have truly played a noble part in building the Canal; first the heroic nurses who assisted in the yellow fever days; then expert stenographers, store clerks and women teachers, and thousands of women who have come here to make American homes and render life on the Isthmus pleasant for husbands and families. They have aided materially in maintaining the *esprit de corps* of the working force. Womens' clubs and social evenings have helped to while away the loneliness of life on the Zone. Every Saturday evening there are social gatherings, dances and balls, in nearly all of the twenty-three towns along the canal.

On the first afternoon I spent a half hour in the office of the Panama Railroad Company at Colon. It was two o'clock and the heat was intense, yet that busy hum of typewriters went on unabated, much to my wonderment. The young ladies tapped the machines just as quickly as though working in the North. And Mr. Fitch and his force were digging into the mass of correspondence with coats off at the regular Canal pace.

Vacations come in regular order to the workers on the Zone, and every year those in line for promotion are considered. The boys are very careful not to have too heavy a hospital record, as promotion seldom visits those who have a heavy hospital or sick leave record. "Furloughs in the states" are looked forward to as the distinct epochs in life on the Zone.

* * *

The Isthmian Baseball League indicates that the popular American game holds sway even in the tropics. Seven clubs were in the league when organized in 1908; and the scores are watched and talked over with the same avidity as those of the National and American Leagues at home. One important feature of Canal life is that everyone feels his responsibility whether socially or in his work.

The Canal Record, a neat little paper of eight pages, is printed in the Zone once

a week and issued free of charge to all employes of the Commission and of the Panama Railroad Company. The work is done by the secretary of the I. C. C., Mr. Joseph Bucklin Bishop, one of the ablest newspaper and editorial writers of the United States, who has long been identified with the Canal enterprise. He was for many years on the editorial staff of the New York Tribune. His management of the Record makes it a complete summary of the work in detail and no one is more thoroughly grounded in its



H. H. ROUSSEAU, U. S. N.
Acting Head of Department of Civil Administration, Ancon, Culebra

progress and evolution than Mr. Bishop, who has devoted his best years to the Great Ditch. The Canal Record contains not only all official circulars, but standard information in reference to the Canal, including the current price of food supplies and other details of public interest.

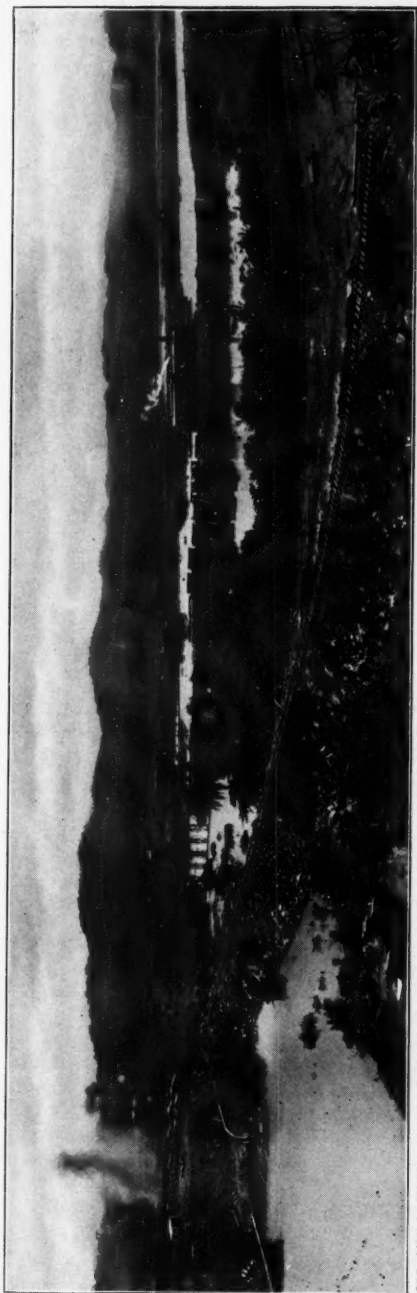
My last afternoon, spent in riding on a dirt train through the great Cut talking to the different men and witnessing the splendid enthusiasm and loyalty of the workers, was a fitting prelude to the announcement that the Empire "Kangaroos" would give the editorial party a real Isthmian reception. The organiza-

tion is an offshoot of the older one of that name in Australia, and our entertainers were styled the "Mother Court" of the order. They have a judge and two attorneys, and the work somewhat resembles that of an Elks Lodge. The order is benevolent and fraternal and has helped many a man, "down on his luck," to get upon his feet again.

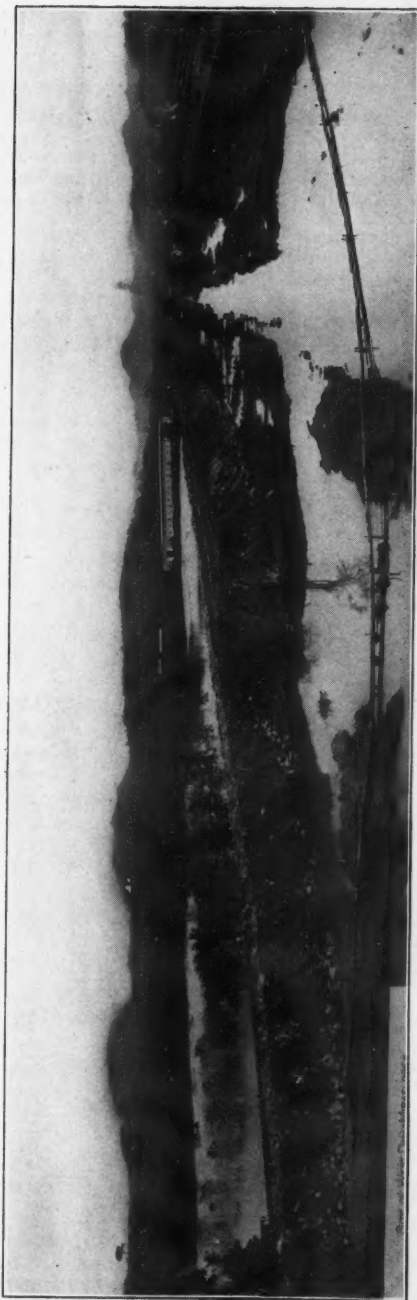
Passing into the hall from the bright moonlight of the tropics, our party came upon a scene radiant with the stars and stripes, every color distinct in the glow of the electric lights. The boys from the states seem bent on using bunting whenever possible in decorations. Every chair had a bit of tri-color upon it and on the High Seat Judge Mills presided in a perfect bower of "Old Glory." We knew at once that we were going to have a "good time." Judge Gudger, chief justice of the Zone, in response to the editorial greeting, welcomed the visitors. The Kangaroos were attired in tuxedos, evening costume, linen or duck suits, regardless of society conventions; now and then Kangaroos "hopped" in for a bit of fun or a bite to eat. Some came from the engines, in their jumpers and overalls, but the spirit of true democracy prevailed. Coffee and refreshments were enjoyed and the speeches were the climax, continuing until late into the night, and if some of the critics of the Canal work could have looked in upon that gathering of Kangaroos, they would have understood that such men would be engaged only in work in which they thoroughly believe, feeling assured that it must prove beneficial to their nation. After two years service they are given a service medal, and a bar is added for each additional two years' continuous service.

It was amusing to see the workers on the Canal hunt out the editors from "home" states. The boys from Texas, New York, Massachusetts, and other states seemed to know by instinct which of the party hailed from the home commonwealth. The Boston boys soon discovered someone to whom they might present the inquiry, "Is Beacon Hill in the same place and looking as usual?"

One notable phase of life on the Isthmus, that has attracted the attention of students of Sociology, is the success of the Young



IN THE DISTANCE ARE THE DREDGES AT MIRAFLORES, WHERE EXCAVATIONS ARE MADE FOR TWELVE CENTS PER YARD



PANORAMIC VIEW OF MIRAFLORES LOCKS ON PACIFIC SIDE

Mens' Christian Association work. In 1905, a secretary was sent to the Zone to make a preliminary organization and the proposition was submitted to President Roosevelt, who made the following very emphatic statement:

"I think that nothing better could befall us on the Isthmus than to have the Y. M. C. A. organizations flourish as they have flourished on the railroad systems in the United States, as well as in the Army and Navy. I hope that all the government can do to help this work will be done."

Under the direction of Engineer Stevens, four Association buildings were erected, and on leaving the Zone he stated in a public address that he would prefer to leave these buildings as monuments, rather than any other erected under his administration while in the Canal Zone.

These buildings were erected and equipped by the Isthmian Canal Commission, and the current expenses are provided for by membership dues and a supplementary appropriation made by the Commission. During the past year the membership was 1,222, but more than 2,100 men held membership within the year, the difference in the numbers being accounted for by the frequent changes occasioned by men going back and forth on vacations and furloughs. Nearly fifty per cent. of the white employees within reach of the club houses have availed themselves of the privileges offered, and the visitors are composed of both officials and workmen. The attendance at the buildings aggregates a daily average of fully 1,400; more than four thousand letters are written each month at the correspondence tables; a monthly average of 1,310 books is drawn from the circulating libraries and each reading room is furnished with one hundred standard, current publications.

The Special Commission, of which Mr. James B. Reynolds was Chairman, appointed by President Roosevelt to investigate conditions on the Isthmus, reported in August, 1908:

"These comfortable club houses, wisely but in no way extravagantly equipped, and excellently conducted under the auspices of the Young Mens' Christian Association, we commend without reservation. They fill a necessary place in the somewhat artificial

life on the Canal Zone, where a body of loyal Americans, far removed from the uplifting influences of home and friends, are performing with genuine enthusiasm a work of great importance to their country, in a climate demoralizing to the white man."

This enthusiastic statement was supplemented by Congressman Denby, who wrote President Roosevelt:

"The value of these Y. M. C. A. institutions to the Canal work cannot be exaggerated. They offer absolutely the only amusement agencies on the Zone."

Two additional buildings have recently been erected and opened—one at Gatun and the other at Porto Bello. This makes a total of six Association buildings employing eleven secretaries, and one General Secretary, Mr. F. C. Freeman, for supervision. The money for these additional buildings was included by Congress in the Canal Zone appropriation a year ago.

During President Taft's visit to the Isthmus the question was brought up as to whether the appropriation of government funds for this purpose was legal; he met the query with the following:

"The question arises, 'Have we any authority to spend the money of the government for this purpose?' Well, we are subject to impeachment if we are not, for we have spent the money. Of course we have the right. The President is directed by law to build that Canal, and as a plain business proposition, if he is to build the Canal, he is to have the material and men with which to build it, and as a plain business proposition, that which keeps his men moral, that which keeps their minds on the work which they are to do and the duty with which they are charged, that is necessarily a proper object of government expenditure."

An Association has recently been opened at Camp Elliott, where one thousand United States marines are stationed; this was done by special permission of the Navy Department. A secretary is located here and a small building is being fitted up, and the expense is being covered by the Post Exchange Fund. Every man I met on the Isthmus had a good word to say for the Y. M. C. A. The Association work in the Canal Zone is under the supervision of the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A., and Mr. C. J. Hicks, associate General Secretary, has immediate charge of the same.

Social Life on the Isthmus

ON to Gorgona with its great machine shops; through Empire, the administration centre, and to Culebra, where the railroad passes the rim of the great ditch—encountering at every station some vivid picture of gigantic industry or wonderful tropical vegetation—we went and reached the Hotel Tivoli, on the Panama side, which in many ways suggests the luxury and comfort of a Palm Beach resort. The little Jamaican cabmen were everywhere, ready to take one on board for ten cents gold, or twenty cents “spickety” money. They make change from a mat or carpet under their feet—which serves as a spacious purse or money drawer. Here the tourist first comes into contact with “monkey” money, which is worth one half the coin of the United States.

At our first meal at the Tivoli we had papay instead of cantelope, much resembling it in look and flavor, except that we detected a peculiar lardy taste—in fact, many of the tropical fruits have this curious taste of lard. Alligator pears were on the table, but as they suggest a flavoring of turpentine and resin it is a flavor that must be cultivated before the fruit can be enjoyed. For those who did not choose to experiment with strange fruits, there was abundance of accustomed foods, brought from the States, and equal in quality to anything obtainable at the Waldorf. We began, however, to understand the Jamaican preference for yams over sweet potatoes. “O you yam!” is the refrain of a popular Jamaican melody.

It does not take long for an American to adjust himself to novel conditions, and

the editors from the frigid zone were soon adepts in the art of stepping leisurely into a cab, and wore white suits without nervous examination of convenient mirrors in search of stains fore and aft. Everyone went sight-seeing with a vigor and determination proportioned to the shortness of our stay on the Zone.

While at the Tivoli we met some of the jackies of the United States cruiser “Des Moines,” just arrived from Nicaragua; they related an incident of the existing unpleasantness. A salute of twenty-one guns had been fired at Bluefields, and the rebel guns acknowledged the courtesy with a similar number, but they chanced to aim at a Nicaraguan gun boat and blew holes in the smokestack. They accounted for the damage by saying that they had no blank cartridges, but they did not explain why their guns were pointed so exactly at the boat of an enemy. A thousand marines were at Camp Elliott awaiting orders for Nicaragua, or elsewhere.

Mr. Merriweather, the *New York World* correspondent, arrived from Nicaragua while we were there; he had been spending some months on the Pacific Coast side, in a study of the Central American revolution at close range, which furnishes interesting plots for a comic opera as well as material for history. Certainly some of the scenes must have been remarkable, notably the one described when the United States boats appeared with supplies, and patriots and government troops alike seemed to forget on which side they were fighting in the anxiety to get a satisfying

taste of the good things in Uncle Sam's Commissary Department.

* * *

The renaissance of the city of Panama as accomplished within three years is almost magical. No neater city exists in the United States; improvements are constantly being made though the quaint character of the city is kept unchanged. The grill work in fancy colors, Spanish balconies and other suggestive bits of architecture are untouched, but the sanitation is the one great feature. The streets have been cleaned and the filth which formerly prevailed throughout the city has been done away with, making it possible for residents to reach the allotted span of life, three score years and ten, an age formerly seldom attained, even by natives. The Panamanians appreciate the work done by the United States and have taken their place as the progressive people among Central American nations.

In the old city of Panama six miles away, an ancient tower, four hundred years old, still frowns over the haven. Here and there one can trace the work of the men who rebuilt the city after the invasion by Morgan and his buccaneers. The old-time wooden French suspension bridges have not borne the action of time so well. Those which spanned many of the interior rivers are falling down, and have been supplanted by substantial iron and steel American structures. The dredges and ships of the Pacific Coast rendezvous at Balboa near Panama which promises to develop into the great port on the Pacific. What a sight that was—a world fleet of merchant vessels from Peru, Chili, San Francisco, England, Australia, Africa and other countries—lying in Panama Harbor!

The breakwater to Naos Island, four miles out, is nearly completed, and will provide not only a breakwater for the entrance of the Canal, but for Panama as well. Half of the island is owned by the government and the other half by the Pacific Mail S. S. Company. When steaming through the finished portion of the Canal, and around the bay on the ship *Balboa*, it seemed strange that we were facing the Pacific to the East. The genial Bailey insisted that his compass was out of order, and closed his

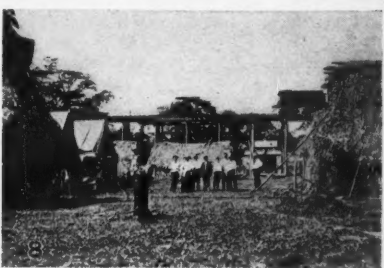
umbrella again to take observations of the sun.

It is a curious fact—that no storms ever break on the Pacific Ocean within many miles of the coast of Panama; farther to the South a stormless area has never known a tempest for centuries, and this explains why Balboa called it the "Pacific" Ocean.

* * *

Close to the moss-grown seawall of Panama is the President's palace, the stucco building which has served for years as the home of the governor. The soldiers on guard stood outside with fixed bayonets, as we passed up the stairs to be graciously received by President Obaldia, since deceased. In 1904—1906, he was minister of Panama at Washington, and was much beloved by all who knew him. A stout man, with laughing, kindly, black eyes, and an iron gray moustache, he greeted his guests with perfect courtesy and was eager to hear news of the United States. Over his desk was a large portrait of President Taft. The state reception room was adorned with prism glass candelabra pendants. Here private audiences with diplomats and other officials are held. There is in the furnishings of the gold-room a hint of imperial splendor seldom seen in our own country, but it has also the quaintly simple air of many South American apartments. The President's son, Mr. Godfrey Obaldia, served as his private secretary. The minister "fomento," or member of the cabinet who is in charge of public works, is Jose Lefevre, a brother of the popular writer whose Wall Street stories have attracted much attention in current periodicals.

Very shortly after our visit, on March 1st, President Obaldia, aged sixty-four years, died suddenly of heart failure. His father, at one time president of Colombia, educated him at the Columbian College at Bogota, after which he entered the service of the Panama Railway Company, and later spent two years studying in the United States. He made a fortune in stock farming in Chirique, and represented Panama at the Columbian Congress at Bogota in 1900. Becoming a senator in 1903, he was the only member who voted in favor of the Hays Herran



1. Excavation for new Panama railroad. 2. Clearing the canal basin behind the Gatun Dam. 3. A typical village on the banks of the Chagres. 4. A happy family of Panamanian natives. 5. Photographed under the eaves of the old thatched hut. 6. The winding bars and bed of a torrential tropical stream. 7. Chagres in the same days of the dry season. 8. A Panamanian village with an elevated railroad.

treaty providing for an inter-oceanic canal. After the failure of the treaty he resigned, but was appointed Governor of Panama and held office during the revolution which made Panama independent of Colombia, November, 1903. Under the new republic he became second vice-president, then minister to the United States; in 1906 he became vice-president, serving as president during Dr. Amador's absence in Europe. He was elected president by the liberals in July, 1908. How interesting it was that afternoon to hear him tell of his boyhood days in Chirique, and of his recollections of the time when the French were at work on the Canal.

"They are a great people," he said, his kindly dark eyes sparkling, "but Americans have laid the true foundation in caring for sanitation, as they have in Panama, making the city the most desirable tropical resort on the continent."

* * *

Outside the cabman waited patiently for us, while his gong rang every little while like a fire alarm, to notify us that another ten cent fare limit had expired. The Panama cabs are more merciful than the taxi-cabs in New York, in which the wheels go relentlessly around in silence, indicating figures which are a shock to any man who is not a millionaire. Our Panamanian cab-driver had been a school chum of the minister of public works and for our entertainment drew on his fund of early recollections.

The color line is not very distinctly drawn in the Latin republics. The San Blas Indians are found in and around Panama; like the Seminoles of Florida they never were conquered. A curious feature of native life in Panama is the cock fighting, which, like baseball in the United States, is more attractive to the public than any other form of recreation. Even the workmen on the streets have favorite birds tethered nearby and seize every opportunity to test their prowess. The click, click of steel spurs as the birds strike each other, the spurting of blood and the clamor of men indulging in small wagers seem to supply the mental excitement that Spaniards find in bull fights, and that English speaking races derive

from less brutal contests. The backer of each game cock stands behind it, and if his bird shows signs of exhaustion, he takes it up and puts its bill into his mouth, while he inflates its exhausted lungs. One game cock, in a fight witnessed by the editors, appearing almost dead, was thus revived, went back into the pit and finally killed its opponent.

* * *

Every night most of the members of the party were busy with note books, and it was interesting to observe how many different aspects of the work and its surroundings were recorded, while the varying moods of the writers contributed a singular study in individuality. No two diaries had even a remote resemblance. It was difficult to believe that this was a "vacation trip," for we seldom found time for more than five hours sleep out of the twenty-four. Scarcely had the "wee sma' hours" come than we were awakened by the crowing of cocks, and the remembrance of "something special to be done" impelled us to dress. We always awoke refreshed, possibly on account of sleeping in the current of fresh air which sweeps through the sides of the houses, which are all carefully planned to secure perfect ventilation.

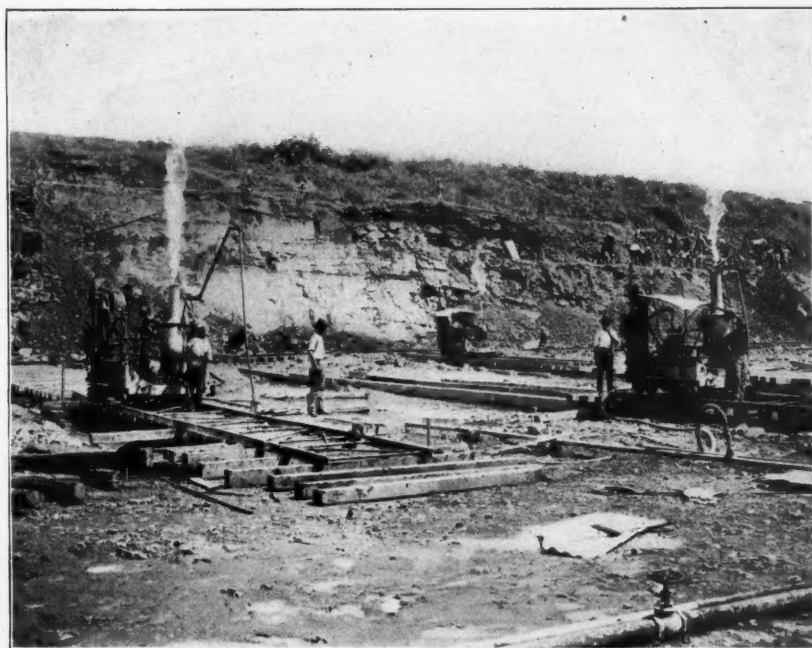
One morning there was a general uprising among the editorial party to view the Southern Cross, the distinctive constellation of the tropical heavens. Being called a little after two A. M. it did not seem worth while to go to bed again, so we put in an unusually long day. To the North, in the bright, starry, tropical sky we could see the Great Dipper and North Star distinctly, while equally clear to the South was that cross which has been so wonderful a guide through all ages. Just above the horizon it lay, brilliant as a constellation of small suns, and consisting of four stars standing somewhat obliquely. It is wonderful how anxious the youthful ship's officers are to show the Southern Cross to the ladies voyaging in tropical seas, and apparently the tropical moon has to be studied with equal care, always from a remote corner of the deck.

* * *

An inspiration came while Bailey, the agricultural editor from Iowa, was trying



SHOWING SUBMERGED SHOVELS AFTER A TROPICAL RAINY SEASON



WHERE THE CHATTER OF THE ROCK DRILLS IS HEARD

his tripod on a corrugated roof, to obtain a profile view of a Panamanian cow to portray agricultural prospects on the Isthmus to his readers. I decided to visit the highest elevation that commanded a bird's-eye view—while Bailey obligingly hailed “the bird” for me with his umbrella. Four miles out from Gorgona, we made our way through the thick jungle to the Tower of Balboa—not a pretentious monument, for it is but forty feet high and looks like a windmill scaffold. From its summit we could see the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. Truly this was an Isthmian view—to be able, at a single glance, to view the rim of the measureless expanse of the two great oceans. Nearby stands the old stump of the “Balboa Tree,” on which the initials of many tourists have been cut. No picture can do justice to this marvelous view. What Bunker Hill monument is to Boston this tower will be to the Zone, and no visitor will consider his trip complete without a visit to Balboa Hill.

The feat of speaking across a continent, over the telephone wires, was impressed on me a few hours later, when I took the receiver to talk with Secretary Bishop, and heard his request from Panama:

“Speak a little louder, please; remember that you are talking across the continent”—I thought of the view from Balboa tower.

As we were returning that evening to the Tivoli Hotel, amid the beautiful tropical splendor of Ancon Hills, there in the moonlight lay the red-tiled Administration Building and the cottages, with the verandas softly lighted, as is usual on the Isthmus, presented a picture of fairyland. The foliage that clothed the hillside was silvered in the witching languorous moonlight. The soft swish of the branches of the cocoanut palms seemed fitting music for such a scene, and just beneath their feathery fronds, lifted a hundred feet in air, a high bridge spanned the great ravine. In the distance the Pacific glittered. So bright was the moonlight that it revealed the trails of the umbrella ants, which in a single night totally destroy a tree, and leave a bare path of destruction, six inches wide. In many of the buildings solid oaken floors may be seen eaten by ants. One official related how his refrigerator refused to keep things

cool, no matter how much ice was used. On close inspection, he found the back all honeycombed by the ants, so that a prod of the finger produced a large hole. Sugar and many other eatables have to be kept constantly on shelves, and in creosoted strong boxes.

These little tropical pests have not yet been conquered, and seem even more obdurate than the yellow fever, but residents on the Zone take comfort in the fact that ants are not unhealthy. Rather the reverse, for they are nature's scavengers and in former years doubtless found an abundance of work in that line. We traced a string of ants two hundred feet long, each one carrying a small sprig of green. They have been known to invade and carry off an entire barrel of rice in a single night. Residents say that the industry of the workers on the Canal is appropriately symbolized by these active little insects. In fact the people on the Zone seem to have taken to heart the advice of Solomon, “Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise,” for everybody gets up early on the Isthmus—so do the ants—you can't get ahead of them.

* * *

When an alligator hunt was mentioned that night Montgomery was alert; there was no difficulty in getting the editorial “sharpshooters” together at four o'clock next morning. After a cup of coffee and a fight with the ants for bread, the nimrods started for Balboa to embark on the cruise. Even in the darkness of the early morning there were many natives going to mass—for I must frankly confess that it was Sunday—Bailey carried the editorial umbrella as usual.

There is something almost supernatural in “the awful rose of dawn” on the Pacific Coast in the tropics. Spurs of light crept along the eastern rim of the Pacific Ocean, extending into a long prism; then purple gleams cast a halo over the islands of Naos and Toboga; in a moment the full burst of sunlight gleamed all along the summits of the green hills of Ancon. The myriad electric lights that had been sparkling a few minutes before on every veranda seemed suddenly quenched and drowned in the daylight. In the little,



STONE QUARRIES ON ANCON HILL, WHERE FORTIFICATIONS ARE SUGGESTED



WHERE THE MEN AND SHOVELS MEET

old dark shops of Panama dim circles of candle light might still be seen; everyone was getting ready for "market day," the chief day of the week. Craft of all kinds from all ports of the Isthmus swept up on the tide, and every boat was laden with oranges and other fruit, vegetables or merchandise; drawn up on the beach the boats made a picturesque sight, as they lay under the old, mottled-green seawall. As the tide receded they toppled over lazily, seemingly preparing for a tropical midday siesta.

The launch puffed down the Pacific portion of the Canal, and there, in the



LIEUTENANT COLONEL D. D. GAILLARD
Division Engineer of Central Division, Empire

shadow of the leper colony, waited for the tide to carry her across the bar. She headed for the mouth of the tropical river, which a white man had not entered in eight months. The muddy waters and heavy banks suggested scenes in the valley of the Nile. On board the launch the seven editorial sharpshooters were rubbing the sleep out of their eyes and looking out for alligators. A short distance up the river appeared something that looked like a great log, floating down inertly. The natives began to scream and chatter like parrots—it was an alligator. Soon

after a school of the great creatures came circling toward the boat from all directions. Everyone was now on the alert, and the sharpshooters were looking to their firearms, but then came the orders of Lieutenant Barber:

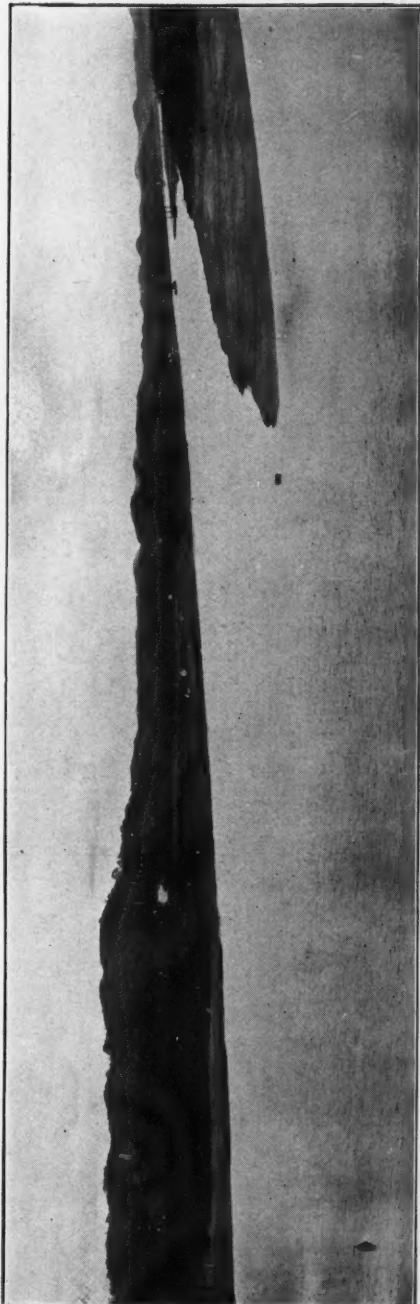
"Don't shoot—don't shoot. You cannot kill them in the water. Wait until they are on the bank."

Then the river suddenly was full of those squirming pre-Adamite monsters, which for nights after were seen in our dreams. It was suggested that the editorial gunners go ashore in the *cuyaia*s, a boat hollowed out of a log. It took "nerve" to enter a small boat and pass through the water which that wriggling school of alligators had so recently ruffled. On the banks lay the great saurians—twenty feet long and more; they looked fifty. On the Isthmus dogs and children give river banks a wide berth, for alligators have good appetites for both. The great river elephants wriggled awkwardly down the bank, and a lesson in natural history was learned. The alligator moves only the lower jaw; the crocodile moves both jaws like a pair of scissors—but there was no time for a discussion of "jaws." The gunners made for the banks of the river, alarming the screeching birds overhead. Some confessed afterwards the fear they felt that every dead limb on the trees might be a boa constrictor ready for a late Sunday breakfast. The tropical forest had a wierd appearance which suggested deadly, hidden poisons. At the pier the natives were quietly getting ready a boat-load of faggots to take to Panama.

Here were orange trees, which had been planted by the French from seed brought from the Mediterranean, to furnish the basis of many an air-castle concerning gigantic orange plantations and vast fortunes to be amassed from them. The fruit on the trees in these abandoned plantations is abundant and delicious. After lunch the party felt a trifle nervous about entering the boats again, lest the body-guard of alligators should be desirous of an American sandwich or two. The fears of the "sharpshooters" were allayed by the information that alligators do not attack boats; they lay lazily on the banks, furnishing good material for target practice.



THE HARBOR AND CITY OF BALBOA AND PACIFIC CANAL TERMINUS



AT THIS POINT THE VESSELS STEAM IN FROM THE PACIFIC

The natives added life and movement to the scene; their entire clothing consisted of one long piece of cloth, wound artistically about the body. They come very near to the "simple life" down there. Many shots were fired at the alligators on the banks, but only one wee small alligator "lost his head" and was captured as a trophy of the hunt. His blood-stained carcass lay upon the lawn at the hotel to tell the story of the alligator hunt.

It may be the diet, it may be the warm climate, but on every trip we noticed that



COLONEL WILLIAM C. GORGAS
Head of the Department of Sanitation, Ancon,
Canal Zone

few stout persons were met with, either among the native or foreign population, and this despite the fact that the natives live largely on foods containing sugar and starch.

* * *

Crossing the railroad tracks at Gatun is a bridge whereon many of the men gather in the evening, to talk over the day's events. Above are the winding streets of the little town, an undying rich foliage clustering about the houses and climbing the green slopes. Mr. Stillson, who owned some of the land used for the Canal, has a house built on a beautiful emi-

nence overlooking the lake. Behind the screened verandas electric lights with softening shades shed their light. Everywhere are children in white, bedecked with ribbons, busy at their play. It is a home scene even more impressive to me than the great work on the locks, for here is another striking example of the way in which the English-speaking race retains its individuality, even when transplanted two thousand miles from its native soil. Their ideas on architecture and hygiene have revolutionized the Isthmus and even tropical life.

The streets of Gatun are laid in curves and are very picturesque. Especially enjoyable are the evenings; moonlight on the tropical foliage, the dark shadows with their hint of mystery and romance, and the tinkling of guitars and distant cowbells made up a scene that was like a bit of fairyland.

We "dropped in" at the Gatun Commissary Store, conducted by Mr. Stephens, and witnessed the curious sight of the sale of merchandise without money, and yet nothing sold on credit. Everything required by an American family was there, and the sales were rung in on a cash register, although no money was handled. The Commissary coupons were carefully checked and rechecked. Prices ranged below those in the States, and some articles were even very much cheaper. Dress materials of all sorts were supplied, and the beauty and low prices of hand-embroidered articles won the hearts of the ladies. To their grief they discovered that these goods could only be sold to holders of Commissary coupons. One of our party remarked that it was no wonder women were content to dwell on the Isthmus, when they could purchase real embroidered gowns for about the price paid for making a good gingham at home. There is a special entrance to the stores for the "gold employees," who are Americans or skilled laborers, and another entrance is reserved for "silver workers," who are chiefly Jamaicans and Spaniards. While the Canal Commission feeds and lodges as many as thirty thousand workmen on the Zone, at the rate of thirty cents a day for the silver men and ninety cents for three meals for gold men, many workers have



CONCRETE CONSTRUCTION AT GATUN, SHOWING OLD FRENCH CANAL



THE CEMENT RAILROAD STATION AT GATUN

their own homes. The Isthmus is a domicile as well as a great industrial camp.

Every passenger train is crowded with Jamaicans and natives in the second class coaches. Every seat is filled, and a smiling black face is at every car window. They enjoy travel and spend a large portion of their savings in pleasure trips in the evenings, on holidays and especially on November 3, the day sacred to the dec-

insist on having real "fun" at play. Yet no talk with them was completed without some mention of the time "when we go back home." Many complexions were a dark brown shade, and some were burned almost black, for the tropical sun is relentless with the fair-skinned races.

* * *

One fruitful subject for argument on the Isthmus has been the distribution of the A. B. and C. furniture, for furnishing the different domiciles. It is distributed according to the official rate of pay of those who receive it, and if a lady who is entitled to class A outfit receives class B or C furniture, there is trouble all along the line. Colonel Goethals manages to adjust all these difficulties so that everyone is happy. There were many enthusiastic expressions of confidence in the man at the head of the work. His fairness and thoroughness, united with his administrative ability and experience, make him an ideal head for this great undertaking.

The fine arts are not neglected on the Zone. The Panama Conservatory of Music, with an orchestra of forty pieces, was giving a grand concert in the "Teater National" the night that we left. Home talent unites with the professionals in providing entertainments of popular interest. Lombardy's Opera

Company had an engagement in Panama and did well.

The "Grand Circo" was exhibiting at Colon. The weather was extremely hot and sultry. The blue tights, worn by one of the lady performers on the tight rope, gradually changed color owing to the heavy perspiration, while the grease paint on the clowns slowly melted and ran off in pink rivulets, creating a transformation scene not designed for the amusement of the public; the performers fairly sweltered while the audience "encored" approvingly.



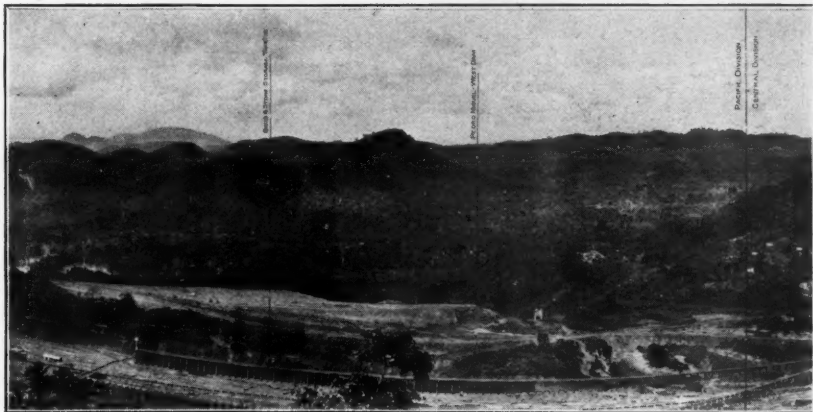
THE DIVERSION OF THE CHAGRES, BY MEANS OF CAMACHO TUNNEL

laration of Panamanian independence. The workers on the Zone all seem happy, and owing to the rigid observance of the sanitary regulations the mortality record has been less than anyone had dared to hope. The figures are lower than those in many average United States cities.

The school system is excellent; even a casual glance at the children playing with toy automobiles and little red wagons, shows that the faces above the jumper suits are healthy and contented. The Zone seems to agree with the boys and girls just as well as the States, for they



WHERE SWEEPS THE FLOOD, SHOWING GRAVEL BEDS BROUGHT DOWN BY
THE HELPFUL CHAGRES



PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE PACIFIC DIVISION, AS IT PUSHES THROUGH
TO ANCON HILL



A PERSPECTIVE OF THE LOCK SITE AT MIRAFLORES

The gracious housekeepers in our party voted the commissary department one of the most interesting features of the work on the Zone. In company with Mr. John Burke and Mr. Ecklund we had an opportunity, in Colon, to inspect the one department that declares a dividend for Uncle Sam. All manner of supplies necessary for comfortable living are here. Orders received through the Mail Order Department are sent out the same day, leaving the stores at four o'clock, P. M. and on the following morning, at eight



JOHN BURKE

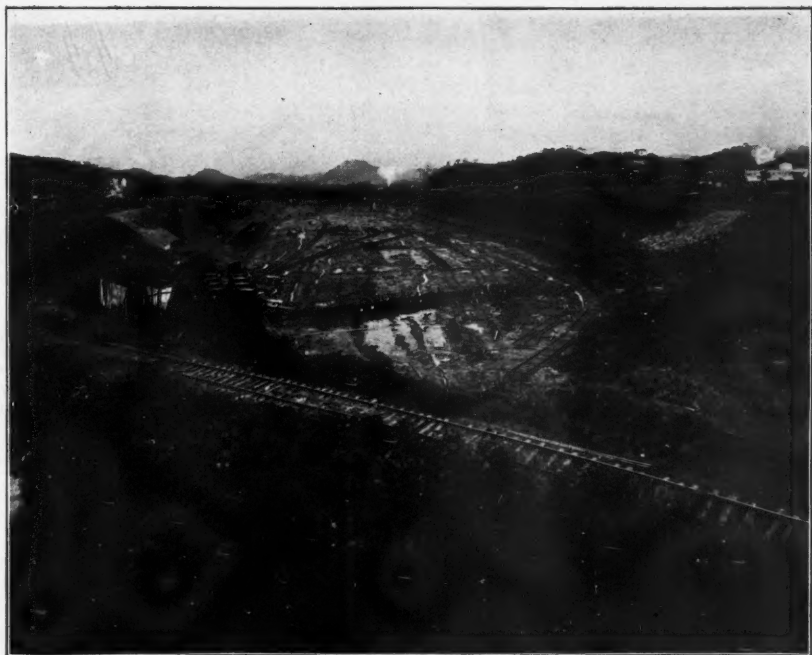
General Manager of Commissary at Cristobal,
Canal Zone.

A. M., the goods are delivered at the doors of homes all over the Zone. The goods have two notable features—their variety and the lowness of price. In the dry goods department the finest Irish linen handkerchiefs and embroidered dresses are sold at "sale" figures, and big bed spreads are marked at "real bargain prices," as the ladies said. Many other desirable commodities are very low in price, but only to be purchased by those possessing Commissary tickets. The commissary department is operated by the Panama Railroad Company, making it possible for the buyers to supply the stores without awaiting the unwinding of red tape and government consultation every time any-

thing is needed. The department is run on strictly business principles, under Mr. Burke, who has been there for many years. He takes a great pride in the development of this the only branch of the work that at present fully pays its own way. Mr. Burke hails from Indiana and has all the jovial ways of the Hoosier.

Such a cold storage plant! Never have I visited a cleaner, more wholesome place and it smelled as sweet as a Dutch dairy. It looked as though even the sawdust might be clean enough and good enough to eat. Onions, potatoes, turnips, parsnips and all sorts of other vegetables from the states were there. A large supply of milk shipped from New York, sufficient for ninety days, is carefully preserved so that the babies may have it sweet every day. There was also an abundance of ice cream, which is sent to all parts of the Isthmus every day—and it was *real ice cream* too. Here New Zealand butter is purchased, delivered at twenty-seven cents a pound, which "in the states" would cost forty-two. A large part of the butter used on the Isthmus is brought from New Zealand because it does not become rancid as does that which is made from milk that is the product of cows fed on United States' scented clover. It is quite a common occurrence to find in cold storage the products of foreign lands, and already there are many indications of the new channels of trade which the Canal will open. In going through the cold storage plant we wore the white "asbestos" butchers' coats and did not feel any too warm even with that increase of clothing. We felt like Dr. Cook after his real frost experience when the records were exploded at Copenhagen. On every side were the familiar articles of diet; potatoes in round crates; oysters in sealed cases; chickens, apples, bananas, disproving the belief in the states that residents on the Zone exist exclusively on canned goods.

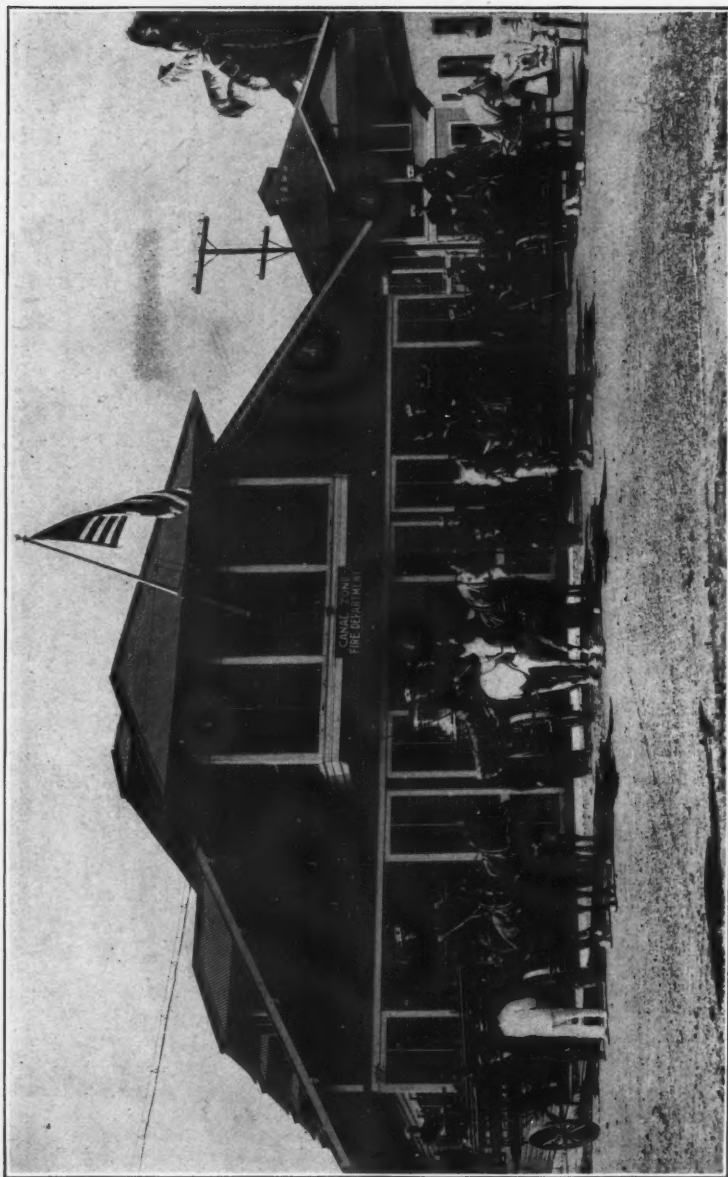
In the great bakery fifteen thousand loaves of bread are mixed every day by machinery and baked in great ovens which look as though they might cook bread enough to feed the world. There are also pie-making machines and cake mixers, which turn out as toothsome articles as could be produced by a French *chef*. The



SITE OF THE LOCKS AT MIRAFLORES, ON PACIFIC SIDE



A VILLAGE ON THE PANAMA RAILROAD



FIRE STATION, CRISTOBAL

wholesale department, combined with the cold storage warehouse, supplies consumers stores all over the Zone, which are conveniently placed that the people may reach them without loss of time.

* * *

What a delight it was to spend an evening with Dr. Pierce of the Quarantine Department, in his house on the edge of the sea, at Colon; as the tide never varies one foot on the Atlantic side the beach residents enjoy the long "hush" of the waves at all hours without going out-of-doors to hear it. The kitchen overlooks the water and everywhere additional precautions have to be taken on account of the ants; there is no danger of anything becoming too dry in the tropics, when the rainy season is on. During the wet months mould appears very quickly, even on clothing and shoes put off for a single night. An old Irishman remarked to me:

"We gather a deal of mould down here—'tis a wonder we don't turn mouldy ourselves—we would if we didn't put in a drop of spirits now and then to dry us out."

Rain for nine months of the year is the usual record, and at times the parks and streets are turned into miniature canals. On the Zone corrugated iron roofs are largely used on the houses, as they seem to keep out the floods of rain, as well as the old-fashioned thatched roofs of the natives. All through the Canal workings are little shelter buildings to protect the workmen during the heavy showers. While these last only a few minutes, the rain comes down in sheets that would wet any clothing through in a minute or two.

* * *

Of course I had to visit the schools again and find out what had become of the bright lad who told me three years ago that "the President of the United States am Mr. Root." St. Anthony is now big enough to be in charge of a signal station, and he insists that William Howard Taft is President of the United States and no argument can shake his faith in that statement, for Mr. Taft has made five separate trips to the Isthmus and St. Anthony has seen and admired him. The superintendent of schools is Professor Gause; scholars and

teachers seem well content, though there is an occasional wistful glance toward "home," as hinted by a small boy on his way to school.

"The Isthmus is all right, but I wish I had some fellows to play snowball with, and that we could have some skatin' once in a while. What we want is real ice that freezes itself, without any cold storage."

In looking over places formerly visited I saw the row of cottages which Mr. Macfarlane had completed three years ago "for bridal couples on their honeymoon," he said. Before each one of these cottages stood a baby carriage, in which was a blooming little one, while other children played about nearby. The Zone seems to agree wonderfully with children, who do not suffer at all from the heat of the climate. Possibly this is owing to the comfortable, cool nights. A wool blanket is needed at night and refreshing sleep is always obtainable. Another reason for the general health of both adults and children may be the perfect ventilation of the homes, the screened windows under the eaves never being closed.

During my former visit the ground beneath and around the houses was kept entirely free of shrubbery, but now vines were trained to beautify the little bird cage bungalows perched aloft on cement stilts.

The old mansion house above the Ancon Quarry, on the Balboa Road, called by the French "La Folie Dingler," or "Dingler's Folly," and later the French Folly, is to be torn down and has been sold for \$525. It was built for Jules Dingler, the French director-general of Canal work, and was finished in 1885. His wife died in January, 1886, of yellow fever which had already carried off a son and daughter. Dingler returned to Paris in June, never having occupied the home, which was hence called "La Folie Dingler." For a long time the dwelling was said to be haunted, as it certainly was by sad memories of the tragedies of the French occupation. In those days the digging of the canal was a succession of delirious pleasures and grim fatalities; the cost in human life, paid by that nation in launching the Panama Canal enterprise, will probably never be known.



MISS MADELEINE LOUIS

With William Hodge in "The Man From Home"



William Hodge *The American* Man From Home



WHEN a single play has been witnessed by almost a million of delighted auditors, and is still attracting myriads, the word "popular" is not sufficiently strong to describe its success.

Notable in the annals of theatrical productions of recent years is "The Man from Home," with William Hodge in the title role. It was first produced in Chicago, in a very unpretentious way. Night after night all the seats were filled, wherever the genial and welcome "Man from Home" appeared, and it soon became known as one of the few plays which everyone feels free to recommend to all friends. There is in it not only heart power, but wholesomeness. I may as well confess that I am one of many who have witnessed it six or seven times, and I sincerely long to see it again. Many of the lines I can almost recite "by heart," and it never loses interest, for the reason that Mr. Hodge as "The Man from Home" appeals to noblest emotions, and is true to nature. The successful run in Chicago, five hundred nights, was outdone by a two years' run on Broadway, of six hundred nights, and the climax was reached by the Boston performances, where night after night the manager is obliged to hang out the sign, "House Full." It is running well into the summer and promises even another season.

The critics were not at first kindly disposed toward "The Man From Home." Said they:

"The play may go all right in Chicago, but wait until it strikes New York."

After the success in New York, they said:

"New York, after all, is not severely

critical, but wait until the chill East winds of Boston blow upon 'The Man From Home.'"

It would be impossible to disassociate the leading character in the play from the personality of the artist, William Hodge. Six feet tall, slim almost to angularity, his bearing is as attractive as his voice, which is rich and resonant, with a touch of tenderness that goes well with the naturalness and simplicity which characterizes this actor who knows so well how to reach the hearts of the people. The audiences are a curious study; every expression of "The Man from Home" is reflected in their faces. Many individuals regard the play as a most valuable tonic, because it creates that genuine, jolly laughter which oscillates every muscle and promotes digestion, while dissipating the "blues." No mere smile, no foolish giggle is sufficient to express appreciation of the humor of William Hodge. It is droll to look along a row of men in evening-dress and see every expanded diaphragm churning up and down, as the owner indulges in prolonged and hearty laughter.

Play-goers all remark on the singularly well-balanced cast which supports William Hodge; there is none of the overshadowing influence exerted by the usual star actor in his part, but every character in the play "just fits," and all appear anxious to focus interest in the story of the play. Mr. Hodge, from the first, insisted on dressing the part younger than was contemplated by the authors. He does not "make up" to represent an imaginary character—but himself. While he retains just enough of the picturesque qualities of Daniel Vorhees Pike, he does

not look in the least like the conventional theatrical representation of the American abroad. He is still the William Hodge regarded as a model of "good style" in conservative Boston, who has revived the fashion of wearing silk hats, long since sadly neglected until his coming. In William Hodge there is no suggestion of the fashion plate, but, elegant and attractive simplicity. Every time I hear him, I am reminded of James Whitcomb Riley, for he has the same wholesome, homespun vein of sentiment in his acting that has endeared the Hoosier poet to the American people through his verse. In his Boston engagements, Mr. Hodge has been nightly called before the curtain for those little talks in which the audience and actor seem to reflect the family spirit.

Slow, deliberate in his speech, both off the stage and on, he is always just the same, dear good soul, and that is why he has attained a hold on the affections of the people such as is only granted to the "real man" of whom Lincoln is the fitting type. The loyal unity of his company is another tribute to Mr. Hodge, which is apparent during the sharp battles on the stage between him and the Russian duke and the eye-glassed, dog-loving fiance, St. Albans. Though on the stage the entire evening, with the exception of about fifteen minutes, he is not in any sense in the spot light—he is clearly forced to the front by circumstances of the play and the charm of his personality.

Mr. Hodge is essentially systematic; he smokes just so many cigars during the play, watches at every performance the

mood of the audience, has regular plans carefully followed—so that success is due to close and scientific study of his work and genuineness that sparkles through his art. His acting recalls the genial lines of Brinsley Sheridan's plays, and he is one stage favorite who has achieved ideal acting without recourse to the tragedy of Shakespearian roles.

There is no elevator behind the scenes for the benefit of actors, and he makes the trip up and down three flights of stairs at least three or four times in an evening. When I had climbed up and down with him once, I felt as though I had done a good night's work without going on the stage, where a thousand electric lights concentrate their rays on the actors from all sides. In this fierce glare, an actor who can sustain, for nearly three hours, a naturalness that even pierces the glamor of footlights, and send people home with the strains of "Sweet Genevieve" ringing in their ears, and feeling more contented with themselves, is performing a public service. There is a wholesomeness in it all that impels one to go again and again to see William Hodge, as he represents in a peculiar and subtle way, the emotions and aspirations of his auditors. He does just what they would have him do and does it in their own way. Can you conceive of any more simple formula for winning and holding public favor? It is the Lincoln idea—the McKinley way—to win the heart-confidence of the people. Admiration for William Hodge is an expression of that confidence which characterizes every successful public career.

MOTHER EARTH

By A. VAGRANT*

Earth mothers the spawn of a seething brood,
Restless, dominant, wild!
Sends Man forth in the pride of life,
Calls him her best-loved child;
Gives him to play with the toys of power;
Amuses him thus for a fleeting hour;
Patiently waits till the play is past;
Gathers him back to her breast at last,
Brooding old Mother Earth!

—From "Pipe Dreams."



The Deception of Mary Wahl

By Charles Henry Olin

AS Compton turned the corner after a fruitless quest for a well-known Tammany politician, the cheerful lights of McClarin's cafe caught his eye. "Now, it is just possible McClarin may know something about this business," he muttered. McClarin's knowledge of affairs at the Wigwam was usually extensive and reliable.

But for once that good-natured, easy-going individual utterly failed him. "Nothing doing as far as I know," he responded to Compton's question, "and I would have heard of it if there was. Guess you are working on a false scent this time all right. Better stay a while and have a broiled live and a cup of strong coffee; you look about all in."

Broiled live was McClarin's famous specialty, and Compton smiled. "Shouldn't wonder if you were about right, Mack," he assented wearily. "I've been on the trot since noon, and your prescription is about what I need."

Seating himself at an unoccupied table the young man glanced around him casually. The well-lighted room was already well filled with persons of both sexes belonging to the respectable middle class to which the cafe's moderate prices and excellent cooking especially appealed. Something in the manner of a young woman who at that moment entered from the street interested him at once. It was not merely because she at first hesitated, then with a single glance about her took one of the vacant chairs at his table in preference to any other; but she wore a certain indescribable air of repressed excitement that seemed strangely out of keeping with the quiet, homelike atmosphere of McClarin's. He noticed, too, that she seated herself heavily like one

who welcomes a moment's respite after a hard struggle.

Although plainly attired her clothes were scrupulously neat and well fitted a trim, youthful figure, and Compton noted that her hands were soft and delicate. "Poor and miserable, but of a better class than the usual run here," he summed up as he observed her pale, but rather attractive features, and heard the sigh of utter weariness with which she seated herself without even a glance in his direction.

Indeed it seemed doubtful if anything in the scene around her made any impression on her mind. Only when a waiter approached and coughed to attract her attention, did any look of comprehension come into her eyes. Then she glanced up as if uncertain what to do.

"Can I serve you with anything, ma'am?" questioned the man as she hesitated.

"Yes, I suppose so—a cup of tea," she said in a low voice that trembled slightly. "That is all—thank you."

Sinking into apathy again the woman seemed oblivious to her surroundings until the waiter returned. She paid him out of a thin little purse, but made no move to touch the beverage.

Although the nature of his work had made Compton a good judge of human nature he was a little puzzled to know how to place her. But his first hasty impression was confirmed. "Well bred, respectable, but playing to hard luck," he concluded as he studied her. "Possibly desperate and worth watching."

He was sure of this a moment later when he saw her fingers steal quietly to her bodice and clutching something from it carry it under the table. He awaited the next move with alert suspicion, quickly

turning his eyes away as she glanced in his direction.

Apparently satisfied that she was unobserved, she carried her hand carelessly across her cup, then dropped it slowly to her side.

"Ah!" breathed Compton, "she means business. It is up to me now."

Raising his right leg as if to cross it over the left, he brought his knee smartly up against the table. With a crash the cup slid from the table to the floor.

"Beg pardon," exclaimed the young man in apparent dismay. "Deuced awkward on my part, but these tables are low and my legs are long. Hope I didn't startle you. Here, waiter, another tea."

He spoke loudly and hurriedly to attract attention away from the girl who suddenly sank back limply in her chair and breathed quickly under the stress of strong emotion.

His ruse was successful. By the time the waiter had filled the order the young woman had in a measure recovered her self-possession.

"You knew?" she asked in a voice that shook in spite of her efforts to control it.

"Yes. Why did you do it?"

"Why does anyone? When one can bear no more what else is there to do? Oh, why did you prevent me?"

"Is your case so desperate, then, that you resent my interference?"

"Resent it! I don't know. I am half glad that you saved me, and yet—" She made a little gesture of despair.

"Tell me your trouble," suggested Compton. "There is surely some other way out. You are better bred and educated than most women who come to that."

"Perhaps. Yet that may be the reason. If I were less sensitive I might have borne it better. There is not much to tell. Can you realize what it means to be tied to a man for whom you have lost all love and respect?"

"You are married, then?"

"Yes, or was until—well, I stood his cruelty, his dissipation and his idleness until I could bear no more. Then putting half the continent between us I came back here where he had met and married me."

"Have you seen him since?"

"No. Pray heaven, I never shall. I left him in Chicago. What a beast he

was!" She spoke passionately and vehemently as if the recollection of her wrongs thronged over her.

"Careful. Speak lower; we are attracting attention," warned Compton, as he noted the intent gaze upon them of a newcomer at the next table. "Have you tried to find work?"

"No," she declared in a lower tone. "Work and ill treatment unfitted me for that. I am just out of Bellevue after a month's illness. I am still too weak and unsettled to do anything; the little money I had is gone and I can see no light ahead. If you had not prevented me it would have been all over now."

She spoke with a pathetic intensity that moved the young man strangely. All suspicion that she was other than she seemed had vanished from his mind, and he longed to aid her. But how?

Suddenly a bold plan flashed through his mind and he drew in his breath sharply. "Look here," he exclaimed with a quick resolution. "You certainly have had a hard time. You need rest, good food and freedom from anxiety. With these hope will return again, and the ability to make your own way. But for the present these three are necessary. Now I happen to be in a position to offer them to you."

"You!"

"Yes. Listen. I am a reporter on the *World* and am living with my widowed sister near Central Park. She is just recovering from an illness brought on by grief over her husband's death. The nature of my work leaves her much alone, and she needs a companion to cheer her up, to read to her and make herself generally useful. Only this morning she requested me to call at an employment agency and secure a suitable person for her, but in the rush of the day's events I forgot it. I feel that you will do splendidly. Will you come?"

For a moment the girl looked at the young man earnestly without speaking, then her eyes wandered to the man at the next table; still with her gaze upon him she nodded meditatively as if she were making up her mind. Then she turned to her companion. "I thank you for your offer," she said, "but will your sister accept an unknown girl without references?"



"With a crash the cup slid from the table to the floor"

"She surely will on my recommendation; she trusts my judgment absolutely in such matters. We will go to her at once."

"Tonight!"

"Yes. Is there any reason why we should not settle the matter without delay? I thought you had burned your bridges behind you," and the young man glanced significantly at the waiter who was removing the pieces of broken crockery.

"So I have, but it is really so unconventional."

The reporter was puzzled. For a woman whom he had saved from an ignominious death and was now offering a pleasant refuge, her sudden regard for the conventions seemed strange, and yet—

"Look here," he said. "By accepting my offer you get, at least until you are stronger and better able to face the world, the home you need; while if I read you rightly, my sister will obtain a thoroughly congenial companion. Besides, you will save me the irksome task of looking further. You really owe that to me, you know."

"Oh, well, if you put it in that light, I will do as you say. There really seems nothing else to do—just now. Yes, I think I will accept," and for the first time she smiled.

The man at the next table rose from his chair, sauntered carelessly over to the cashier's desk, engaged McClarin in conversation for a moment, then quietly left

the room. Half an hour later Compton and the young woman also departed.

Mrs. Easterly, Compton's sister, occupied an apartment in a house of rather ambitious architecture on a quiet street not far from Central Park; and it was not long before she congratulated herself on her brother's foresight in picking out so intelligent and competent a companion as Mary Wahl.

"Where on earth did you find her?" she asked one morning over the breakfast coffee. "Why, she anticipates my every wish almost before I have made it, and it is a positive pleasure to hear her read. Besides, she seems so ladylike and refined."

"She certainly is a jewel," assented the young man heartily; "but that is the kind you commissioned me to get, and I laid myself out to fulfil the contract. She has at least one accomplishment that I myself can appreciate."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, only last night, after you had gone to your room, I was berating my luck in not having engaged a stenographer to help me get out that rush story for the *Sunday World* when she suddenly volunteered to do the work. What is more she did it to the queen's taste. It seems she was once a stenographer, and I never had a better amanuensis in my life."

Thus early Compton had begun to discern that he had builded better than he knew when, mainly out of pity, he had taken in the woman whose acquaintance he had so strangely made. She carried herself always with a quiet dignity that compelled the young man's admiration and respect. Her keen interest in his literary work and willingness to be of use in furthering it threw them much together; and at last he awoke to the knowledge that from becoming simply his sister's companion, Mary was fast becoming a necessity to himself. Dim, half-formed thoughts concerning her began to trouble him, and one evening he asked abruptly: "Have you ever thought of securing a divorce from your brutal husband?"

The question seemed to startle her. "My husband!" she stammered, a look of distress crossing her face. "No, I—I have put him completely out of my mind." Then with a vivid blush she

turned to the typewriter again. "There," she said, deftly pulling out the sheet of manuscript, "that is finished," and placing it before him she abruptly left the room.

"Curious," mused Compton. "I wonder why she shied so at my query? At any rate it is something I must take up with her later." The point had become of vital importance to him, and he meant to persevere. Never before had a woman attracted him so much, and he took an increasing amount of pleasure in her company.

Yet he himself scarcely realized how much she had grown to be a part of his life and thought until an incident occurred that brought him to a realizing sense of the intensity of the love he bore her.

In crossing Central Park early one afternoon he came upon a man and a woman seated on one of the benches. Their backs were toward him, and shrubbery partly screened them from the path. As the reporter drew near the young woman uttered a subdued laugh. There was something oddly familiar in the sound that brought Compton to a sudden halt. Even the indistinct glimpse he got of her through the greenery reminded him of Mary. This half-formed conviction became a certainty when, evidently in answer to a low-toned question, her voice reached the ears of the involuntary eavesdropper—subdued but clear.

"No, it will not be wise to meet you oftener. They are both nice people, and not for the world would I have them suspect that I am not what I seem. We must make my afternoons out do. You will really have to get along without me a little longer, Frank."

Her companion seemed to remonstrate, then his words became audible. "The Madison Avenue flat is a dreary place without you," he said. "It is lucky that I have so much to occupy my attention now, or I would die of loneliness. Why don't you cut the whole business and come home? That was a mad idea of yours in the first place."

"But I proved my point, didn't I?"

"Oh, I'll admit that, but since you have, what is the use of your staying longer?"

Mary appeared to hesitate. "To tell you the truth, Frank," she said slowly,

"I hate to leave now. I like them, and I am sure they like me. Besides, it would be unfair to leave until Mrs. Easterly is able to do without me, even if I wanted to."

"Gee," exclaimed the man with a laugh. "Your talent as an amateur actress wasn't wasted after all. I never supposed you clever enough to completely deceive a bright New York newspaper man. Mary, you certainly are a wonder!"

"Thank you," she said demurely. Then, after a moment's silence, "He is so very nice that I am conscience stricken every time I think of my deceit. I don't know what he will think of me when he learns the truth."

At that instant her companion turned his head so that for the first time Compton caught a distinct view of his countenance. In a flash of recollection he recognized it. It was the face of the man who had occupied the seat at the adjoining table that fateful night at McClarin's.

Waiting to hear no more he hurried on his way, his mind in a tumult of conflicting emotions. What did it all mean? Only one thing seemed clear. The woman he had grown to love with all the intensity of a man's first real affection had deceived him. After what he had overheard there could be no doubt of that. And the man and the flat on Madison Avenue—"Good heavens," he thought, "what a fool I have been! But," and he set his teeth down hard, "cost what it may to my peace of mind she shall deceive me no longer."

Yet when his last assignment for the day was completed he started homeward with a curious feeling of reluctance. After the mental torture of the afternoon he wanted time to think. So, oblivious to the sights and sounds of the hurrying traffic, he sauntered slowly along, rounding even "Cape Horn" at the bridge unconsciously, his mind busy with what he should say when he saw her.

When, half an hour later, he let himself in by his latchkey he had decided upon only two things—to tell her he had found her out, and to let her go. The rapid click of the typewriter came to his ears as he ascended the stairs, and, entering, he saw that the door of his study was

open. Quietly crossing the floor of the living-room he looked in.

With eyes intent upon her work, Mary Wahl was rapidly typing part of a story he had dictated to her the night before. She heard his step and looked up brightly. "Oh," she said, "I was hoping to finish this before you arrived; but it is nearly ready now. Do you wish to dictate the rest of it tonight?"

"No," he said brusquely, "nor any other time—to you."

The girl grew pale. "What do you mean?" she breathed.

"Can you ask that?" he demanded with sudden passion—"you, who have so basely deceived me!"

Mary threw out her hand with a gesture of appeal. "You know?" she cried.

"Yes, all that I care to. I saw you in the park this afternoon and heard what you said to your companion. And I had thought you so good, so worthy of my love. Oh, Mary, Mary, how could you be so base?"

For a moment silence fell between them; then the woman did a strange thing. She crossed over to where he stood and laid her hand upon his arm. "I know that appearances are against me," she said in a shaking voice; "I know that I have deceived you, but not—not basely. It is true that the story I told you was false, but in spite of that I ask you to believe in me, ask you to believe that I am worthy of—of what you said."

For a moment Compton wavered, then he shook his arm free with a motion eloquent of despair. "How about the man and the flat on Madison Avenue?" he questioned. "Are you so lost to all sense of truth that you think I can trust you again?"

"You must, you shall!" she averred with frantic eagerness. "I know that I have done wrong in deceiving you at all, but listen, Harry, things are not so bad as they seem. The man you saw me with is my brother, and the flat is his apartment where I lived until I came here."

"A likely story," sneered Compton, "a likely story indeed!"

"It is the truth; you must believe it, Harry," reiterated the girl. "Look at me, dear; look into my eyes. Do you

suppose I could let you if I were telling you a lie," and she faced him fearlessly under the strong light of the electrolier.

For a breathless moment he gazed at her as if he would plumb the depths of her very soul, then he passed his hand uncertainly over his eyes and sank into the nearest chair. "I want to believe you," he groaned, "but what is the explanation? End my suspense at once if you can. I have a right to demand it. To disbelieve you would mean misery. But even if what you say is true about the man, how about your brutal hisband?"

"There never was one," she answered softly. "I have never married."

"But what was your motive for deceiving me, and how about your attempt at self-destruction? That at least was real."

For a moment the woman was silent, then she suddenly smiled: "Have you the evening paper?" she asked.

Compton looked at her in amazement. "Why, of course," he said, dragging a copy from his pocket. "But what on earth?"

"Give it to me," she commanded, and taking it from his hand she turned to an inside page. Rapidly skimming down a column she pointed out an unheaded paragraph in a column of dramatic news. "There, read that," she requested. "Jack, my brother, told me the announcement was to be made today, and here it is."

With surprise, mingled with a strange new hope, Compton read:

"Messrs. Sims and Argyle are confident that in 'Out of the Depths,' which they are now enthusiastically rehearsing, they have discovered the best high-class melodrama that has been produced on Broadway in years. It was written by Frank and Mary Wahl, two hitherto unknown authors, for whom competent critics who have read their work depict a brilliant future."

Compton dropped the paper. A sudden light of comprehension had flashed over him as he read. "You were acting the part of your own heroine that night," he questioned eagerly.

"Yes."

"But I don't understand. What was your motive in doing so, and why did you go to McClarin's at all?"

"Because of my desire to prove a point in dispute between Jack and me. He objected to a situation in the first act where the hero takes the heroine into his mother's home after saving her from self-destruction. He said it was entirely too improbable; he did not believe such a thing could happen in real life. Either the girl, he contended, would succeed in her purpose, or her savior would summarily hand her over to the police, but as for taking her into his home—never."

"I, on the other hand, contended that an honest, generous-minded young man, one accustomed to judging character pretty accurately, might well believe the girl's story, and, being touched by it, strive to aid her in just that way."

"Ah," explained Compton, his face lighting up with a smile, "you put your belief to the test in McClarin's."

"Yes. Jack and I went down town for that purpose. We got to the cafe just as you entered. You had been pointed out to him once by a newspaperman, and he knew you by reputation."

"He must have been nonplussed when I so well played up to the part of the hero as you had insisted on making him," laughed Compton.

"He was, and would have interfered had I not signalled him not to do so. Besides, he knew you were trustworthy, and to make the matter doubly sure, made inquiries of McClarin and of a friend who knows you well. Having proved my case, I intended to leave in a day or two, after telling you the truth, but—" She hesitated and lowered her eyes.

"But what?"

A burning flush mounted to the cheeks of Mary. "Well," she whispered, "if you must know, I found I could not; it was much the same with me as you say it was with you. I found that in enacting the heroine so realistically I had unwittingly discovered my own hero, and I could not bear the thought of leaving—him. But now that you know all, can you ever forgive me for my deception?"

"Since it brought you to me—yes," answered Compton, opening wide his arms,

Before and After a Tariff on Zinc Ore

By W. S. JENSEN

SINCE a tariff was placed on zinc ore a remarkable degree of activity has been noticeable in the lead and zinc mining districts of the United States. During a recent visit to the Joplin Mining District, I was much impressed with this renewed activity, and the general feeling of satisfaction which was prevalent among the miners and all classes of business men.

It is impossible to definitely locate the date when lead and zinc were first discovered in the Joplin District. The existence of lead ore in that section of Missouri was known to the Osage Indians and to the hunters at an early date. The remains of their crude furnaces have been found, which indicates that they used the ore as a source of metal for their bullets. About 1848 William Tingle began the mining of lead ore at a point two miles southwest of the present city of Joplin. This district, however, attracted but little attention for the next twenty years. Up to 1854 the total production had not reached one thousand tons of lead. The zinc ores were thrown aside. The first smelting furnaces erected in southwestern Missouri were the old log furnaces. These were superseded by the Scotch hearths, the blast being produced by water power.

Just when the industry was beginning to assume large proportions, operations were checked by the Civil War. The district was a contested territory, and furnaces were worked alternately by Federal and Confederate interests. During the Civil War the price of lead rose to 12.8 cents per pound, and at the close this, naturally, led to a vigorous resumption of mining.

According to the statistics of the ninth census, there were forty-two producing mines in Missouri in 1870, which employed 539 men, and produced about 3,500 tons of lead. In Jasper County there was only one mine in operation, and in 1870 it is said there was not a single house standing on the site of the present city of

Joplin. During the next year, however, the locality became a hive of industry, and this was the date when the district started its career of activity and prosperity. During 1871 two smelting works were running. Discovery followed discovery; the limits of the district were rapidly extended and miners came in large numbers. By 1874 the population of Joplin had reached five thousand, and about one thousand miners were being employed.

Few people are familiar with the characteristics and peculiar mining and milling methods used in the Joplin district. From the date of its discovery, and up to about ten years ago, most of the mining was of the simplest kind. The ore bodies were all shallow and in a soft formation. The mills in operation could handle but fifty or seventy-five tons of rock a day, and very little machinery was used in the mining work. The ore was usually rich and easily reached so that but little effort was made to improve methods.

At that time it was an ideal "poor man's camp"; every miner prospected more or less and a large per cent. were very fortunate. It required but little capital to operate; a few thousand dollars would equip almost any mine and mill at that time. Ore was struck at the grass roots, and mined all the way down as far as the water could be beaten.

As time went on these rich, shallow bunches of ore became fewer and harder to find. This led to deeper prospecting and the finding of the harder ores at lower depths and finally the "sheet-ground" deposits. With the operating of these deposits also came a complete change in the mining and milling methods, as nearly all of these deposits are large and carry a very low per cent. of ore. The miners found that the old haphazard methods would have to go and a cheap, rapid and efficient kind of mining take their place, and this led to the development of a system that

has given the district the reputation of mining more cheaply and efficiently than any other district in the world.

As before mentioned, the sheet-ground deposits are horizontal blanket-like formations, consisting of flint interbedded between two strata of limestone. The thickness of the sheets runs from eight to twenty feet, while the formation is almost analogous in position to that of the coal deposits. When the shaft is sunk through the ore, large pillars are first left about its foot to prevent any danger of the ground caving about the shaft; then mining is started on all sides. Air drills or machines run by compressed air are used for drilling the holes which are filled with dynamite to blast the rock. The lead and zinc ores are scattered all through the flint rock, sometimes in pockets, or in sheets, or in little veins.

Since 1907 it has been made possible for the mills to handle on an average of from four hundred to five hundred tons of rock in ten hours, by the installation of the new Foust Automatic Concentrators, reducing the loss of available ore to about one-half of one per cent. The rock first passes through heavy, high speed crushers where it is crushed to less than two inches in diameter. From the crushers it passes through rolls, which further reduces the size. Then it passes through revolving screens and on to the rougher jig. This jig makes a rough concentration by separating most of the waste rock, or tailings, from the ore. The ore is then fed on to the cleaning jig, where a clean separation is made. There are lots of fine ore which cannot be caught on the jigs as it floats along in the water. This is settled from the water in large tanks and fed on to sludge or slime tables. The tables separate the fine ore from the sand that settles with it.

As in the mining, the milling process is very simple. The separation is not complete as the tailings contain from twenty to twenty-five per cent. of the available values in the ore originally fed into the mill. The object, however, is to take out the greatest possible amount of ore at the lowest possible cost. It is found that it is cheaper to lose considerable and handle more than it is to make a closer

saving and reduce the capacity of the mills. New deposits are being continually found, and of course old ones are continually worked out. The development area is growing and the output increasing each year. New methods are being tried out so that mines that would not pay to work several years ago are now being worked at a profit.

The Missouri-Kansas and Oklahoma District extends in a general easterly and westerly direction from the vicinity of Aurora, Missouri, to Miami, Oklahoma, and includes the cities of Carthage, Carterville, Webb City and Joplin in Missouri; Galena and Baxter Springs in Kansas, and Miami in Oklahoma, with dozens of smaller towns and mining camps in the adjacent territory. The general area covered is perhaps eighty miles east and west, by about twenty miles north and south. Within this area prospecting may be done in almost any place. Persons desiring to mine may secure a lease of from ten to forty acres of land, agreeing to pay the owner a royalty of ten to thirty per cent. of the gross proceeds. Upon securing such a lease he prospects his ground with a drill, and if successful in locating an ore body of sufficient richness and magnitude, sinks a shaft, explores the ore body and builds a concentrating mill. The present cost of developing a mine in this way varies widely and may be anywhere from \$15,000 to \$100,000. The ore is sold as often as is desired to representatives of the smelting companies, who haul it from the bins at the mines and load it into cars. Most of the miners make these sales or "turn-ins" weekly, settle their bills and accounts each Saturday, and so are informed at the close of each week of just how much money they have made or lost.

Including the mines of Kansas, Oklahoma and Arkansas, it is safe to say there are in the entire Missouri-Kansas Mining District over six hundred mines in operation, and all equipped with power concentrating plants. These mines are not controlled or operated by a pool, trust or combination. All are owned by individual owners and distinct corporations.

There is no labor union among the miners of this district; nor is foreign labor employed. The miners and laborers of

the entire district are strictly Americans who live according to American ideals, and many own their own homes. A church is in every mining camp. Many former miners who found good prospects have sold their holdings, and have attained positions of responsibility and affluence in the district. With the immense growth of the district have come metropolitan cities aggregating over one hundred thousand inhabitants.

As showing the great development and immense value of ore production in the Joplin district, it is conservatively estimated that the total production since mining operations first began will aggregate a value of \$175,000,000.

It is perhaps not unnatural that the Joplin Mining District is remembered by many investors with anything but pleasant recollections. Like all mining districts, this section has been visited by grafters and promoters who have buncoed many Eastern stock purchasers. But the number of people who have lost money when they invested intelligently is comparatively small.

It is evident that good conservative business men do not always appreciate the fact that mining is a business in itself, and that the successful conduct of operations involves a degree of skill and business knowledge, fully as great, if not greater than those required by the successful man in any other line of activity. It is often the case that we find a company of business men investing in zinc mining, and it is a common practice for them to secure a man from their own ranks to take charge of their property and operate their mines. A number of years ago a company of such men from the state of Pennsylvania purchased a mining property in the Joplin district. The property was a good one, and the question arose as to who should manage it. The selection finally settled upon a gentleman who was an employee of one of the principal stockholders, and when his fitness for such work was questioned all discussion was settled by the statement of a prominent stockholder that he knew this man was competent, because he had successfully run a branch grocery store for many years.

To sum up the whole situation, so far

as the Eastern investor is concerned, there should be but one watchword for him, and that is "INVESTIGATE."

The importation of zinc ore first began to attract serious attention in the year 1905, when upwards of forty thousand tons were imported. This increased by leaps and bounds, reaching one hundred and ten thousand tons in 1907. The effect of this large tonnage of cheap ore, coming into direct competition with the product of the Missouri-Kansas and Oklahoma district further resulted in curtailing the market for the home product to a deplorable extent. The operators of the Missouri-Kansas and Oklahoma district maintained that under the Dingley Act the imported ores should pay a duty at the rate of twenty per cent. ad valorem, and on February 12, 1906, the Secretary of the Treasury issued an order instructing the customs officials to classify ores, chiefly valuable for the zinc they contained, as "metallic mineral substances in a crude state," and at the same time instructing that calamine or silicate of zinc be admitted free of duty. Against this ruling the zinc smelter interests brought a test case. The parties in the controversy presented evidence in support of their respective contentions before the Board of United States General Appraisers. The evidence was voluminous and largely of a severely technical character. The Board of General Appraisers decided in favor of the importers, admitting all classes of zinc ore free of duty. Against this decision the government, co-operating with the mine operators, appealed, but the decision of the general appraisers was upheld, and it became evident that there was no hope for the imposition of a duty upon this commodity under the doubtful and conflicting wording of the Dingley Law.

Accordingly, the zinc mining interests of the United States set to work aggressively in the month of July, 1908, to secure the protection of this important industry in the general tariff revision, which was promised by both political parties in the National campaign of that year. Bringing about this condition was a stupendous task. The mine operators were without organization; the industry was at a low ebb, and disagreement was in evidence on

every hand. However, the bolder spirits got together and organized the Zinc Ore Tariff Club, and started a campaign of education among all the zinc mining interests in the United States with a view of explaining the conditions in plain language. Experts were sent to Mexico to gather data relating to the cost of production, the resources, and the influences behind the development of zinc ore in that country. The political campaign was studiously avoided, but on every hand were discussions and explanations of the manner in which the mining interests of this country would be affected by the failure to secure at this time an adequate protective duty. Statements were prepared with the most scrupulous regard to the truth, but were attacked viciously, their authors vilified, and every idea which could be advanced to discredit the miners was put forth without apparent regard for truth. The miners contended for a duty of one and one-half cents per pound upon the metal contained in the ore. This was the measure of protection which was required to make up the difference between the cost of production in Mexico and the United States.

The Ways and Means Committee reported a duty of one cent upon the metal contents of the ores, and the tariff bill passed the House, carrying the duty. The real fight against the miners began in the Senate. A strong lobby was maintained by the opposition, while the miners had none, but delegations from the mining districts succeeded one another in Washington, urging their claims upon members of the Senate, and in the final outcome it seemed apparent that these men, inexperienced though they were in the ways of Congress and the wiles of the lobbyist, succeeded in impressing the justice of their contentions upon those most responsible for the enactment of the Payne Law, so that, in the bill as passed by the Senate the duty of one cent per pound upon the metal contained in zinc ores was left intact; excepting for ores carrying a low percentage of zinc, which were provided with a graduated scale according to their metal content.

While the tariff bill was under discussion, imports of zinc ores were active,

reaching as high as seventeen thousand tons of ore per month. They were poured in at a tremendous rate as it became more and more apparent that Congress would impose a reasonable duty. The bill was signed by the President on the fifth of August, and during this month thirteen thousand tons were imported, practically all of which came in between the first and the fifth. Since that time the imports have been reduced to substantially twenty-five hundred tons per month.

The ores imported from Mexico contain a low percentage of metal. Some ores are being imported from British Columbia containing a high percentage of metal—about fifty-five per cent. These importations show very plainly that the duty is not prohibitive for any grade of zinc ore and that it is justifiable from either of the schools of economics, and may be called either a protective tariff with incidental revenue, or a revenue tariff with incidental protection.

The effect of the application of this duty was magical. In less than a week after its application the price of zinc ore advanced practically five dollars per ton. A further advance has been made, so that now the miners of the Missouri-Kansas and Oklahoma district are enjoying a fair market price for their product. The smelting interests, a part of which predicted ruin for their industry, have been totally discredited by the outcome. They predicted that this country would be unable to supply sufficient zinc ore for the requirement of the trade. The miners have responded to the increased demand put upon them and are furnishing all the ore needed. It was stated that the smelters in the gas fields of Kansas and Oklahoma would be forced out of business because of the high price of ore, but we find them doing business right along, running all their plants to full capacity. Talk of extension of smelting furnaces is rife, and at least one of the most prominent smelters has announced its intention to immediately double the capacity of its plant.

The miners and smelters feel that the industry is on a more stable foundation than it has ever been, and that the future holds brilliant promise for both the miner and the smelter.

Miler Maiden Name

By Seth Brown

THE Nashville Bank had closed, the blinds were drawn and everybody was doing his best to "balance up" and get out doors.

"Bill, give me the ledger page of Mary Hathaway," said the teller.

Bill hunted through the index. "I can't find any Mary Hathaway."

"Strange," said the teller, "here is a check drawn on us and cashed by a person with whom we have no account."

This was irregular, and required explanation.

"The check came through my window," said Dubler, the receiving teller. "I thought I knew the lady when I cashed it, but for the life of me I can't call her to mind now."

The amount, fifteen dollars, was not large enough to cause uneasiness, but the fact that it had slipped through was unusual.

The cashier asked for all the particulars and the check.

John Beardsley, assistant cashier, raised his head when he heard the name. Mary Hathaway! The name was familiar. Yes, he had heard it before. While the discussion had been going on, his eyes were fixed on a gleam of afternoon sunshine through the curtained window. He was far away in his thoughts. A vision of beauty, the blended gaiety and beauty of girlhood and womanliness, raised before him. Then the scene changed. A wedding; a happy home; a little daughter lived for three short years and tenderly carried to rest; a misunderstanding; a mutual agreement to separate followed by a life of hard work on his part with no knowledge of Mary, his wife, for over

four years, was his day-dream in the midst of a busy banking house.

He came to himself with a start. Dubler was just handing the mysterious check to the cashier. John went to the cashier. "Let me see that check," he said. Yes, the handwriting was the same. He returned to his desk, made out a personal check, handed it to the cashier. "Take my check for the fifteen dollars and endorse the Hathaway check to me."

"Do you know the lady, Beardsley?" asked the cashier.

"I think I do; at any rate I want that check."

"All right, there you are."

Beardsley was a man with few weaknesses who thought quickly, knew the real inside of affairs, always acted wisely, and when he decided a matter it was settled. Evidently Beardsley knew what he was doing and no one questioned his interest in the mysterious Mary Hathaway. He slammed down the cover of his desk, grabbed his hat, and was out of the side door two minutes after he put the check in his pocket.

The check had unsettled his usual calm. He had no idea why he wanted it or what he would do with it, but none of the bank fellows should have the little blue slip of paper with that name at the bottom.

Before and after their misunderstanding, his wife had kept her account at the bank. "Interest on bonds," "cash from rent accounts," and other credits were put in by John. His wife did not understand, but accepted them as a matter of course as coming from some investments that her father made for her on her wedding day.

John's keen business insight had long before disclosed to him that her father had been unwise in his business. When Nathan R. Hathaway died, he believed himself in good circumstances, but he was a bankrupt. John feared that the truth might make a difference with Mary's happiness. He got hold of the father's attorney, and through him advanced the money for the income on the father's supposed high-class investments. He always felt guilty about the deception, but the Hathaways were proud people, and his salary served to bridge the chasm. Some day he would tell her. He kept putting it off. The longer he put it off the harder it was to tell. This led to the unpleasantness. Mary was extravagant. No more so than the means she supposed to be hers would warrant. Had she known the truth, it would have been different. She sometimes wondered what John did with his salary, but he kept details to himself. Half his salary of four thousand went to make good the "income" on his wife's "investments."

The confidential agent died, and John was puzzled. "I can easily look after your investments and will save you the commission," he said to Mary. The supposed "settlement" with the agent's executor was attended to by John. Now he felt easier.

Mary's aunt was a meddling woman who spent a good share of her life with her relatives and attending to other people's business. She was proud of her Hathaway blood and felt it her duty to look after the affairs of her dead brother's daughter. Aunt tried to draw Mary out in regard to money affairs. Mary paid little attention until her aunt explained that if everything was all right, John would not persist in keeping all the details to himself.

It did look queer. "John, why don't you want me to know where my money is invested and how much I've got? Aunt says you ought to explain everything, so that I could attend to things if anything happened."

"You don't want to fill your head with business. It's dreadfully commonplace, not at all suited to your tastes. I will see to it that if anything should happen,

you will get all the facts without any trouble. By the way, dear, don't you think we could paint up and re-upholster your phaeton this season? It is in good condition, and this will save the price of a new one."

"No, sir. I want one like Mrs. Bracket's and if you can't afford it, I will get it with my own money. Painting won't change its old fashion, and besides it is too heavy for a horse the size of Nell."

"All right, dear, but you know we must save something for a rainy day."

Little by little they grew apart on account of her "investments." John made the mistake of his life in not taking her into his confidence. Mary made an equally great mistake in allowing a meddling aunt to poison her mind against John.

The crisis came after little Ellen passed away. Heart-sore and weary, each seemed to wish to be alone. Their mutual grief should have drawn them closer together, and would if the aunt had gone home, but this worthy saw her chance and kept Mary busy trying to answer questions about John.

After breakfast, one rainy, cold, chilly unhappy morning, aunt's influence had its effect. The evening before John had been working on the annual statement, and aunt had improved her opportunity. Mary must demand her rights. She said she would, and did. John looked at her with a mixture of kindness and regret in his gray eyes. He pulled his mustache, looked at the aunt and then at Mary. She must know about her money. She must know now.

"Mary, let us talk this matter over between ourselves."

"No, John, you have deceived me long enough. Something is wrong, or you would tell me where my money is. I want to know now, right here before Aunt Jane."

John might have told Mary the truth had they been alone, but exposing the fact that her father died a bankrupt to the cold eagle eye of Aunt Jane was quite another matter.

"Mary, can't you trust me? Everything is all right. Won't you believe me, dear?"



"Mary, can't you trust me? Everything is all right. Won't you believe me, dear?"

John stretched out a hand to her. She hesitated. She made a move toward him, and looked toward the aunt.

That look was the undoing of two loving hearts. It was the entering wedge of years of sorrow. The aunt did what could have been expected, shook her old meddlesome head. Mary stopped, put both hands behind her and delivered her own decree of divorcement.

"John, if you refuse I shall be forced to believe that you have deceived me, and I can't live with a man that I can't trust."

A new light came into John's eyes. She had never seen it before, and she remembered it afterward for years. The light was a mixture of kindness and resolution. John had wonderfully good eyes.

"Mary, you are right. I feel the same. If you can't trust me, I don't want to live with you. You think you can't trust me. You are mistaken. There are reasons why I can't tell you about our—your—money. These reasons concern your happiness, but I can't tell you why."

He was getting unsteady; his hand trembled, some feeling like to the one he felt when they told him to come and see little Ellen for the last time took hold of him. He put out one hand to Mary. She stood resolute, firm. He put on his hat, started toward the door, hesitated, turned back, stooped and kissed his wife's forehead, said "good-bye" and was gone.

Four years passed. Her balance had always been kept good from her "investments." Gradually she came to feel her mistake without understanding why. Her money must be all right because she always had plenty. She did not go out much now. Streaks of gray showed among the brown in her hair. She had changed, applied herself to learning things about men and affairs. She came to understand a little about business and began to realize that of all the men she had heard of or seen, there were none like John.

She knew he was still at the bank and that was all. "These reasons concern your happiness" was the riddle of her life.

Only once did she do business with the bank personally. A charity school needed ready cash for an urgent case

and she had no money. Before she thought of the possibility of meeting her husband she volunteered to go and have a check cashed. As she entered the bank, she looked toward the old desk she knew so well. It was there in the same place, unoccupied, open. Papers strewn about indicated his absence was only for a short time. She trembled, her throat felt strangely. She stepped to the counter and hurriedly filled out the check for fifteen dollars. She was dreadfully nervous, and in her hurry she signed with her maiden name, "Mary Hathaway." The old teller was sure he had seen her before. Her face was familiar. He judged the goodness of her check from her countenance and passed out the money.

She delayed one moment. No one was looking. She must get a closer look at the dear old desk. His cuffs with a pair of buttons she had given him on his birthday were on the desk. There were two small pictures behind the big inkstand. Whose could they be? She got up close and saw the pictures—hers and little Ellen's. If John had been there—but he wasn't. She winked hard to keep back the tears which would come. A man came in and asked, "Where in the world is Beardsley?" A smart clerk replied, "Out studying the stars again as usual, I suppose."

She sat down that night and had a talk with herself. These four years had proven that John had been fair with her money. She received her dividends and rents. Going over some old papers in a drawer, she found the address of her father's confidential attorney. He was dead now, but she might learn something about the business at his old address.

It was raining hard, but no matter. In two hours she found a cottage in the suburbs. The sister of the late Mr. Frank Rutledge, Attorney, well remembered hearing her brother speak of Mr. Hathaway, "a fine old gentleman, indeed, but Frank said he needed a deal of watching. Always lending money without security and taking shares in enterprises that proved to be of little merit."

"Oh, yes, Miss, I often heard my brother say that he was afraid for Mr. Hathaway. In fact he seemed to foresee what really

happened, that the old gentleman would one day lose all his money."

"What do you mean?" whispered Mary. "Did Mr. Hathaway lose all his money?"

"Oh yes," replied the old lady in a quiet, resigned manner, "he lost it all, and there would have been trouble, too, if it had not been for that young fellow Beardsley who married the old man's beautiful daughter. Yes, he was the most glorious fellow I ever knew, next to my brother. He had brother Frank go right along sending in dividends and rents from investments that did not exist, and he made Frank swear he'd never tell, and he didn't. Did you know any of those people?"

The old lady turned as she asked the question. Mary moved over toward the window. The electric light from the street showed the old lady a pale, distressed face. The room was quiet, and the old lady was disposed to let her guest have her own way and answer when she was ready. Gradually her head dropped to her hand. Then into both hands. The old lady's heart went out in sympathy toward this unknown woman. The minutes slipped by, and her visitor was undisturbed. Then the old lady heard her visitor sigh heavily and murmur under her breath, "O John, why didn't you tell me?"

Mary arose, looked out of the window, turned to the old lady, pressed warmly her wrinkled hand, kissed the tender old face and said: "God bless you. Good-bye."

That night Mary had another long talk with herself. For her sake John had concealed the fact of her father's losses. For her sake, was it? Yes, because he wanted her to feel independent. She had misjudged and abused the best man that she ever knew.

Before she went to bed she sat down and wrote a letter to John. She did more. After writing it, she went to the corner in the rain and put it in the mail box. She would have delivered it personally if this were possible. Then she cried herself to sleep.

John Beardsley carried the little blue check home with him. It brought a flood of memories. Yes, she must have

written it today. It seemed to bring her very near to him, especially that dear name at the bottom.

Things had not been pleasant with John lately. His modest quarters lacked everything that could make a man of his disposition feel at home. At first people had talked, but after it appeared that neither Mr. or Mrs. John Beardsley paid any attention to others, people had to stop talking. They shook their heads and did not understand. John's hold on the confidence of the directors was strong. He evidently did not care to be interviewed, and they avoided the subject.

It was still raining next morning. Coupons, checks, bonds, and discounts hardly bring sunshine into a dark back office. The postman had left a pile of letters on John's desk. Sorting out those requiring immediate attention, he came to the old familiar writing. Mary's letter. There was no mistaking that writing.

John put the letter in his pocket and looked around to see if anybody was looking. He would read it after business, and grabbed the huge pile of correspondence as if to annihilate it. Then he looked at the letter, and tumbled the pile of letters on the desk of his assistant. "I must go up town, Joe. Be back after a while. Look the pile over and attend to the remittances."

John went up town, for he wanted to be alone with that letter. Shut up in a private room, he read:

Wednesday Evening, 12 o'clock.

Dear John:

Forgive me:

Today I saw our little Ellen's picture and my own on your desk. It proved to me that you have not entirely forgotten, so I dare to ask forgiveness.

I have misjudged and wronged you. Today I know the reasons you said concerned my happiness. I know now what you suffered, what you sacrificed, and that you did it for my sake. All for me—me so undeserving.

I don't know what to do next. I'm all confused. So ashamed, so grieved, and yet so happy. Happy because I love you more than ever. I know you better now.

I understand and I am very lonely tonight. God bless you, my darling, and forgive me.

Your wife, MARY.

John's was a big nature, but with all his bigness he could not comprehend all that Mary said. He read the letter twice before he understood. Four years of suffering and a world of woman's love were crowded onto that page. John was practical as well as big hearted. He would plan everything and send a message. No, he would plan nothing. He would

just go home to Mary. Up the old familiar steps. Mary answered the door. He noticed the gray hair, the drawn, tired look and she trembled as he studied her a moment. Did he come to spurn or forgive her? They entered the old study together. A smiling baby face looked down from a frame of gold in benediction.

Words—no, there were no words.

"THE DEED IS THE MAN"

By JAMES C. McNALLY

THE Dream is the babe in the lovelit nest,
And the rollicking boy at play;
The Dream is the youth with the old, old zest
For the rare romance of a day.
Then the Deed strides forth to the distant goal
That has dazzled since life began:
For the Dream is the child of the rampant soul,
But the Deed is the man.

The Dream is the peak that is seen afar,
And the wish for the eagle's wings;
The Dream is the song to the beck'ning star
That the world waif fondly sings.
Then the Deed comes crowned with the strength and skill
That doth perfect a golden plan;
For the Dream is the child of the sovereign will—
But the Deed is the man.

The Dream is the mask that would make men fair,
And the boast that would count them brave;
The Dream is the honors that heroes wear,
And the glory that high hearts crave.
Then the Deed gives battle to pride and pelf
As only a conqueror can;
For the Dream is the child of the better self—
But the Deed is the man.

No song was so sweet and no star so bright
As the Dream of the Nazarene;
From Virgin's bosom to Calvary's height
It sang and it shone, serene.
Then the Deed proclaimed Him King of His kind
As the blood of the Martyr ran;
For the Dream was the Child of the Mastermind—
But the Deed was the Man!

In Costa Rica Homeward Bound

ALL too soon the hoarse booming of the siren of the Turrialba summoned us to "walk the plank," and get aboard. It was Washington's Birthday and the ships in the harbor were gay with bunting. Even the English vessels hove aloft the stars and stripes in honor of the man whose leadership secured independence for the new Republic and wrested the "colonies" forever from the "mother country." After we were under way the Chinese fired a parting salute of fire-crackers, we waved our final adieux, and off the boat swung toward Port Limon, in Costa Rica.

While sailing over the Caribbean Sea, viewing reefs and shores set amid sparkling green waters, Lafcadio Hearn's description of the tropics had an especial charm. This part of the world, little known as yet to the tourist, is rich in the enchantments of novelty. Despite its charm, the critical travelers from the North decided that there is something lacking in a country wherein warm weather prevails the year around, and we agreed "that climate is best which compels a man to work for an overcoat." Isthmian reports were carefully studied and a pamphlet much in demand was that written by Colonel H. H. Rousseau, of the United States Navy, and a member of the Isthmian Canal Commission. During the days there was much sleeping, reading and discussion of things and books rarely touched upon in every day conversation at home. George Meredith's "Egoist" also came in for a liberal share of attention, during the voyage. His description of a

well-known type of Englishman created much discussion and there were hints that, though the United States environment is so different, the same character might be found there if one searched carefully. Blending with the monotonous patter of the rain on the deck and the swish, swish of the waves on reef and shore, now and then a yawn was heard, passing along the row of deck chairs, clear down to the farthest, and discussion on life in the tropics revived. We vaingloriously agreed with Walt Whitman: "You can raise good men only on a little strip around the North Temperate Zone; when you get out of the track of the glaciers you don't get tender-hearted, sympathetic men of brains and brawn." The hint to the contrary, offered by the work on the Canal, was disregarded, and we adhered dogmatically to the poet's statement.

Passing the troubled waters of Nicaragua the captain swept the shore with his glass to pick up a wireless operator who wanted to return from the scene of the revolutionary mix up where Estrada had stirred up things, but had made headway only on the Atlantic side.

A mimic court was held upon the high seas, and a passenger, who had kept his room through the greater part of the voyage, was brought before it on the charge of having surreptitiously obtained a meal from the cook's galley. The papers were duly made out, dated Caribbean Sea, Circuit Court, S. S. Turrialba. The jury was impanelled and witnesses examined, being urged "not to tell the truth, nor any part of the truth, and especially not

to disclose anything that would implicate the judge or the prosecuting attorney." Proceedings went merrily on, amid peals of laughter, and Judge Kirby certainly made a reputation for legal acumen and judicial humor on the S. S. Turrialba.

* * *

At Port Limon a stop was made to take on a cargo of bananas, but slides had occurred on the railway up the mountains, and a message from Manager Mullins announced that though there would be much difficulty in sending on the fruit, it would be pushed through in some way. Meanwhile, we landed to see the sights, and had a little experience of the heaviness of tropical showers, a hint of what the rainy season might mean, but in the well-covered, large docks no delay was occasioned by the heavy rains.

Port Limon, Costa Rica, was at one time regarded as a very pest hole of yellow fever, but is now changed to a popular seaport resort for tourists, and the largest banana port in the world. A luxurious park and modest cement sea wall with a Masonic Temple built out in the water are sights in Limon. The republic is one of the most prosperous of Central America, and the substantial piers and warehouses of Port Limon are emphatic proof of increasing commerce and thrift. The port is within twelve or fourteen hours' sail from Colon on the Isthmus. Travelers who visited Costa Rica years ago naturally inquire what has wrought so marked a change. "Thereby hangs a tale."

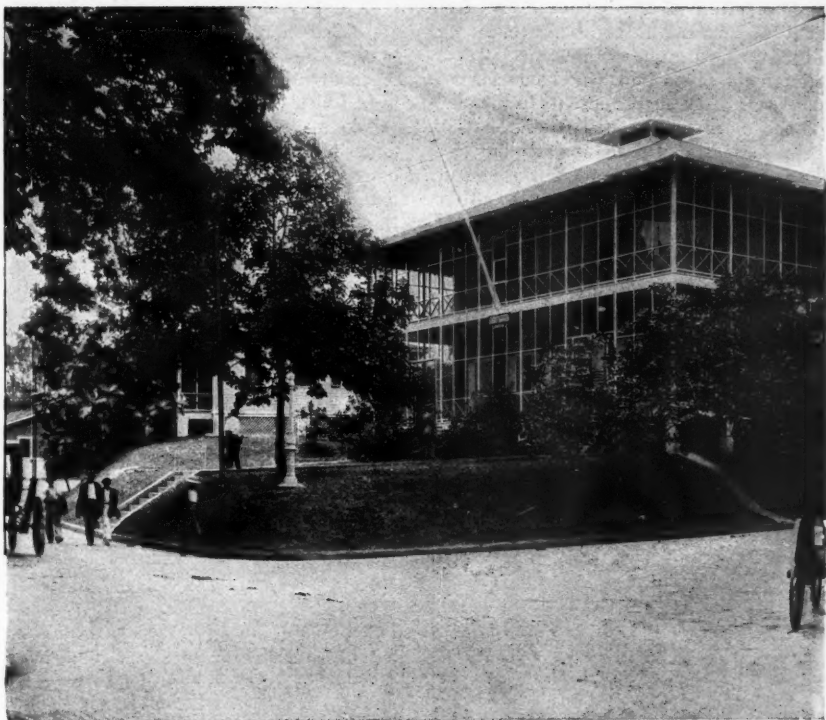
Years ago Minot Keith and his brothers arrived in Costa Rica from the United States, bent on developing the great banana resources of the island; their success is almost without a parallel and is a notable tribute to the benefits which commerce may confer upon a country. At the present time the railroad trains run, all the year around, from the plantations to the wharves, and the handling of the popular fruit has been reduced to a science. This is a very important point in the industry, as bananas must be absolutely free from bruises when packed; a single injured one necessitates the entire bunch being set aside.

The United Fruit Company's handsome concrete building at Port Limon

offers a perfect picture of modern United States equipment. Across the street from it is one of the handsomest parks in the world; it would be difficult to find a greater variety of tropical growth, including the rare "velvet palm," and many foliage and flowering plants that glow with every hue of the rainbow. The local brass band ministers to the Latin Republic's longing for music, and on a former visit to the park I remember listening with much surprise to the impassioned alto horn which rendered "The Stars and Stripes Forever." The music given by the band seems to include that of every nation.

In Costa Rica breakfast is served at eleven o'clock, never earlier, and at that hour all the stores are closed, this being the formal repast of the day and the chief event of the twenty-four hours. When the meal is over the stores are opened again.

When in Costa Rica three years ago I had enjoyed a railroad trip of one hundred miles up the mountain to San Jose, the capital of the island; this route affords the finest scenic views in Central America, the road skirting the Gulf shore for miles, and being bordered on either side by magnificent banana plantations. On the present visit we went to Banana River, and saw the process of banana-growing, from the planting of the suckers to the cutting of the great bunches of fruit. The train stopped at Bearsmetta, a plantation in charge of Mr. Brandon. Here the banana trees rise to a height of twenty feet, and look like giant cornfields. Each tree is from fourteen to eighteen inches in diameter, and the stalks bear but one bunch of fruit each. With two strokes of the machete in the hands of a skilled worker the boll is cut through as cleanly as though sawn asunder; while this is being done by one man, another stands by with a long pole, supporting the bunch of bananas at the top of the tree, until the stem falls on his shoulder, while the fruit, propped safely, is free from bruises. Very carefully each bunch of bananas is laid across the back of a burro before the workers pass to the next tree. The fruit is all cut green, and the donkeys waiting for cargoes relish green bananas as if they were a cucumber salad.



POST OFFICE, ANCON

From the post offices on the Canal Zone nearly three-quarters of a million dollars are sent to the United States in post office orders. The boys are now buying land—"Anywhere" they say "in God's Country," meaning the States.



THE PICK AND SHOVEL, BRIGADE, AN OLD WAY OF MOVING EARTH NOW SEEN ONLY AT ONE POINT ON THE CANAL, BOHIO

The culture of the banana differs from that of any other fruit. As each tree in from eight to ten months brings to perfection its single bunch of bananas, it is cut down and a sucker sprouts in the place of the older tree, this part of the work being so arranged that a regular succession of planting and cutting is kept up, and a crop assured for every month of the year. When higher prices were paid for the fruit many a planter became



THE FAMOUS "STEPHENS TREE," ON
THE PANAMA RAILROAD

wealthy, because, although it is a slow-growing crop, it is sure, and there is little expense in cultivation, most of the work being done by the natives with machetes. On some plantations bananas are from eight to twelve inches long. Only "six and seven hand bunches" are exported, but "nine hand bunches" are preferred.

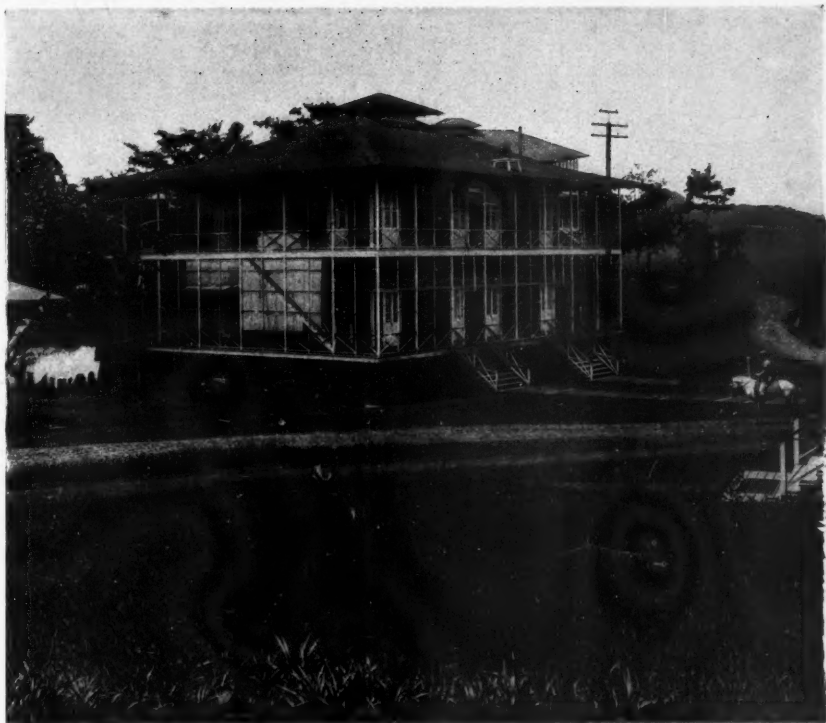
The darkies on the island go up and down the cocoa-palms as nimbly as monkeys, and bring down green cocoanuts; we drank refreshing draughts of cool sweet water from them, which later turns to

milk if left in the nut. When the nuts are dried they are sent to the United States. Such coconut-pie as we enjoyed on this trip I never expect to taste again until I visit Costa Rica.

The people of temperate zones are much indebted to the United Fruit Company for having added the banana to their food list, but to learn the real value of this most nutritious fruit, it is necessary to go to Costa Rica. Here bananas are served like Saratoga chips, and are also baked, fried and dressed in several ways which never occur to American cooks. It is considered dangerous in that tropical climate to eat bananas and drink intoxicating liquors at the same time, as many a sailor on "shore leave" has found to his cost, the two combined having a poisonous effect and often fatal results. This fact may account for the temperate habits of the residents in the banana belt.

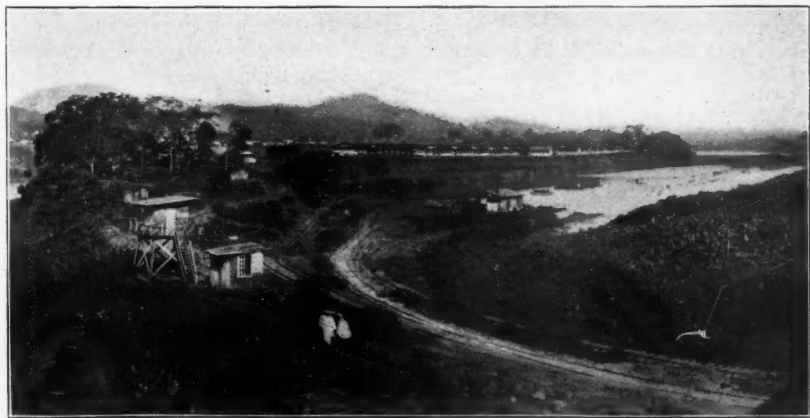
Instead of the old way the bananas are now brought to the wharves in freight cars covered with banana tree leaves; thence they are removed to carriers which throw them on a soft cushion on the hatch, and as they are unloaded they are rolled gently down into the hold of the vessel, the first row standing ends up and the rest lying sides to. The hold is kept cool by a cold storage plant, and there is little danger of injury to the fruit. As each bunch goes up the chute a cash register rings. This exact accounting is essential, as an export tax of a cent and a half is paid on bananas, and the bunches are reckoned just as any other merchandise would be. Thirty cents a bunch is the usual price. The four hundred and fifty negroes employed that night were singing and laughing while a cargo was being put on board. It would make a good chorus scene for a comic opera.

The native women add to the picturesqueness of the scene, as they sit or stand about the wharves vending pies, cakes, oranges and lumps of sugar-cane and coconut candy during the night and day work. One jolly soul said her name was Cinderella, and she seemed especially popular with customers. What she sold she put in a book and apparently took no names. I asked how she could tell later on to whom her goods had been sold.



CULEBRA SCHOOL HOUSE, AFTER RECONSTRUCTION

The Canal Zone is proud of its school system where American boys graduate with the same honor and distinction as in the States.



IN THE FOREGROUND A SIGNAL HOUSE WHENCE "DIRT TRAINS"
ARE DISPATCHED

"I know them by description," she replied.

"How would you describe me?" asked a young man standing by.

"I put you down simply 'gentleman.'"

The young man blushed and the girls laughed.

* * *

The new boats of the United Fruit Company were built in Belfast, Ireland, and have British crews and stewards. Commenting on this fact, a gentleman who had just returned from a tour of South America remarked that in his opinion the United States would never build up a strong trade in that continent until they had established American banks and had placed United States ships on these waters. He said that he had observed the close scrutiny given to every vessel by the people in various countries, and the credit or discredit given to the builders rather than to the nation that happened to be running the ship at that time. The South American people seem to think that the country that builds a ship continues to own it. Many a United States merchant, using British vessels for his trade, is regarded as a Briton; in many instances goods purchased by our traders are shipped to England and reshipped thence to this country or elsewhere, as required, and Great Britain is credited with the trade created. What the United States has been to the Isthmus of Panama in sanitation and commerce, the United Fruit Company has been to Costa Rica, but it is doubtful whether the natives recognize the great company as citizens of the United States.

The great coffee plantations furnish an object lesson of the amount of labor needed to prepare this popular breakfast beverage for market. The ripe berry looks like a cherry, and the pulpy outside must be removed by soaking and fermentation, until the nut or "bean" is set free, which is the "coffee berry" as we know it. Some of the berries are transported down the sides of the mountain by means of iron flumes, in which are small apertures to prevent the tube from becoming choked, and thus a constant stream of berries may be sent down when desired, suggesting a Standard Oil pipe line. Coffee im-

presses the visitor as a somewhat troublesome crop, and one wonders how it can be sold so cheaply. Coffee planters are not making fortunes of late. All through the country enterprising young planters may be met with, hailing from the United States, Canada, Holland, England and Spain, as well as older men who have been twenty or thirty years in the country and may be regarded as pioneers in coffee and banana growing.

It was a matter of regret that our brief stay prevented my looking up some of the planters met with on a former visit to Costa Rica; or renewing acquaintance with the clean, well-built mountain metropolis, San Jose. Here there are many smart-looking shops and clubs, with a fine park where at night a band of a hundred pieces plays, music being the chief delight of the citizens. They were, I thought, very cosmopolitan in their musical taste when I was there, enjoying even United States ragtime. Much of the most popular music of the country suggests Spanish influences, being in the plaintive minor key hinting at a gentle melancholy.

All the national music, and especially the national hymns of tropical countries, such as Costa Rica and Ecuador, have a peculiar jerky movement, in contrast with the stirring, solid waves of sound of the national airs of Germany, Austria, Great Britain, Russia and the United States.

Costa Rica may well be proud of its beautiful young girls, who wear their hair loose, with the fascinating Spanish lace mantilla coquettishly arranged over it. Many a pure Spanish type of beauty, worthy of ancient Seville, may be seen. The picture has its dark side, for the older women, many of them not over forty, are a living demonstration of the fleeting character of tropical beauty. The early hours kept in San Jose are unusual; by ten o'clock the streets and hotel lobbies are deserted. The "bachelor girl with a latchkey" is never seen on those streets, for the liberty which the American or English girl regards as her right is an unknown quantity to the Costa Rican belle, who never converses or meets a member of the opposite sex except in the presence of her elders. Even engaged couples are bound by the old strict Spanish etiquette.

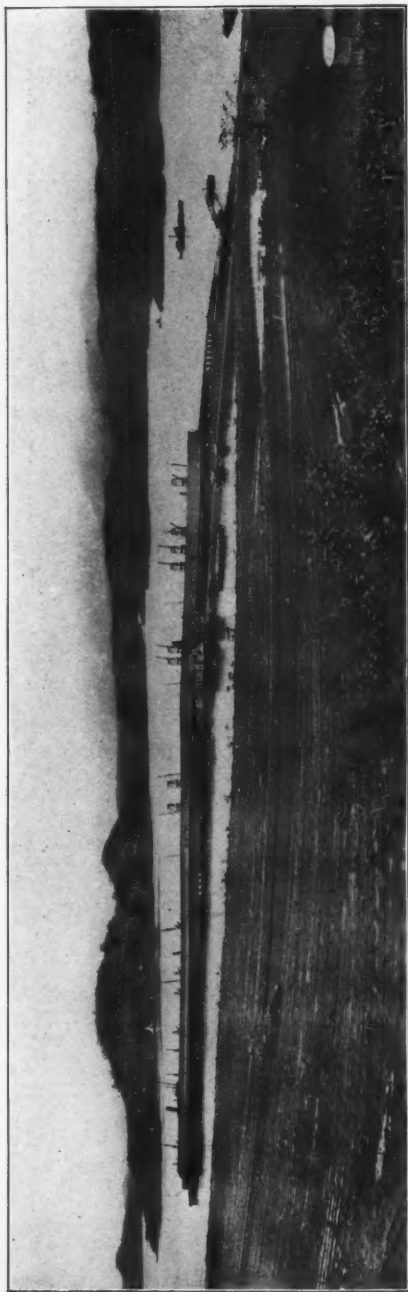


TENTH STREET, BEFORE PAVING

No trouble with "Municipal Economics" on the Zone. It's a question of "Do the work and get your money or get off the job"



WHERE THE LANDSCAPE STRETCHES INTO MILES OF DITCHES AND TRACKS



DOCKS AND HARBORAGE AT BALBOA, SHOWING PACIFIC ENTRANCE OF CANAL

The Teatre Nacional, which cost over a million to build, is one of the sights of the country; it was erected with part of the proceeds of the banana tax, and, though unpretentious outside, the interior decorations are gorgeous. The boxes rise tier on tier, with the President's box in the centre of the first balcony. In the rear is a handsome reception-room which recalls the East Room of the White House. The ceilings are richly frescoed with representations of banana trees, coffee plants and other Costa Rican products, mingled with allegorical pictures.

* * *

We were loth to leave Costa Rica, with its panoramic glimpses of wonderful scenery, mountains, thriving plantations and fertile valleys, and vegetation indicating a surprising variety of climate, ranging from the torrid heat of the tropics to the moderation of the temperate zone. Costa Rica has escaped the ravages of revolution, and in this best-governed and most thrifty of all the Central American republics many Americans have established homes. Like the native Costa Ricans, they regard the United Fruit Company as a "big brother," hailing from the active land where people are forever "doing things."

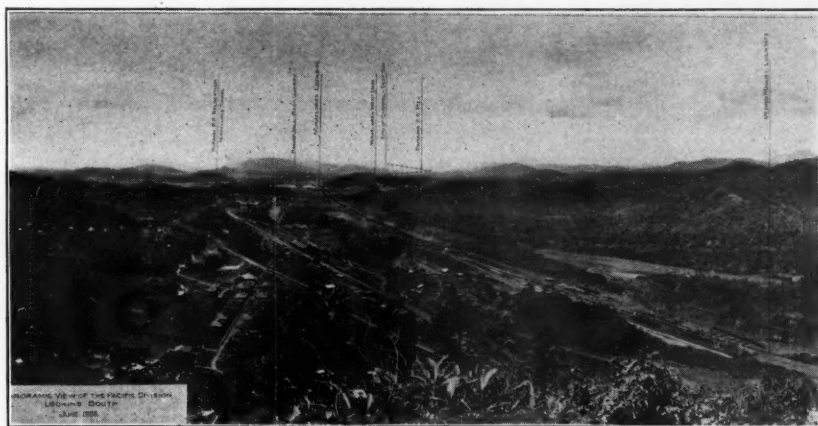
Everyone wished to carry home a souvenir, and each nam seemed to feel that he must at least have a cane of some kind to support him in his old age. Every variety of wood was secured for these props for the editors. The ladies—the rush on Panama hats threatened to create a famine. One of the most valued souvenirs that I possess is an ash tray, made from scraps of the French machinery. It was presented by Mr. W. P. Wheeler, an old subscriber to the National, who has made many ingenious souvenirs from the "junk" collected on the Isthmus. Every time I see my ash tray I feel as though gazing on a bronze tablet, commemorating the noble and heroic struggles of the French on the Isthmus.

At sea again, we passed Cape Gracias, where Columbus once landed; in fact, he seems to have "landed" about everywhere on the Caribbean. There are few light-houses along these coasts and instances have been known of unwary mariners



TENTH STREET, COLON, AFTER PAVING

Just note the contrast of "Before and after," and no wonder Panama and Colon are known as the Cleanest cities in the world. Work does it—that is honest work. No wonder Boston sends to Panama for a street commissioner



PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE PACIFIC DIVISION

having been lured by false lights to death and disaster in these shallow waters. Farther out we passed the "Flowing Rock," from which the sea shoots up like a geyser through a natural rocky reef funnel as the waves dash upon it.

The time for reading and chat had arrived, and a commercial traveler told us a weird tale of how, when hunting in South America, his horse fell into a hole. To save himself, he hastily clutched at something near; the object which saved him proved to be the tail of an ostrich; the bird,

pilgrims of Swan Island as they came aboard during the night! A hearty cheer was given as young ladies jumped from the boat and landed on the ladder, upheld by the hand of the gallant captain who took no chances, but insisted on personally seeing to their safety. They told us they had been fishing for us and expected to bring some finny dainties on board, but were unable to save them for lack of ice.

"That cuts no ice," growled the bilious man from Bunde.

On the return voyage the screw worked

with more ease than when going to the Isthmus, which was due to the aid of the Gulf Stream, whose current was now with us. A fog came on as we neared the jetties of the Mississippi, and the captain watched almost constantly on the bridge until the pilots arrived. One pilot for the bar and one for the river.

The night previous to landing exercises were held in the cabin, the performers representing nearly every state and territory in the Union. "Heart Throbs" recited and "Heart Songs" sung played a conspicuous part in the programme that will not soon be forgotten. Who will not remember Captain Doten's reading of "Columbus" and "Sail on," from "Heart Throbs"? The group about the piano sang themselves hoarse. Even the stewards in the dining saloon below joined in the choruses when the good old songs rang

out. When Captain Clarke was called, his ready tongue failed for once, and he assured us that he could not find words to tell us just how he felt. It seemed to him, he said, that we were the best people he had ever met—and I suppose he is saying the same to another jolly lot of people this minute. As we gathered after the exercises someone started "Home, Sweet Home." Many a wistful look crossed the faces of the listeners as they thought of dear ones left behind in the States, and of



ONE CHAMBER OF THE PEDRO MIGUEL LOCK, PACIFIC SIDE, 1,000 FEET LONG, 110 WIDE

wildly alarmed by his over-earnest clasp, escaped, leaving the traveler with two handsome ostrich feathers in his hand, which he had unconsciously yanked out of the tail of the bird. He said he was taking home the plumes for his wife's Easter bonnet, adding:

"In proof of my story, I can show them to you; they are downstairs in my trunk."
—We admitted that it was a good story and demanded no proof.

What a welcome we received from the



BREAKFAST HOUR ON THE PLANTATION (11 A.M.)

all the changes at home that even a few weeks may bring.

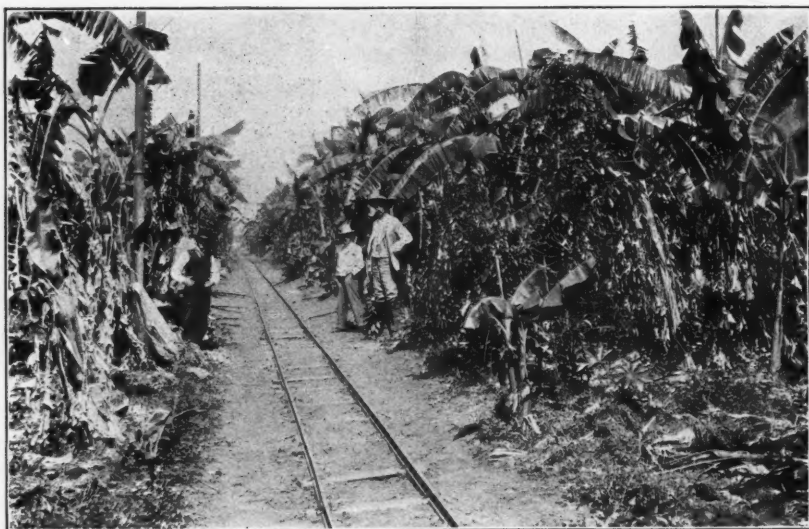
How delightful it was when we emerged from the Southwest Pass, after all the fog, with the whistle going all night and sounding just when the conversation was growing interesting! Dark-hued clothes, neckties and hats came forth and the good-byes began to be said, for everyone knew what a rush there would be after the custom house ordeal had been passed.

On entering every port the passengers are confronted with quarantine officers before they are permitted to land; there must be a full declaration as to the sanitary condition of the vessel and its passengers before anyone can go on shore. It was amusing to see the passengers lined up for inspection, as we arrived at the jetties. One ship recently entered gave a serious scare by having a case of bubonic plague on board. After the month of May all ship's doctors take the temperature of the passengers once a day on the ships, and report in full on arrival at port.

The soil from the Mississippi River from the jetties north shows how many acres of land are being made year by year by means of the silt carried down by the current of

the Mississippi. This is rich alluvial land, and has all been formed by the simple contrivance suggested by Captain Eades who had large mats made of trees and branches sunk at given points in the river. The silt gathered about the mats and has continued to build up the land ever since. Cows graze on these made lands and rice grows in the fields. On the flats, far out in the Gulf is "Pilot Town." It is said that the climate there is not excessively hot, but a few million mosquitoes hunt there through the season.

On reaching the permanent quarantine station, up the river, the doctor came aboard and each one of us put a thermometer in his mouth, and stood looking foolishly at each other with a mouthful of glass and mercury as if enjoying cigarettes. Then the doctor passed through our ranks and gave a severe glance of scrutiny at each one. After that there was the declaration to sign as to goods brought in. The old one hundred dollar permit on articles no longer prevails, as some of the ladies found to their sorrow. Any goods not made up, or prepared for immediate personal use, were charged. The rigid insistence on having everything made up

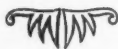


A RAILROAD TRACK RUNS THROUGH THE BANANA PLANTATIONS

looks like a tariff for the benefit of the Panamanian dressmakers. About four to five hundred dollars are collected on each shipload of passengers. The sad-faced man who predicted that "all the dues made on passengers' luggage would not net the government enough to pay a custom house officer's salary," was slightly mistaken, and was also compelled to contribute twenty-five dollars of the five hundred dollars taken from that ship. Those who brought home monkeys and parrots as pets had a hard time, for the animals and birds would squeal and chatter, just as they had at all hours on board ship, bringing us at midnight the wildest dreams of living in the midst of the jungle and holding seances with monkeys and parrots. Their animated conversation soon attracted the attention of the customs officers, and some of the pets must have been quite costly

luxuries before they reached their destination.

On landing the forebodings of sorrow proved too true in some cases. A wireless message brought to one passenger the news of a sudden death, and telegraph and telephone wires told others of the sickness of dear ones. The joy of that happy vacation was clouded by bad news from home, but how quickly the words of sympathy sought to comfort, even though the fellow-voyagers had known each other but two short weeks. A tie that seemed almost as strong as kinship had been established among those on the boat, for on shipboard life-time friendships are made which time only serves to strengthen. Then people appear as they really are and at their best, without a delusive environment, which too often gives quite a mistaken impression.





COLONEL ROOSEVELT EXAMINING GUN BEFORE BEING PRESENTED
TO CHIEF OKAWAHKI

ROOSEVELT IN MOVING PICTURES

By MITCHELL MANNERING

A RECENT volume on "Educational Motion Pictures," by Mr. George Kleine, of motion picture fame, is a veritable encyclopedia of a modern industry which exerts an immense influence throughout the civilized world. This book is a notable contribution to the literature of the times. The volume is dedicated as follows:

"To the most democratic of men, the most unassuming, whose energy is compassed only by the number of hours in the day, whose measureless intellect finds kinship in every branch of knowledge, whose inventions have bettered the condition and added to the pleasures of uncountable millions—to the man who is most honored and revered by those who know him best, to Thomas A. Edison, this compilation is most respectfully inscribed."

It is difficult to define the scope or justly outline the work of Mr. Kleine. All the subjects of his moving pictures are educa-

tional in some degree, and in this book he classifies, in a masterly way, a multitude of pictures suited for educational purposes. The catalog is indeed a standard text book and index of motion pictures, which have already become part and parcel of the curriculum of public education. Mr. Kleine has pointed out very clearly how the films may be utilized, and no one can speak with more authority on this new and important source of imparting information.

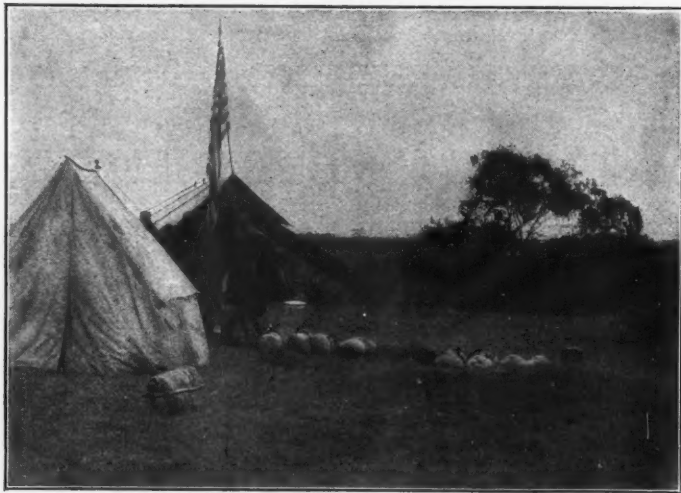
The variety of subjects represented by moving pictures is astonishing. One series shows a surgical operation in progress; another demonstrates vividly how contagion may be transmitted by a common house fly. The spectators almost rise in their seats ready to "swat" the flies from the face of the earth, and such films must impress audiences all over the world with the imperative need of exterminating these deadly, disease-breeding pests. The government is now using motion pictures

as a means of instruction in laboratory work, and has recognized their value in geographical, military, naval and other lines. Sight is probably the most valuable of all the senses for conveying impressions that retain their force through life. It is probable that the road to learning will be made much easier in the near future by the use of moving pictures.

The exhibit made by Mr. Kleine at the Boston-1915 Exposition was of great importance, and suggested unlimited and practical uses for moving pictures in educational work. On the battleship "Vermont," and on other naval vessels, the films furnished by Mr. Kleine touch every phase of life—agriculture, aeronautics, mineralogy, mining metallurgy; almost every form of human activity is portrayed.

During the Eastertide this year, moving pictures showing scenes from the life of Christ were thrown on the screens in many places. Such historical stories as "Nathan Hale," "Evangeline," "Washington at Valley Forge," "The Christian Martyrs," bring before the popular gaze noted figures of older times in a way which clings to the memory as information obtained from the printed page will not do.

Seated in a darkened room recently, I watched thrilling scenes flit across the screen; they were produced from pictures taken by Mr. Kearton of London; the first showed Theodore Roosevelt in front of his tent in far off Africa, with the stars and stripes floating in the warm air. Later films revealed journeys over the veldts, fording rivers, "stepping lively" at



CAMP ROOSEVELT. MAKING AND BREAKING CAMP AT BONDONI

Every achievement of consequence, whether it be the climbing of a mountain, discovering the North Pole, building a skyscraper, digging a mine, the passing of a great parade—may be seen in living, almost breathing moving pictures. Even the classical and mythological are visualized, and the children today are more familiar, so far as lifelike conception is concerned, with the Greek and Roman deities and their doings than a learned college professor would be in days gone by.

all times. Now and then a lifelike picture of herds of wild animals, which had been met with by the ex-President, a dashing stampede of zebras or hippotami playing on the rocks in the river were thrown on the screen, and seemed so real that I could almost hear them. A lion or tiger, coming from his lair, looked ready to spring from the picture. By such pictures the career and personal adventures of a public man actually live before thousands of persons who will never see him

in the flesh. The public are made perfectly familiar with his appearance, and greet him with cheerful clapping when his face is seen on the screen. The pictures of Roosevelt in Africa are universal favorites.

Every subject is susceptible of being handled in the moving picture film. It may be we shall have in the future, instead of the photograph album on the centre table, little sets of moving pictures showing each member of the family in all his favorite poses and occupations, beginning

kind, for no one could imagine the ex-President in aught else but a "moving picture."

* * *

Prominently identified with the exploitation of moving pictures, Mr. George Kleine of Chicago worthily succeeds his father and grandfather, who were occupied in lines that have been the direct precursors of the present films. His father was a maker of stereoscopes, those quaint magnifying glasses, with their double pictures, which were so often found on the



BOMA TRADING POST AT MOMHASA, WHERE SAFARIS OUTFIT FOR THE INTERIOR

with the time he took his first step and on down through the "seven ages." Cracked ancestral oil paintings no longer dangle in chipped gold frames upon the walls; they will be supplanted by films which give moving pictures that almost bring to life again those who have passed away. It was fitting that the first person to be followed by the moving picture camera, through an important period of his life, should be Theodore Roosevelt in his African hunt and European tour. This series of pictures has brought him within the actual range of vision of many millions of people. In fact, he is a peculiarly good subject for photographs of this

marble topped parlor table of the "best room" in days gone by. The next evolution toward making pictures lifelike was the revolving zoetrope or "wheel of life" in which ribbons of pictured paper were placed to form a circular panorama. When looked at through closely set slits a fairly perfect "moving picture" might be seen by two or three people gathered about the revolving wheel. The great moving picture business of Mr. Kleine is the natural and ingenious outcome of a combination of the magic lantern, stereoscope and zoetrope.

Mr. Kleine is enthusiastic over the development of his art. He believes that

the "moving picture" has come to stay, but says that it must positively be kept clean and wholesome, and must be made educative as well as entertaining, in order to retain confidence and favor. He insists on eliminating the "fake" element. For millions of people many a delightful half hour is filled with a visit to a "Nickelodeon," for as long as the world lasts men and women—and especially children—will be fascinated by pictures that possess the accuracy of the photograph and the charm of motion. The motion of trees, flowers,

bud and beast; the stress of wind and storm; cloud and river; the headlong impetus of railway train and ironclad; the forceful march of infantry and cavalry; the crisis of accidents and perils by flood and field, and of that human interest excited by the voiceless actors—their adventures, employments, errors, mishaps and tragedies—as depicted by these shadows of humanity upon the screens of thousands of theatres, are today influencing the actions of millions of people in the innumerable mutations of life.

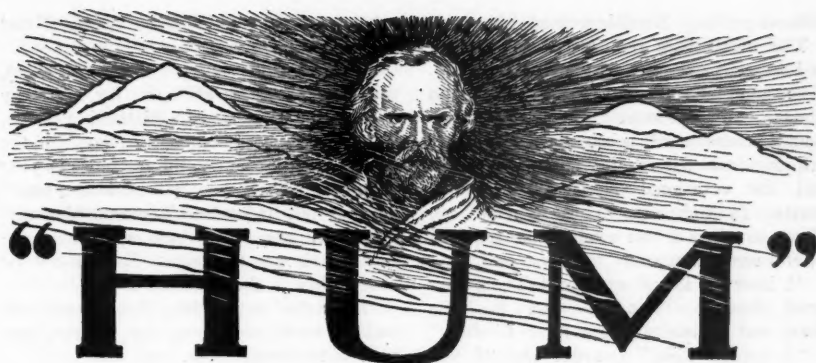


ZULU WAR DANCE AND CEREMONIES IN HONOR OF COLONEL
ROOSEVELT'S VISIT TO AFRICA

IF YOU'VE ANYTHING GOOD TO SAY

FROM THE BOOK "HEART THROBS"

If you've anything good to say of a man,
Don't wait till he's laid to rest,
For the eulogy spoken when hearts are broken
Is an empty thing at best.
Ah! the blighted flower now drooping lonely
Would perfume the mountain-side,
If the sun's glad ray had but shone today
And the pretty bud espied.



A SERIAL

By FRANK HATFIELD

Copyright, Reid Publishing Company

CHAPTER XX

FULMA is coming to, she will soon clear," were the first words I heard. I sought her by my side, she was not there. I sat upright and gazed about me. She was lying on a flat rock at the edge of the water, her head pillowed on Zenia's arm. Tom was sitting on the gunwale of the boat wiping his brow. Termal bent over Moto. I called—

"Hello, old man," cried Tom. "How are you? Glad to hear from you again. We have had a close shave—my face isn't dry yet. Oh, yes, Fulma's all right, she will speak for herself shortly. I will come and give you a lift."

So he did—helpful Tom—and I was soon kneeling by my precious little wife, kissing again and again the lips once more red. The dark blue eyes unclosed. "Why, I have been dreaming," she said.

"Yes, dear heart, but you are awake now."

She nodded and held out her hand. In the waning daylight and the *syuna's* glare, there gleamed on the Subagino stone an iris of hope.

"Well, we are all here, thanks to the Father," exclaimed Termal joyously. "We shall have no trouble in the outward passage; the walls are high and full of fissures. Besides, there will be but little vapor for some

hours. Now, let us have some food-cakes with wine and make ready to go. It is now the twenty-second hour; we shall have seven and a half hours to get out; we could paddle out in that time. The sea runs into a deep bay on the eastern shore, the distance is less than you might suppose. We must take soundings as we go. Will you keep the record, Feanka?"

"Well, not exactly," opposed Tom. "I shall be the skipper's clerk. I have been a bit vapory a while, but I have dropped out of the fog. Of course, you will steer, Termal. Who is to be the engineer?"

"Motoo, he has been trained."

"Good. If he handles the engine as well as he managed the Mahales, he will do. Hello, Zene, you dear darling sweetheart, come here!"

For the first time in many hours, the ivory cabinet was opened.

* * *

When we were well under way, Termal said: "Feanka, in the bunks you will find things needful for the girls' comfort. Make a bed for them in the stern, put up the rods and the curtains. No sleep for the rest of us in this vault."

With my comrade's assistance, I soon had what he called a "bride-chamber" ready for occupancy. It was promptly accepted

without protest. Sensible women, I thought.

The night wore on. Occasionally Tom or I crept aft and watched the gentle sleepers. Now and then Termal ordered Moto to slow or stop while he took soundings. Other sounds there were none, save the water dripping from the recently submerged rocks and the occasional plunge of detached stones. In some places the stream ran direct, in others it was winding and required careful navigation.

"I have an idea," exclaimed Tom, after some thought. "We will call this the Zoeia and Mainland Night Line, Limited."

"A capital idea," I approved. "I will enter that on the log."

The original memorandum is now on the leaf of a scrapbook belonging to an old friend in Illinois.

About four o'clock in the morning, Termal ordered Moto to shut off the *syunas*, and pointed to a small irregular-shaped object, far away, of a dull gray color, and apparently on a black background. Tom and I had much difficulty to see it.

"Why, what are we looking at?" I asked.

Termal laughed heartily.

"You are looking at daylight," he said. "That is the opening on the bay."

"Bless me," said Tom, "we should call the girls."

The skipper objected. "Let them rest," he said. "Tonight may not be as favorable for sleep."

At the eastern entrance we stopped to take soundings and measurements. This done, we passed on, to a long narrow shoal that jutted into the bay, and to a flat rock where we could moor our craft. Termal leaped ashore, fastened the boat, and threw himself on the rock like one released from a great responsibility.

"We will make ready the morning repast before our fair passengers come on deck," he said. "Afterward, we will divide the watches so that each may have some sleep."

We had matters well under way when two bewildered faces looked out from between the draperies.

"Why, Tooma," exclaimed Zenia, "what does it all mean?"

"It means, Zoesy mine, that the morning being fine, we will breakfast on the shore. We are just out of the mountain."

"One would think," said Fulma, "that we were in the clouds."

"Nothing but vapor," explained Tom, volubly, "and it is all right, for it's foggy in London, you know, Mrs. Hatfield. London, fair lady," he went on, bowing low, "is the capital of your country, the residence of your sovereign. There you will no longer be—"

"I do not understand," interposed a surprised little woman. "Zoeia is my country—and this is my sovereign. Shall I not be little Fulma?" she appealed to me.

"Only that to me, Blue Eyes, but in the outside world, something else, maybe, and so it will be with Zenia."

"Oh, no," denied the Zoeian beauty, "I am just Zene, or Zoesy, or Sweetheart. I won't be anything else."

"Come ashore," called Termal, cheerily, "the feast is spread."

During the meal, which was another token of the Zoeian generous bounty, he paused and looked at the fresh faces of his loved daughters.

"Pretty good appetites considering recent experiences," he said. "Feanka," he went on, "when I came back I kept down the coast for about fifteen miles, then took a course two points south of west. Now, we must hold the opposite course until we reach the other shore, then pass cautiously up the coast. I want to find the place from whence I embarked."

"Well, if I were as sure of heaven as I am that you will strike it," exclaimed Tom, "I would be satisfied."

Termal looked at my comrade.

"It is too early to call anyone," he said, "or we might hear from home."

"Think of that, Zoesy!" cried Tom.

"Why, what's the matter, sweetheart?"

"I couldn't help it," she said.

"Nor I," quavered Tom. "Such things are catching, and I am not immune."

"Nor would I seek to be," said Fulma. "Such an expression of affection is never a weakness."

Breakfast over, Termal held the course. "At this rate," he remarked an hour later, "we shall reach the other shore before noon. If the wind came stronger from the west the vapor would part, and we might see our island. However, if we can't see, perhaps we can hear. Feanka, take my place while I try the *kanjoots*."

He used them in duplex. A response soon came from Oron. "We are on the lake," spoke Termal. "All is going well, we shall soon be across. How is Buela?" . . .

Termal smiled.

"Oh, what is it?" cried Zenia.

"He asks me to use the other instrument and to wait."

Another voice came: "My daughter, Zenia, our darling is well, and as merry as the birds. You and Tooma get close to the tube."

Then, through the vapor billows, came a soft, gentle sound: "Madu, dear Madu"—"Why, it's that precious, blessed child's own voice," cried Tom. "God bless her! Sit up close, Zene." . . . "I say, Fean, don't you wish you had such a chance? Why! I never had anything like it before."

"Is it possible, my comrade?"

"Well, that is refreshing," exclaimed Termal. "Voices from the clouds."

"Voices from heaven," asserted Fulma.

Our captain declared that we were near the other shore, and directed Moto to lessen speed. How he knew it I cannot say, as the fog was thick, but he was right. Half a mile further, and the rock wall loomed before us.

"Now, we will lie in shore and search for that waterfall," he said. "The lake has risen as we crossed, but it will not be high until half past one. The fall will be comparatively low, not a hundred feet in height. All watch for it."

An hour or more passed. Then Moto directed our attention to a humming noise—faint but continuous. When Termal caught the sound, he said joyously, "That is falling water!" He drew in still closer and soon came abreast of a fall, small in volume and broken in its descent. "I believe this is it," he said, "though it looks different from the one I went down. But we are within two hours of high water, when I went out it was much lower. We must lie off and wait until the water reaches its level, then pass into the stream. I shall know, by the rocks, if we are right."

The effect was singular. To lie at the base of a waterfall and see it gradually merge into a placid stream.

"This is the spot," said Termal. "I know it well. Fulma, child, it was between those two rocks on the left bank, that I put

you while I searched by the moonlight for a way down the face of the cliff. Well, we will go in, tie up, and have our repast; then on until we find a camping place."

"Oh! Zoeia!" Moto suddenly exclaimed.

A strong breeze had scattered the vapor. Beyond stood the porphyry mountain in all its matchless beauty.

"Oh, our dear home, Zenia!" exclaimed Fulma, in ecstasy.

"Yes, my sister, our glorious home! The abiding place of my heart's darling."

Tom had turned and was gazing at the dark stream flowing through the marsh. "Fortunate little soul," he added.

* * *

As the hour was yet early and the stream, as far as we could see, free from obstructions, Termal thought it possible to get through the fen before nightfall. It was not long, however, before our cutting tools came into vigorous use, especially so at a point where a small brook entered the main stream. "Here is where I struck this water-course," said Termal; "I remember this rivulet. Look yonder, my child," he said to Fulma, "and imagine a tattered, staggering man coming through that place with a baby in his arms. You were right, Feanka, it was by the Father's will. I was protected and sustained when I knew it not. Beyond this point I know nothing of the course."

We kept on, with increasing difficulties, until our river lost itself, by numerous arms, in the swamp. As daylight was fading, we decided to tie up at the base of a high, rocky mound, covered with rank vegetation. Tom and Moto cleared a space on the slope and soon had an old-time campfire glowing. The girls were to occupy the boat, while the rest camped on the beach and alternately stood guard.

They watched our proceedings with lively interest free from apprehension. Neither one had ever known fear or dread; they had no conception of evil influences and associations. They experienced a child's delight at the fire, but wondered why we had it when, as Zenia said, "it was by no means cold."

"True enough," said Tom, wiping his brow, "but there are things 'round here that might make it warmer for us. Fean," he whispered, "they know no more about

the dangers of this place than the 'babes in the wood.'"

"No, nor do we want them to if we can prevent it," I said.

It was deep twilight when we spread the evening meal on the shingle. Ternal remarked that a cup of cold water would be refreshing.

"I think you can have one," I said. From the top of the mound I saw, half way down the other slope, a small pool, evidently a spring. Tom proposed to accompany me. "Oh, no," I objected, "the place is close by, I need no help to get a bucket of water, but I will take a *syuna*." I slung the bucket over my arm, reached the summit and located the pool, gleaming by dim moonlight, in the tall grass. As I came nearer, I noticed that it was at the base of a rocky ridge, not over four feet in height, that extended around the mound.

Beside the *syuna* I had a sharp knife in my belt. At the wall, I transferred the *syuna* to my left hand as I looked over the edge. Nothing was visible but the rank growth and the ooze fringed water. I decided to leap down and fill my bucket. Then came an experience the thought of which, even now, slows my heart—one that left on me a mark art only can remove. The prediction of Mrs. Durand was fulfilled. As I dropped through the tall grass my right foot landed on some yielding substance, while my left caught and I pitched forward but did not fall. I instantly had a sensation as though standing between lines of a hawser that was being drawn in opposite directions. It was all so sudden I did not even then fully realize my situation. As I grasped my knife and swung round with the *syuna*, I heard a sharp hiss, and met two glistening amber eyes that drew back suddenly, but as quickly shot out to meet the keen edge of my blade as I struck at the distended mouth and flashing tongue of a hideous reptile.

The head and sinuous neck dropped to the grass, darted here and there, resting an instant, then were still. I heard a gurgling sound, then the living horror piled in coils, out of and on which I frantically clambered to freedom. Then I knew all. I had jumped upon a sleeping African python. I madly dashed my bucket into the pool, rushed to the wall and along it to a low

place, sprang up and recrossed the mound just as my companions were calling to me.

"Why, old man, have you seen a ghost?" Tom asked.

"N—no," I stammered.

"Why, you are deathly pale, my boy; there is a wild look in your eyes."

"Oh, is there?" I gasped. "I am—er—a trifle tired. Here is the water."

Fulma drew me down to her and pressed my head against her shoulder.

"What is it, beloved? Tell your little wife."

"Why—dearest, it—it—it's—er . . ."

When I opened my eyes everyone was near me, and a soft hand was bathing my face with cool water. I roused myself and assumed an air of unconcern. "I think I know," I said. "I jumped off a rock—it was higher than I expected—I must have been shaken up."

"Why, precious," said Fulma, her arm still around me, "you shiver. Are you cold?"

"Just a trifle, dear. Give me a glass of wine and I shall be quite right."

And so I was to all appearances, so much so that the girls went to rest and Tom and Moto replenished the fire. When I was sure our loved ones were asleep, I said to Moto: "Go quietly to the bunkers and get three revolvers and two more *syunas*. Now, cluster close, talk low, and I will tell you what happened." . . .

Ternal jumped up. "Motoo," he said, "take one of the irons and remain in the boat. Should anything happen, fire and shout. We are going on an exploring tour not far away."

We each took a revolver and a light. I cautiously led them along the wall to the spring. "It should be here," I said.

"Yes," assented Ternal, "the grass is thrashed and trampled, but—Ah! Come here!"

He turned the *syuna*. There in the green swale the big, dark brown and orange chain-marked body, gorgeous but terrorizing, lay motionless save a slight quiver. He followed it up to its head and dashed the light full at the eyes. "It is dead," he said, turning it over with his foot. "It was a lucky strike—you slit its neck. It was like aiming at lightning."

"Our girls must never know this," I said.

"Never," agreed Tom and Ternal. "I will come up early in the morning," said

the latter, "measure the creature, and secure a trophy of your first victory over evil in this 'lower-world.'"

I was not allowed to stand guard that night, but I might as well have done so, as my sleep was feverish and broken. Once by Tom:

"Hey—wake up, old fellow! You are having a nightmare and going through it all again, I reckon."

Early in the morning Fulma came to me, took my head in her lap, and toyed with my hair.

"That's right, little sister," approved Tom. "Cuddle him close. He is a lamb fresh from the fold."

"A what, Tooma?"

"Oh, a jolly good fellow who didn't sleep well and needs just what you are giving him."

The gentle ministration went on, then suddenly ceased.

"Why, Feanka, there is something white on your hair. Why, I can't rub it off, how strange! See, Tooma!"

"It is queer," assented Tom, "maybe he slept in the moonlight. Moonbeams have been known to turn heads, they might turn hair."

"Ah, my dear, you should have slept in the boat," said Fulma. "I am going to put a piece of that hair in my locket."

"And you couldn't do better," asserted Tom gaily.

Termal joined us at breakfast. "I have been up to the spring for water," he explained.

We were off early. Termal decided that among the numerous branches of the stream, the one with the deepest channel must be the right one. This proved to be a tributary so narrow that at times it scarcely admitted the boat, and often was so obstructed with vines and overgrowth as to require constant use of the cutting-sledges. About noon, Termal remarked that but for the channel, which indicated a continuous current, he would turn back and try another passage.

As the prow of the boat struck a fallen gum tree, a fair-sized boa looped from the branches, roused from his reveries and looked at us.

"Why, it is like a beautiful scarf," exclaimed Zenia. "It is falling. Why, Tooma, is it a living thing?"

"Well, rather, but nothing you want to get acquainted with."

"Why not? It is lovely. Fulma and I would make it fond of us."

"Undoubtedly," assented Tom, "so fond that it would hug you until you couldn't breathe. Oh, Zoesy! you girls have never seen anything but birds and butterflies. It is almost a crime to bring you into such associations."

The ophidian dropped into the water and glided away; whereupon, the axeman felled the tree and we pushed on. The stream soon began to widen, and in less than an hour we ran out of the marsh into a lake bordered by low rolling hills. Termal and Moto went ashore to blaze trees, and Tom mapped the lake.

Finding no inlet at the head of the lake, we went ashore, a task which required our guide's skill and great strength. At this point we built a huge cairn. I was slightly apprehensive as to how our amphibious vehicle would act on land, notwithstanding its Zoeian parentage, but my fears were groundless. Moto deftly changed the gearing, and we moved up the rolling country. On the summit of a high hill, Tom suggested that we stop. Looking back, we could see, across the marsh and far away, the vapor billows faintly roseate in the evening light.

"It may be our last view," he said. "Safe behind yonder deadly counterscarp and seething moat, stands Mount Zion, 'beautiful for situation!'"

Here we again talked with Oron. He was already planning for our return. He asked many questions as to the probable relative position of the eastern outlet to points above. "We will have powerful *syunas* placed thereabouts," he said, "as you may have to cross in the night."

We made good progress across the hills, and, near sunset, reached a range of mountains running north and south. As it was obvious we must cross them, we sought the most accessible one, and at its base camped for the night, built another cairn, and lighted our evening fire.

* * *

"No play today," exclaimed Termal, rising from our morning meal. "Let us gather up and be off while it is cool. The girls will have to carry the light articles; the boat will be all we can manage."

The ascent being comparatively easy and

the air bracing, we went along without weariness until we entered a narrow defile that terminated at the mouth of a cavern. Termal was scanning the face of the cliff for some way by which to surmount it, when Moto declared that he felt air coming through the cave. "You are right," said Termal, "there must be an opening at the other end. We will try for it. Your perceptions are keen, my boy."

The floor was covered with pebbles and sea shells over which we pushed our car. "In some remote age," said Tom, "this may have been an ocean cave. There are oyster and mussel shells here. We may find pearls."

"What are they?" asked Termal.

"Beautiful jewels that grow inside of shell-fish," said Tom. "Come with me, girls, we will search for things that resemble you."

We went ahead with the Amphibium (my comrade's name for our vehicle), while he and the girls lingered on their quest. It was a strange scene. The dark, water-worn walls, the shell floor—both mute witnesses of a hazy past—the dim light, toward which a little group struggled with their weird car. Behind—the glaring *syuna*, like the Cyclopean eye of some monster from the bygone, returned to punish our trespass on his domain.

"See!" cried Tom; and he showed a handful of pearls, some very fine. "Here, take them, Zene, I must make a record. This is the Pearl Cavern."

"Where the Peris have slumbered," I added.

"Say rather, Fean, where Peris now wander, to search for the shells which lie at their feet. How's that? Termal, what do you say for some of the Zoeian concentrated life sustainer? And Zoe—"(he threw his arms about her), "now for the best wine at the beginning of the feast!"

"That is as it should be," approved Termal, "but you cannot live on that fare."

"Nor fare well without it," asserted Tom.

"What do you think, sweetheart?" I asked.

"I think Tooma is exemplary," she smiled at me.

The cavern terminated on a ledge from whence we saw a level country stretching to the banks of a broad river. To get our-

selves and our belongings down the cliff was strenuous work, but large muscles and level heads overcame all obstacles, and in less than two hours we were launching our boat in the stream.

"This river runs southeast," said Termal joyously; "it will serve us well. We have been very fortunate, thus far."

"And shall be to the end," exclaimed Zenia.

We had followed the picturesque shores for miles, when Moto suddenly pointed ahead and said that he saw smoke. Termal denied its presence, but the boy persisted, and finally made the startling announcement that he saw a cornfield.

"If so," said Termal, "we are coming to a tribe. Shall we go to them or avoid them? The people on the eastern side are generally friendly. I don't think they will harm us."

"Padu," asked Zenia, "do you not know they will not injure us? Neither they nor any living thing will do us harm."

"And how do you know that, fair sister?" I asked in surprise.

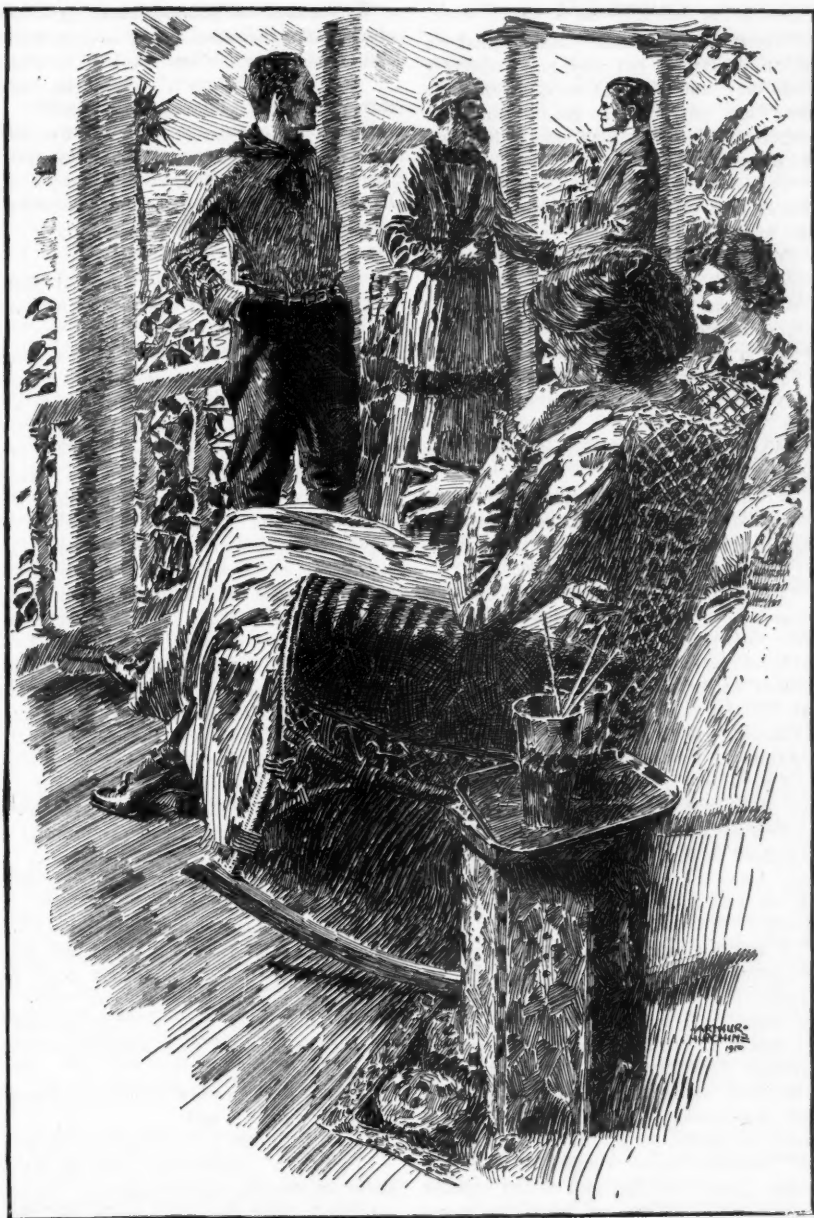
"It is something I cannot explain," she said quietly, "but I am quite sure of what I said."

The natives had crowded to the shore, but when we drew near they ran away. They evidently looked on us as supernatural visitors who had dropped from the sky. By much sign language, Moto convinced them that our intent was peaceful. Then they came back and gathered near us in awe and wonder. They apparently recognized the male members of our party as fellow-creatures, but they seemed to consider our girls a higher order of creation.

"They are intelligent," commented Tom.

When they knew our intention to pass a night with them, they put butts at our disposal and brought us food which we declined, preferring our own. In the morning when we were about to leave, Tom, through force of habit, put his hand in his pocket. "We are once more where a little currency would be convenient," he said, "but I haven't a sou; aside from that oil stock, I am strapped."

I had a few pieces left. I gave the head man a small gold coin, whereupon they all prostrated themselves and performed a series of genuflections which Moto declared were invocations to the sky spirit to bless us.



The house allotted to us had broad, cool verandas

CHAPTER XXI

"Rivers are convenient," said Termal, on the third day of our voyage, "especially when they run the right way, as this one does; and one has a good boat. The Amphibium has saved us much hardship and danger."

"Padu," said Zenia, "if, as you say, we have escaped perils, it is not due to the boat, good as it is."

"You are right, my child," he assented. "Your Padu sometimes forgets."

When near the shore one day at sunset, a large animal, at the water's edge, glared at us and sprang up the bank.

"Was it a big black man?" asked Fulma.

"No, it was an African panther," laughed Tom.

"Why, it has a face and eyes something like a man."

"True," said Tom, "its mouth and cheek about equal a man's, but it has less brain, to plan evil with."

"Are they evil?" inquired Zenia.

"Yes, and no, Zoesy dear. They do what seems to be evil, because they know no better; whereas, men do evil acts when they do know better. Do you understand?"

Zenia shook her head. "I should not fear it," she asserted.

"Would you be afraid of the panther, sweetheart?" I asked.

"I think not, Feanka, certainly not, with you. Why did the animal run away?"

"Because we came upon it suddenly. It recognized in us, in some of us at least, its foes. From a remote past, man has waged war on every living creature, his own species as well."

"It was not ever so, Feanka," said Zenia thoughtfully; and as her dark eyes emitted a certain fathomless light that came at times, she added: "It will not always be so."

I looked at her searchingly, as I recalled a remark Tom once made concerning her.

We came at eventide to an open place of sand hummocks where, here and there, sparse vegetation clung to life around stones that indicated former contact with human hands. As it was dry, and sloped upward from the water's edge, we decided to camp and explore. Material for a fire being scarce, we grouped three *syunas* on a flat rock, so that their blended rays would form a circle of light.

We searched amidst unmistakable evidences of a remote civilization. The broken stones still showed the intelligence of the builders.

"Well, now for supper," cried Tom, "and then good-night. I am actually tired."

Something about the spot invited deep repose. With the exception of the quiet "guard mount" nothing broke our slumber. It was after daylight when we again realized we were in African wilds.

* * *

"Well, what's the matter?" asked Tom, at breakfast. "All but Motoo seem to have the blues."

"For my part," I said, "I have been thinking about my curious dream. It was vividly real. We were sitting where we are now. Oron and Loreda came up from the boat and after warm greetings, told us they had come from Zoeia with tidings. I recall Zenia's face when she said, 'Why, there are dear Oron and Loreda.' They talked of many things, especially about Buela. The expression on Oron's face was beautiful when he kissed Zenia's brow and said, 'My daughter, your precious child is in our arms; doubt not her welfare.' And then both talked with Termal. Oron asked: 'With which of our cities is the water-gate on the bay in line?' Termal answered: 'Wesna,' Then Loreda said: 'On the outside of the cliff will be the place for the beacon.' They asked Tooma all about the shaft, and requested him to write it down. He tore a leaf from his tablets—Hello, Tom, what is the matter with you?"

"Oh, n—nothing, Fean. I guess I—er—swallowed the wrong way."

"And then Oron noticed the white lock in my hair, and Loreda said: 'Some great emotion caused this.' Don't look at me so, sweetheart. In my dream, you went to Loreda and asked him: 'What emotion?' He put his hand on your head and smiled, but said nothing."

Termal was growing restless. "There's not much more," I said.

"Oh, that's not it," he said. "Go on!"

I continued. "Oron said: 'We are sitting above the remains of a very old and wonderful race.' Then he and Loreda laid their hands on our heads—then went down—down—toward the boat, waving something to us. . . . I awoke and saw Motoo standing by the *syunas*."

Fulma was the first to speak. "Why, Feanka, I did ask Loredó what the emotion was. I saw his smile and felt his hand. How curious"

"Yes, it's awfully queer," said Tom, "for I heard Zoesy say, 'there are dear Oron and Loredó,' and all the rest of it. I wrote on a page I tore from the tablets. The most astounding—"

"A strange occurrence," interposed Ternal. "I told Oron about Wesna, and I remember what Loredó said about the beacon."

"I am surprised, Padu," said Zenia. "I, too, had the beatific vision. I can now feel dear Oron's kiss and hear his blessed words. I feel as though I had held Buella in my arms. I cannot call it strange, it may be unusual."

"Great mercy, Zene," cried Tom. "How queer you are! 'Not strange, may be unusual'—well, I should say so! What do you mean?"

"Simply this, dear, Oron and Loredó have been here. They came when we were in condition to receive them."

"Been here? In this old graveyard? Phew! Where am I?"

"Motoo, did you have any dreams?" Zenia asked quietly.

"No, Toomaena, I wish I had."

"I thought not," she said. "You were on watch between two and four."

"Great mercy!" cried Tom. "Let us pack up and get away from this haunted hole."

* * *

The river ran into a lake bounded, on the east, by a sterile, chalky plain that stretched far away. On this uninviting shore we debarked.

There being no material with which to build a cairn, Ternal asked Tom to make careful records. When my comrade opened his book, an expression came into his face that made me exclaim: "How now, dear boy; have you seen a ghost?"

"N—no, not exactly," he stammered, "but look here!"

A leaf had been torn from his book.

"Possibly a false entry," I suggested.

"Not much, Fean. The book was all right when we stopped at that cemetery."

"Don't let it trouble you, dearest," consoled Zenia. "Some day you will understand these things better."

Scattered clumps of vegetation and occa-

sional herds of antelopes and zebras were all that we saw during the two days' journey across this barren. The animals greatly interested our fair travelers and awakened their admiration. It was sometimes difficult for me to realize that from the hour we left Zoeia, everything had been new and strange to the girls. An entirely different world had opened to them.

Leaving this waste, we entered a well-watered park country, welcome to us, though our progress was slower and at times difficult owing to the make of the land and the thick undergrowth. Three days from the western boundary we came to the Mullala tribe, a hospitable people, and nearer in degree to the Baruti than any we had met.

Moto found a man who understood something of his language. Through him we learned that these people had never seen persons with white skins, but had occasionally met men lighter than themselves who came to trade for ivory. We conjectured that they had been visited by Arab caravans from the coast. "An encouraging thought," said Ternal.

We stayed with them several days during a rainy period. Fulma and Zenia won the hearts of the women and children, by our girls' inherent sweetness, I thought, but my skeptical chum attributed it to a liberal dispensation of bright scarfs and other attractive articles. I must admit that my comrade's insight usually was fairly clear.

When we left, my two gold pieces gave this folk "more joy than an angel's visit," he said.

From here our route became very laborious and tedious. In many places we were obliged to carry the boat considerable distances—we did well if we made a mile a day—but Ternal held the course true, and the cheerfulness of our good wives did not wane.

"It's fierce!" said Tom one afternoon, wiping his brow. "Worse than the night assaults at old Dinkelspiel's."

"Yes," I assented; "for we could rise superior to those, but from these torments there seems to be no escape."

He gazed at me. "That's worth all it has cost, old man, you are not as tired as you look."

Ternal had been silent for some time—the silence of fatigue. "Motoo," he said,

"go as far as you can within call, and try to find something better than this."

The stalwart young African was gone what seemed a long time, when we heard him shout. Jumping up, I saw him frantically beckoning to us. Termal and I started on a run and found him standing beside a broad trail stretching through the forest as far as we could see—a trail well worn, as though traveled by men and animals. If any one of my readers has ever been lost on a lone mountain at nightfall, and suddenly come upon an old wood road, he will appreciate my feelings.

"It resembles a caravan trail I saw years ago," said Termal. "If so, it leads to some place of importance."

Another hour, and the Amphibium was rolling eastward. A few miles further on the forest fell away, disclosing a narrow plain with hills beyond. Moto suddenly jumped up. "Oh, see!" he cried. "White houses! Arab village!"

On the hillside opposite glistened the oriental dwellings of the Ishmaelites. In the streets were gathered a motley crowd of human beings clad in the many-colored garments of the east. Now and then a white-robed chieftain, on gaily caparisoned steed, plunged down the hill and was lost on the plain, or a group of camels, with Ethiopian attendants, moved leisurely through the principal thoroughfare. Strains of barbaric music mingled with discordant cries.

"Tom, it suggests a circus!" I exclaimed.

"So it does, old schoolmate, with the real band wagon and the old-time drummer, on the back seat, yet to arrive. Make room for me, girls," he cried, going to the stern, "we are about to enter the town."

"Why, what strange sights!" exclaimed Fulma and Zenia. "What strange animals! Some half man and half—something else."

"Are they evil?" asked Zenia.

"Well, they are somewhat mixed quantities, my angel. The lower half has an unpleasant habit of occasionally extending its hind leg without previous notice, but it won't eat you, it is a strict vegetarian. The half and halves come apart at the right time. Watch them, Zene!"

"Why, Tooma! I never dreamed of such things."

"Probably not, my fair Zoeian. However, those combinations have figured in many a

maiden's dreams. What shall we do, Termal?"

"We must make a dash for it, Tooma, and await what comes."

* * *

Had the heavens opened and a non-descript car filled with human beings dropped into old Unyanyembe it would have caused no greater excitement. Crowds poured from the hills, from the streets and the houses. We were so quickly surrounded by eager faces we were speechless. The girls pressed close to Tom, who at last found his voice. He rose and exclaimed, in English:

"Well, friends and brothers, we have arrived."

The effect was unexpected. A tall, handsome Arab, richly dressed, sprang from the crowd and grasped Tom's hand.

"May Allah's blessing be with you," he said, in perfect English, waving back the throng.

"Your words are most welcome, my friend," I said. "We have not heard them thus spoken for nearly nine years."

"Nine years? Why, whence do you come?"

"From Central Africa, my brother."

"From the center of this continent thus equipped and bearing so fair a freight?" He bowed gallantly, then beckoned to an Arab boy and spoke a few words to him. "I am Ben Ali," he went on. "My father, Nouredin Ali, is a merchant of Zanzibar. Fortunately, I arrived yesterday by caravan to look after his interests, as is my custom every two years. You doubtless wonder at my familiarity with your language. I spent fifteen years in England. I am an Oxford man, but my father's great business demanded our united attention. I have sacrificed my ambition to my sense of filial duty."

I then presented him to each of our party, and gave him briefly our history, telling him our plans.

"Your story exceeds the wildest tale in the Arabian Nights," he said. "I would have more of it. And your beautiful wife—she, too, is a Zoeian?"

"By adoption, Ben Ali."

"Ah! their foster-child. The marvel deepens. Mr. Hatfield, let me assure you that every hospitality we can give is at your command."

The groups parted as a swarthy, venerable

man with flowing beard, dressed in full Arabic costume, approached.

"This is Sheik Nasib," said Ben Ali. "He comes to give you official welcome."

Then followed an interchange of courtesies and an epitome of our history by Ben Ali, during which the old Sheik's eyes roamed alternately from our faces to the Amphibium. He spoke a few words to Ben Ali, then raised his hand. The crowd disappeared as by magic, while a boy brought forward a beautiful white mare. The creature stood by our car while Ben Ali informed us that the Sheik had ordered a house to be prepared for our reception. Meantime, Zenia caressed the animal's glossy neck. She turned her head, looked at Zenia, and rubbed her nose against her arm.

The Sheik mounted. Tom nudged Fulma: "Now, you know the combination," he whispered.

"I will accompany you," said Ben Ali.

"Will you trust yourself on our strange craft?" I asked.

"Most willingly, it will be a novel experience."

"This is the highest place we can offer you," said Tom, pointing to his seat beside the girls.

"In the name of Allah," said Ben Ali, raising his fez, "one could not ask for a more exalted one."

He gracefully accepted the proffered seat, and we moved slowly up the street.

The house allotted to us had broad, cool verandas and stood in the midst of a garden filled with fruit and flowers. It was equipped with servants, food and everything essential to our comfort.

"The caravan now here," explained Ben Ali, "will break up, and detachments will go toward the interior for ivory, gums and native products for which we barter miscellaneous articles of English and American manufacture. Similar detachments, now out, will gather during the next month, consolidate into one body, and return to Zanzibar. I hope it will be your pleasure to rest and go with me. We will talk further of this tonight, if I may come to you. Meanwhile, I will arrange for the storage of your strange vehicle."

That evening Tom and I sat with Ben Ali until a late hour. We told him about Zoia and our life among its people. He

listened with rapt attention while he smoked fragrant cigarettes. At a pause, he took up the theme:

"The porphyry mountain," he said, "the hot lake, the marvelous recession, the isolation of a race deific in character and attainments, and here on this continent, unknown to the rest of the world. Why!" he exclaimed, rolling a fresh cigarette, "it is past the romancing of Rama Dvivedi, my classmate at Oxford—an odd, fascinating man of singular parentage. His mother was a high born English woman, and his father an East Indian Pundit, a deep read, mystical man. Some said he was a Mahatma. It was a strange union and a stranger offspring. The young man went back to India before his father died, and his mother subsequently married a Major Durand of the English army. He was killed in the Afghanistan campaign."

Tom was at "ready," but on signal from me resumed "attention."

"Did you ever see Major Durand's wife?" I asked nervously. "Did Rama ever speak of his mother?"

"No, I never met the Major's wife, but Dvivedi occasionally spoke of his mother. He said she was a remarkably handsome woman, with rare occult gifts. These he thought had much to do with his parents' union. Ah! the story you have told me seems like a dream that fades with the morning."

"And yet it has been a vivid reality for seven years," said Tom.

Ben Ali was silent for some moments, lost in thought as the aromatic smoke rolled upward, until the silvery chime of a clock on a cabinet near by roused him. "Have you ever thought," he asked, "it might be possible that this Arcadian island, by reason of its peculiar environment, and it may be from other causes, is rarely visible? It is incomprehensible that, under ordinary conditions, some trace of it should not have appeared in history."

"Something of the kind has occurred to me," I said. "Your suggestion is of absorbing interest to the speculative mind."

"I might frame a theory," he went on; "fanciful, perhaps, and not acceptable to the skeptic, but I am warned that the hour is late. So you are going back—I do not wonder. I should like to go with you."

"Why not?" we both asked. "You would not care to return," I said.

"Doubtless so," he said, "but the interval is too long. I could take you to the Pearl Cavern," he smiled.

"And this leads me to say, Ben Ali," I interposed, "that we are from a country without a currency; from a land where the word barter is unknown; hence, we have only gems and some pearls. It will become necessary for us to convert—"

"Yes, I understand," the genial Arabian anticipated; "you must again soil your fingers with the debasing essential of our daily life. I will go with you to a dealer in the morning. He will make you an offer, but if I press your arm, do not accept it. The evening stars are sinking westward," he said rising. "I must go."

On the veranda I handed him a *syuna*. "Move the little lever to the right," I directed. A beam of light swept round the garden and rested on a dense cluster of white lilies.

"It is astounding!" he exclaimed.

"It is Zoecian," I asserted.

"I can believe it, Mr. Hatfield!" He put out his hand. "Your coming is like the blessing of the new moon. Rest well; may Allah protect you! Good-night!"

While at breakfast, the Arab's elastic step sounded on the threshold. I met him in the hall. "Just in time, Ben Ali!" I said. "Join us."

"Thanks! I have already broken my fast. I will smoke and think, while you finish the coffee." I turned to go. "One moment Mr. Hatfield," he said, glancing along the hall. "I could not well say it before Mr. Selby. These Zoecians, while they are like us in some respects, are an entirely different race of beings. One can see it, dimly, in Mr. Selby's wife and her father. It is my opinion you have had an experience rarely accorded to mortals. Pardon me for detaining you."

As I came from the dining room I picked up two *kanjoots*. "Here is something more wonderful than the *syuna*," I said. "I will talk with our old Hungarian comrade in Zoecia, and you shall receive his answers."

"Talk with a man not less than eight hundred miles away? Why—Mr. Hatfield, are you—?"

"Crazy?" I assisted. "No, Ben Ali—Listen!"

"It is simply superhuman," he said, turning the instrument from end to end. "We must show these things to Sheik Nasib."

"Here are the pearls," I said, as Fulma brought them to me.

He examined them critically. "They are fine!" he said. "Let us go to the dealer. Remember my words!"

* * *

Abdul Hafizben, the Persian, after examining each pearl carefully, offered me the equivalent of three hundred pounds. Ben Ali pressed my arm. I declined. The Persian named three hundred and fifty. Again my arm was pressed.

"Hafizben—too much opium last night," said Ben Ali. "We may come again, when you are clearer."

We went to the storehouse and examined the Amphibium. Ben Ali showed great intelligence about the mechanism, and approved the name; but his wonder was expended on the people who had invented a vehicle capable of bringing us safely and expeditiously, by land and water, for a thousand miles. He made no further reference to the Persian until we were again on the veranda. Then, as he rolled and lighted a cigarette, he said:

"Hafizben's offer was wicked! Now if I may, I will offer you five hundred pounds for the pearls. I cannot take more than two hundred pounds from my funds, but I will pay you the balance at Zanzibar. Meanwhile, you will retain the pearls. Should anything happen en route, which Allah forbid, you will but require to state the matter to my father. They are worth somewhat more than I offer, Mr. Hatfield, but, you know, contingencies may arise."

"Say no more," I exclaimed. "We gladly accept your offer; and in token of our faith—here are the jewels."

He took them reluctantly. "It is not unusual," he said.

"And you would really go with us to the Pearl Cavern?" I asked.

"Certainly! I should organize a small caravan for the purpose, and would meet you at Bagamoyo. But seven years! Allah alone knows what may happen before then. We must give attention to the present. Doubtless, you and Mr. Selby are horse-

men, but the others should practice riding every day. I will provide suitable horses and *hygeens* (easy riding camels). Meantime, we must try to enjoy ourselves in this dull old town."

* * *

Thanks to the handsome Mohammedan, we had many interesting experiences; among others, one unique and appealing to the feminine mind—a visit from the women of the Sheik's harem, who came, the Sheik confided to Ben Ali, to see "the beautiful ladies from the strange land." They came at the evening hour, by the light of the new moon, dressed in silks of brightest dyes, glittering with ornaments, and redolent of eastern perfumes. Much to Selby's disgust, they were attended by a eunuch who requested the men to withdraw during the visit. From Fulma's description, I inferred it had been much like a group of persons visiting a collection of unnamed curios. She said: "I am very sorry, for something seemed to annoy them."

"Don't worry over it, little woman," advised Tom. "It was simply because they couldn't ask questions. However," he glanced at the remnants of our hospitality, "they made good use of their mouths."

"Tooma, dear, were all those women the Sheik's wives?" asked Zenia.

"Of course, Zoesy, in an oriental way."

"I did not suppose a man ever had more than one wife."

"In some countries, my dear, he can have as many as he can carry."

"Sheik Nasib must be very strong," she said thoughtfully. "Women are not so strong as men."

"Not as a rule, sweetheart, but I've known of several weak sisters, in my country, who carried quite a line of matrimonial goods."

"Fulma, do you understand what Tooma is talking about?" asked Zenia.

"No, my sister, nor do I wish to know."

Tom whistled.

I think that Fulma was Ben Ali's favorite pupil. The courtly, cultivated Arabian divined her wealth in those qualities which appeal to the genuine man. For the tall man who daily excited the wonder and admiration of the desert people, he formed a lasting friendship. When I told him that the average height of the Zocians considerably exceeded Termal's, he exclaimed: "In the name of Allah, Mr. Hatfield, what manner of beings are they?" As for Tom—Oh! Ben Ali liked him, as did everyone, everywhere. Zenia, as he expressed it, "though delightfully winsome, possesses an indefinable element of remoteness; a certain something I am unable to put into words."

Near the end of the month, the quiet of the town gave place to the bustle incident to the arrival of detachments from the interior and the organization of the caravan in charge of Soud ben Sayd.

The long journey from Unyanyembe to the coast is through a diversified country, and caravan life is full of incidents upon which it is needless for me to dwell, as they have been ably described by other writers, so ably as to render trespass on forbidden ground nearly unavoidable.

As we entered Usagara—ninety days from Unyanyembe—Ben Ali pointed to some glittering points on the distant horizon. "Yonder is the seacoast town of Bagamoyo," he said. "Those are the minarets on the mosques. There ends your journey on the African continent. Across the strait lies the island of Zanzibar."

When I lifted my little wife from the saddle in the old town by the sea, a great sense of relief came over me, but with it a sensation of nervous dread concerning those from whom I had received no tidings for more than eight years.

The next morning we crossed the straits to the city of Zanzibar, with its "glittering mosques, palace, white houses and forts," nestling in the Indian Ocean.

(To be continued)



The Story of Attorneys-at-Law

By CHARLES WINSLOW HALL

ONE of a series of articles descriptive of American professions, trades and avocations, giving a comprehensive revelation of the dignity of the life and work of the "American people," which will be followed by articles on Bakers, Blacksmiths, Druggists, Merchants, Grocers, Engineers and Dentists, and other trades and professions. These articles are the results of many years of research, and a wide range of reading and thorough investigation by the author, Mr. Charles Winslow Hall. There is a sentiment associated with all trades, professions and avocations, and if any of our readers have a suggestion to make in reference to the forthcoming articles, the editor will be glad to receive it from them, addressed to him personally. The first installment of this article appeared in the April issue.—EDITOR.



THE long period of semi-savagery which intervened between the fall of Latin civilization and the feudal renaissance of law and order is but dimly lighted by history. The Lombards were allowed by the King or judge to employ counsel when unable to plead their own cause, and some of the German tribes allowed litigants a like privilege. Charles Martel, the Charlemagne of traditional history, seems to have allowed the same privilege, although in certain charters he alludes to these advocates as *Clamatores* (Clamorers).

When Godfrey, Duke of Boulogne, was made King of Jerusalem, A. D. 1099, he ordered the compilation of a code of laws and practice, one for the High Court of which the King was chief judge and the other for the Bourgeois or Citizens' Court. In this advocates were not only allowed but commended. But long before this the Norse nations had possessed and prized counsellors learned in the law and advocates famed for their eloquence and skill in trying causes. The Kings of Sweden and Norway had "law men" who advised and not infrequently dissuaded them in personal and State action, and sometimes in the "things" or convocations of the people warned and even threatened them. These men also aided private litigants with advice and even with personal services when undeserved misfortune had fallen on deserving men. The old Sagas abound with interesting anecdotes, most of which are too long to be here inserted.

Iceland had a system of law, unwritten it is true, and for that reason entrusted to the memory of the "law men" of the Island. Their chief court at the Althing had its judges and advocates of distinction who not infrequently had to fight as well as plead for their clients. Owing to the fact that a slayer who openly proclaimed himself as such, could not be legally adjudged a murderer, except in cases of unusual treachery or greed, a fine or outlawry was usually imposed by the court on the survivors of the numerous feuds, whose man-slayings seemed least defensible. The "law men" in all Norse countries were given rich gifts of money and property by their clients.

From the earliest days of Gallic history, France has been a land of astute and eloquent advocates and this "Noblesse of the Robe" certainly rendered great service to the French kings and people. From its ranks were long drawn the magistrates of the parliament court and council of the ancient Kings, and the establishment of the Salic Law of 1317, which confined the kingly rule to the male line of succession forever, undoubtedly saved France from many misfortunes and was largely due to their efforts.

Even more beneficent was their fearless defiance of the arrogant demands of Pope Gregory VII, that the church, her property and clergy should in no degree be subject to taxation or to supervision by the civil or criminal law. The same Pope even addressed to his subordinates throughout Europe in his bull of excommunication

against Emperor Henry IV of Germany, the following remarkable utterances:

"Most Holy Fathers and Princes: let the whole world understand and know that if ye have power on earth to bind and to loose, ye have power also on earth to take away from, or grant to anyone according to his deserts, Empires, Kingdoms, principalities, dukedoms, marquises, earldoms and, in short, the possessions of all men."

Under Saint Louis, the best of the French Kings of that century, the French advocates, many of them clerics, answered the appeal of his council for aid with a spirited and able attack on this ultra-montane doctrine. In many things they anticipated the theses of Luther and other leaders of the Reformation and displayed a knowledge of Biblical exegesis and Catholic doctrine which awakened the secular clergy to resistance, and for the time no further effort was made to enlarge the temporal power of the Pope in France.

But later, in 1300, Pope Boniface VIII sent Bishop de Saisset of Pamiers into France to demand the recognition of papal supremacy to the Crown itself, on pain of excommunication and interdict. Philip the Fair arrested the delegate, and the Pope issued a series of bulls, one of which thus addressed the King:

"Boniface, Bishop, Servant of the servants of God, to Philip, King of the French:

"Fear the Lord and keep his commandments; we wish you to know that you are subject to us in spiritual things; that the collation to benefices and prebends does not belong to you in any manner, and that if you have the custody of livings while they are vacant it is only to preserve the fruits for the future incumbents.

"If you have bestowed any benefices, we declare your collation to be null, both in fact and law. We revoke everything that has taken place, and those who hold a contrary opinion are declared heretics."

One Pierre de Cugnieres was chosen to answer this document, and it seems impossible that such boldness could have been inspired in the zenith of the papal power and the fourteenth century. It ran as follows:

"Philip, by the Grace of God, King of the French, to Boniface, pretended Pope: Little or No Greeting.

"Let your Great Stupidity know, that we are not subject to any one in temporal matters; that the collation to vacant benefices

and sees belongs to us in right of our crown; that the revenues during each vacancy are ours; that the presentations which we have made and shall make are valid both for the past and future; that we will support to the utmost of our power those whom we have presented, and whom we shall present, and that those who hold a contrary opinion shall be deemed fools and idiots."

Up to the time of Philip the Fair, the "Royal Court" seems to have been the chief tribunal of the kingdom in which alone could tenants of the crown or appealed cases from the numerous inferior courts be heard, as this court attended on the person of the Sovereign in war and peace. In this reign was established (1302) "two parliaments" to be held at Paris every year beginning on the octaves of Easter and All-Saints, and to continue to sit for two months. There were four chambers; the Grand Chamber consisting of two prelates, two peers, thirteen clerks and thirteen barons; presided over by a premier president and two assistants. The members were called "Counsellors." The King himself presided in certain causes placed "on the King's list," as it was called, and this it appears was also done in England, but it was found best to delegate the King's power to judges and dispense with the royal presence.

So strictly were the French judges held to their duties and oaths of office that in 1348 Alain de Ourdey, one of the judges, having falsified some depositions taken before him, was hanged by the sentence of the parliament of which he had been an honored member. Other and like parliaments were established in the great provinces of France and all maintained the laws and justice of France until swept away by the French Revolution.

The French advocates were from an early date allowed to receive fees, although under Philip the Bold (1274) these were limited to thirty *Livres Tournois*. Among the duties of a French advocate in this period often occurred the necessity of claiming for and in the name of his client the "wager-of-battle," that is, a personal fight with his adversary. Hugh de Fabrefort, one of the most successful advocates of the fourteenth century, when challenging Aymerie de Dune-forth on behalf of Armand de Montaigne failed to clearly state that he only challenged

as the advocate and not as principal, and being taken at his word, barely escaped meeting in the lists a redoubtable antagonist.

It is refreshing to learn that in the fourteenth century, the advocates prided themselves on terseness and brevity in speech and pleading, but this laudable merit was short-lived, for in 1413 Charles VI felt compelled to issue an ordinance in which both excessive fees and undue prolixity were both forbidden "under pain of exemplary punishment." This excellent statute seems to have failed of its purpose, for Charles VII, in 1454, issued a like law against the same abuses. When the Papal see was removed to Avignon, in the early part of the fourteenth century, the Italian jurists who accompanied him were greatly sought after by French clerics who desired to perfect themselves in the law. Curious treatises were issued for this purpose, in which supposed causes were traced through all the phases of pleading and trial. The supposed parties were all biblical or religious worthies, and Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, Moses, Solomon, the prophets, the saints, and even the Virgin Mary, figured as officers, witnesses, advocates and parties to the suit. One treatise purported to be a record of "The Cause of Satan with the Holy Virgin, Jesus being Judge," and another was entitled, "Cause of Lucifer vs. Jesus, Solomon being judge." Later, when the laity began to pay more attention to the study of the law, which had previously been largely in the hands of ecclesiastics, more attractive titles were given to legal treatises. About 1500 Martial D'Auvergne published a law treatise entitled "Declarations, Proceedings and Decrees of Love, pronounced in the court and at the Bar of Cupid, in the case of Different Disputes, heard before that Magistrate." This was really a very learned text-book, illustrated by fictitious and amusing cases, among which appeared:

Fifth. Process between two lovers, wooing the same lady.

Eighteenth. Concerning a kiss taken by a lover *vi et armis* against which the lady appealed.

Twentieth. A suit brought by a lover against his mistress to compel her to remove a cage containing a quail, which kept up a continual calling whenever it saw him at the lady's door.

Under the Reign of Terror (1793) the whole legal fraternity was swept away. The unhappy Marie Antoinette was one of the last who was allowed counsel before the revolutionary tribunals, and the good old Malesherbes, who at seventy dared to conduct her defense, was himself guillotined within the year.

Napoleon at first vehemently refused to restore the profession to its ancient privileges, but in 1804 decreed its re-establishment "as one of the means most proper to maintain the probity, delicacy, disinterestedness, desire of conciliation, love of truth and justice, and enlightened zeal for the weak and the oppressed, which are the foundations of their profession."

ENGLISH LAW AND LAWYERS

IN England there were undoubtedly many advocates of the natural order: viz., those who as relative, master or superior pleaded for those unable to speak for themselves. In the *Witan* or general assembly of the Saxons; in the "things" held by the men of the *Dane-lagh*, or Northeastern England; in the Cymrian courts and assemblages of Wales, and the Danish ports, and native provinces of Celtic Ireland, the strong and wise undoubtedly threw the aegis of their influence and wisdom over the oppressed and innocent. In this service and in the art of conveyancing the churchmen of Great Britain shone pre-eminently long before the conquest and are said to have forged as well as conveyed.

But for centuries there were no paid attorneys in England, although the judges and law advisers of the king undoubtedly at times sold their favorable decisions to rich suitors and criminals. The theory of the English law was that the "king's justice" should not be swayed by the arguments of counsel, although his own counselors were to be consulted by him at his pleasure, or to consult with each other in exercising his delegated authority.

Edward I (about 1275-1300) first appointed King's counsel, then termed "sergeants-at-law" or "servants of the King," and the order thus created held special privileges and the sole right of practice in the Court of Common Pleas for nearly seven centuries. At first appointed to attend solely to the business of the crown, they were

by degrees allowed to act for parties in their private suits, the permission of the king or presiding judge being first asked and obtained. Gradually this special license became a right in all civil causes, although in the criminal courts counsel could only appear for the king, unless permission was given by the sovereign or his representative.

As in France, the "wager-of-battle" was invoked in civil causes. In 1571, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when the champions were to fight with clubs and targets at Tuthill, Westminster, in the presence of the justices of the court in their scarlet robes and coifs, and of the sergeants-at-law in full regalia, the court being duly opened, the plaintiffs were summoned, but did not appear. Then their champion, one Henry Nailor, a master of defence, in leather armor, and red sandals, bare-headed and bare-legged from the knee to the ankle, was led into the lists by Sir Jerome Bowes, Kt., carrying a red baton tipped with horn, and followed by a yeoman bearing a target of double leather; these, entering at the north end of the lists, marched half way down the eastern side, then coming straight across the lists made three solemn obeisances to the judges and took their places at the south side of the sixty-foot enclosure. George Thorne, the champion of the defendant, was brought in at the south side of the lists by Sir Henry Cheney, Kt., and after like obeisances took his place at the north side of the lists, and two sergeants-at-law (being of counsel of either party) took their places between them, whereupon the demandants (plaintiffs), being duly summoned, failed to appear. Sergeant Barham, for the defendant, prayed a non-suit, which was allowed and recorded, and the last wager-of-battle at Westminster, Common Pleas, ended without bloodshed, much to the regret of many spectators.

It was not until the reign of George III that the right of appeal to the wager-of-battle was finally abolished by statute.

It is said that the custom of wearing wigs in court arose from the fact that in England, as elsewhere, most of the early advocates were in holy orders and shaven monks, and when, in the reign of Henry III, it was provided that priests should not serve in the secular courts except in their own behalf, or for charity's sake, many wore wigs to conceal the tonsure, and so continued to practice.

In 1259 one William de Bussy, being charged with knavery and mal-practice, claimed exemption, as being in holy orders, and would have untied his coif to prove it, but was prevented and sent to prison.

Until after the great Civil War no counsel was allowed to persons on trial for treason and felony, and as nearly all crimes of any moment were felonious and punishable with death, the crowded assizes of those days, in which ignorant and helpless victims went to their doom unaided by counsel or advice, is a spectacle that even now fills the reader with horror. Only in case "*some point of law arose proper to be debated,*" and of this the judges only were to decide, could counsel speak for the prisoner. Thus the Duke of Norfolk, tried for high treason in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in vain alleged that the indictment containing a multitude of charges, some of which could not be treason, had been placed in his hands only fourteen hours before, and that without books or counsel he was compelled to defend himself.

So Colonel Lilburne, tried for treason because of certain books arraigning Cromwell's government, declared to his judges: "If you will not assign me counsel to advise and consult with, I am resolved to go no further, though I die for it, and my innocent blood be upon your hands." His judges would not yield even when he excepted to the matter and form of the indictment and asked that counsel be heard on these points, but the jury in spite of all acquitted him.

Sir Henry Vane, on trial for high treason in 1662, prayed that counsel be assigned him to argue the following matters of law: First, that the collective body of Parliament cannot be impeached for high treason; second, that no person acting by authority of Parliament, so long as its authority continues, can be guilty of high treason; third, that no such matter can afterward be called in question by an inferior tribunal; fourth, that a king *de jure*, being out of possession, cannot have treason committed against him, he not being a king *de facto*, and in possession. It is needless to say that his request was refused, and he died on the scaffold.

The rule appeared to be that only if (in the opinion of the judges) there arose a question of law, they could for their own satisfaction allow the defendant counsel. Thus at the trial of Lord Preston for high

treason in 1691, Chief Baron Atkins plainly said: "It is not the doubt of the prisoner, but the doubt of the court, that will occasion the assigning of counsel."

So obviously unjust was this practice, that even the brutal and merciless Jeffreys said: "I think it is a hard case that a man should have counsel to defend himself for a two-penny trespass, and his witnesses examined on oath, but if he steal, commit murder or felony, nay, high treason, where life, estate, honor and all are concerned, he shall neither have counsel, nor his witnesses examined upon oath. But yet you know as well as I that the practice of the law is so, and the practice is the law."

The chief reason assigned for the rule was that the court was counsel for the prisoner; but a prisoner to whom a judge had explained this theory, hearing him ask a witness a question tending to prove him guilty, exclaimed: "Ah! my lord, if you were my counsel you would not ask that question."

Of the value of such "counsel" to the petty thieves who went by thousands to English gallows, a few examples of the tender mercies of English judges may be of interest. It is related of Judge Buller that he always hung a man convicted of stealing a sheep, avowing as a reason that he had lost several sheep from his own flock. Justice Heath always gave a sentence of death in capital cases, however petty the crime, because he knew of no good secondary punishment. He said, "If you imprison at home, the criminal is soon thrown upon you again hardened in guilt. If you transport, you corrupt infant societies and sow the seed of atrocious crimes over the habitable globe. There is no regeneration for felons in this life, and so, for the sake of society, I think it is better to hang." Judge Buller, while holding court at Gloucester, asked a witness what part of the county he came from. "From Bitton, my Lord," he replied. Buller seemed surprised, but remarked: "You do seem to be of the Bitton breed, but I thought I had hung the whole of that parish long ago."

Under William III in 1695, a statute allowed counsel to persons accused of treason, and in 1747 certain forms of treason excepted by the former act were also provided for; but in trials for felony and counterfeiting a defendant was still denied counsel. Under

William IV this terrible abuse was swept away, and for the last century all men might be defended by counsel in the English courts.

English pleadings were long couched in a foreign tongue. From the time of William the Norman to Edward III (in 1362), all proceedings were in Norman French, but in the latter reign it was enacted that all causes "shall be pleaded, debated and judged in the English tongue, and shall be entered and enrolled in Latin." This provision was also changed under the Commonwealth so that all records were in English.

The restoration of the Stuarts in 1662 revived the Norman-French jargon of court and record, but finally in 1731 English courts procedure and English records were in the common tongue—slightly disguised by "Law French" and "Law Latin," terms now largely anglicized or obsolete.

Until a few years ago the average writer upon legal subjects expanded his treatise by quotations, marginal notes and appendices from the dead languages and defunct codes, to an extent which confused the reader, unless he was a past master in classical research.

The reason for this use of Norman French or "Law Latin" was thus stated by Coke: "It was not thought convenient to publish these or any of the statutes enacted in those days in the vulgar tongue, lest the unlearned by bare reading, without right understanding, might suck out errors, and trusting to their own conceit, might endanger themselves and sometimes fall into destruction." It does not appear to have occurred to the great jurist that thousands of his people must have found themselves guilty of breaking laws, which not one in a thousand could read for himself, and whose existence was only made known by the use of pillory and gallows.

The English attorney-at-law, being the recognized initiator of lawsuits (for the barrister, sergeant-at-law and solicitor seldom took such initiative) has always been an unpopular practitioner.

Daniel O'Connell had a favorite story of one Parsons, an Irish barrister, who hated the whole tribe of attorneys, and one day was approached in the lobby of the Four Courts by an attorney who was soliciting shilling subscriptions to pay the burial fee of an attorney who had died in poverty.

Parsons offered the gentleman a pound note. "O Mr. Parsons," said the applicant, "I do not want so much. I only ask a shilling from each contributor. I have limited myself to that, and cannot really take more."

"Oh, take it, take it," said Parsons blandly. "For God's sake, my good sir, take the pound, and while you are about it, bury twenty of them."

Foote, the humorist, was once buttonholed by a country gentleman who complained bitterly of the heavy cost of burying a relative who was an attorney.

"Why, do you bury attorneys here?" asked Foote gravely.

"Yes, to be sure, how else?"

"Oh, we never do that in London."

"No?" exclaimed the amazed squire. "How do you manage, then?"

"Why, when an attorney happens to die, we lay him out in a room by himself, throw open the windows, lock the door, and in the morning he is entirely off."

"Indeed! and what becomes of him?"

"Why, that we cannot exactly tell, not being acquainted with supernatural causes. All that we know of the matter is that there is a strong smell of brimstone in the room the next morning."

Lord Brougham once complained in Parliament of a letter threatening him with a combination of the attorneys and solicitors, who felt that some proposed bill would lessen their profits. He exclaimed: "Let them not lay the flattering unction to their souls that I can be prevented by a combination of all the attorneys in Christendom, or any apprehension of injury to myself, from endeavoring to make justice pure and cheap. . . . The question may be whether barristers or attorneys shall prevail, and I see no reason why barristers should not open their doors to clients without the intervention of attorneys and their bill of costs."

Even royalty in the reign of "good King George III" gave fresh life to this popular prejudice, when in 1803, at a great military review of twenty-seven thousand men of all arms, he saw the Temple Guard commanded by Lord Erskine, and splendidly uniformed and equipped. On being told by Erskine that "they are all lawyers, sire," King George replied in his nervous, eager way: "What! what! All lawyers? All lawyers? Call them 'The Devil's Own!' Call them 'The

Devil's Own!'" The name stuck to the corps, which was in a way revived during the volunteer movement of 1860, and was said to bear on its standard the legend "Retained for the Defence."

A great number of English jurists have distinguished themselves in military service either before or after they practiced law. Premising that there were no lawyers at practice previous to the fourteenth century and that most nobles and knights in feudal times were given power to "justify" and punish, we find that William Fitz Osborne, who commanded one of the three Norman divisions; Bishop Odo, whose iron mace slew savagely in the press of the conflict; Walter de Couil-land, William Fitz Warrenne, Robert, Earl of Morton, and Richard Fitz Gerald, who also distinguished themselves at the battle of Hastings, all became judges in after life.

Walter d'Esper commanded the irregular troops at the "Battle of the Standard" in 1138. Sir Francis Drake, Sir Richard Grenville, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Philip Sidney, Edmund Lord Littleton, Generals Lambert, John Hampden and Oliver St. John of Cromwell's army; Sir William Gray, who commanded a battery when Arnold and Montgomery besieged Quebec; Lord Erskine, commanding the first regiment of foot in 1775; Sir Henry Havelock, who crushed the Indian mutiny; General Stewart, who fell at Abu Klea, where Arabi's revolt met its Waterloo, and Sir Evelyn Wood, in our own day, were a few of the many "Noblesse of the Robe" who have served England as staunchly by land and sea, as they have vindicated her laws and sought justice in her courts.

ATTORNEYS IN AMERICA

IN Massachusetts for nearly a century there were no practicing lawyers, although Governors Winthrop and Bellingham were both bred to the law, and acted as judges. Paul Dudley is said to have been first in active practice in Boston, July, 1745; Timothy Ruggles of Sandwich, Massachusetts, was a lawyer, in 1742, and there were probably others.

Thomas Morton of Furnival's Inn appears to have been an English barrister, but his practice as "Master of the Revels" at Merry Mount, near Quincy, 1625-1628, was not appreciated by the Pilgrims of Plymouth,

who demurred by sending Miles Standish and his men-at-arms to oust him from his jurisdiction. He returned to England, came back to Massachusetts in 1643, was arrested, fined and imprisoned, and on his release went to Agamenticus (now York), Maine, where he died in 1646.

As Maine eventually became a part of the Massachusetts colony, it may be said here that Sir Ferdinando Gorges by his deputy, Captain William Gorges, established the first court at Saco, March 21, 1636. Of the seven commissioners, Purchase of Brunswick, Bonython and Lewis of Saco, Cammock and Henry Josselyn of Scarboro, and Godfrey of York, several are notable names in the early Indian troubles of Maine. Later (September 2, 1639), under a charter, the court reorganized with Commissioners Vines, Champernoun, Josselyn, Bonython, Hooke and Godfrey. Sir Thomas Josselyn, who refused the office of deputy-governor and president of the court, was succeeded by Thomas Gorges, an English barrister, the only one recorded in the annals of Maine for a century, with the exception of Thomas Morton of Merry Mount. The procedure of this court seems to have initiated in America the revolt against the conventional and complicated practice of the English courts.

The summons in civil process ran:

"To our well-beloved A—— Greeting.

"These are to will and command you to come and appear before us in this court established in Mayne, upon the —— day of ——. To answer to us upon the complaynte of——.

"Given under our hands and seals."

The declaration setting forth the claim of the plaintiff and the other pleadings were equally direct and simple.

At the first session, June 25, 1640, there were eighteen civil and nine criminal cases.

The great civil war in England put an end to the projects of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, who, like most of the early settlers of Maine, stood up sturdily for Church and King. He devoted himself to the Stuart cause and died in 1647 in the height of the struggle.

The Massachusetts colony assumed jurisdiction in Western Maine, which was generally acquiesced in 1652-55.

After the restoration, the grandson of Gorges tried to recover his heritage, but

failed, and the legal history of Maine for many years merged in that of Massachusetts, which in 1692 was given control of the Maine country by William and Mary.

There was no Supreme Court until 1692, all special cases and appeals being tried by the General Court, which, at first a single body, was later divided on account of the memorable suit against Keayne for the illegal appropriation of a pig. This higher court for many years considered the decalogue and "The Law of Moses" far weightier precedents than the dicta of the common law or the decisions at Westminster.

In 1639, the first Probate Courts were established in Massachusetts, and the Registry of Deeds in 1641. The charter of 1691 gave probate jurisdiction to the governor.

In the eighteenth century the practice and procedure in Massachusetts grew more and more like that of the English courts. The judges wore robes, black in summer and scarlet in winter, and wigs after the English custom, fashions which still linger in the robes worn by the Supreme Court judges at Washington; the last judicial wig in America disappeared with William Cushing, who commenced practice at Pownalboro, Maine, on the Kennebec in 1761, and was one of the judges of the Supreme Court from 1784 to 1810.

There were only eight lawyers in Boston in 1763.

Of these Mr. Thatcher died in 1765, Jonathan Gridley in 1767, James Otis, incapacitated for business by a brutal assault by a loyalist official in 1771, fought at Bunker Hill in 1775, and was killed by lightning in 1783. John Adams alone remained in practice in Boston at the close of the Revolution.

Like thousands of American attorneys since that day they were pioneers in every sense of the word. James Otis, Jonathan Sewall, Jeremiah Gridley, and John Adams not only "rode the circuit" in Massachusetts, but followed the judges through the wilds of Maine, where they were met with drum and fife; cannons were fired from the blockhouses to warn the outlying settlers that court was in session, and the daily opening of court was announced by peals of bells and ruffle of drum. John Adams has recorded that on his first attendance at court in what is now Dresden, Maine, he followed "blazed" forest trees from Brunswick to the river ferry, and crossing was

guided in the same way through the woods to the village.

There was a great deal of hospitality exhibited in those days, and the tavern was usually the scene of a nightly gathering of the bar, whose members, with much smoking and drinking of "flip" and "punch" kept up a fire of fun and merriment late into the night. Mock courts were held at which lawyers and officers of the court were tried for alleged offences, and fined so many pipes of tobacco or mugs of "flip." For instance, Noah Emery, who called the sheriff "a fool" was fined a pipeful of tobacco, and the sheriff for being a fool, a mug of flip, which both proceeded to enjoy at peace with each other.

Similar meetings of the bar in Boston were instituted at the suggestion of John Adams in 1750, and these added much to the good feeling and often strong friendship existing between the members.

A very strong liking existed between John Adams and Jonathan Sewall, who in 1774, at Portland, Maine, had a long talk over the evidently approaching rupture with Great Britain, as they walked on Marjory's Hill and surveyed the harbor. Neither could persuade the other, and they parted never to meet again, until in 1788 Adams, then Ambassador of the United States of America at St. James, met Sewall in England. Sewall never returned to Boston, but settled at Halifax, Nova Scotia, where he died in 1796, aged sixty-two years.

Although there were few practicing lawyers, the people of New England were remarkably conversant with the laws under which they lived and their rights under them. So conversant were they with their rights under the laws that Burke said in his "March speech" in 1777:

"In no country perhaps in the world is the law so general a study. The profession itself is numerous and powerful, and in most provinces it takes the lead. The greater number of the deputies sent to Congress were lawyers."

Twenty-four of the fifty-two signers of the Declaration of Independence, and thirty of the fifty-five framers of the Constitution, were lawyers, and so were about two-thirds of all the Presidents and Representatives in Congress.

The failure of either New York or Massachusetts to ratify the Constitution would have

ensured its defeat. In New York there was a strong opposition overcome by John Jay, Alexander Hamilton and Chancellor Livingston. In Virginia Patrick Henry and James Munroe thundered against it, but were overcome by John Marshall, Madison and Wythe. In Massachusetts Samuel Adams and John Hancock opposed it, to be defeated by Fisher Ames, Theophilus Parsons, and Rufus King.

But it would be an endless task to portray the character and achievements of the great American lawyers, and it only remains to call attention to the fact that wherever a state has been founded the American lawyer has always been a factor in its settlement and development.

Judge Charles E. Flandreau of Minnesota records that he once travelled on snowshoes from St. Paul to Winona, one hundred and fifty miles, to try a lawsuit, and returned the same way. His fee was forty acres of land or twenty dollars, at his option. He took the money, but the land is now a part of the city of Mankato and probably worth over a quarter of a million dollars. At another time he paddled a canoe one hundred and twenty miles, sold the canoe for three dollars and walked back across country one hundred miles. His fellow-citizens will long remember how in 1862 at the head of some rangers and the townsmen of New Ulm, he defeated on two successive days the attacks of Little Crow, and some hundreds of Sioux warriors, or how he saved from a fate worse than death two white women, spared from the Spirit Lake massacre to be carried away to the villages beyond the Missouri.

Edward D. Baker, born in England, raised in Philadelphia, and a major in the Black Hawk War, became a Representative from Illinois to Congress, but gave up his seat to fight under Taylor at Cerro Gordo as Colonel of the Fourth Illinois. In 1849 Illinois sent him a second time to Washington, but his heart longed for command and action, and in 1851 he was superintendent of construction of the Panama railroad. That completed he went to California, and after some years of law and politics removed to Oregon and was elected United States Senator in 1860. In the stormy scenes in the Senate attending the initiation of secession he made some powerful and eloquent speeches, but in 1861 he resigned his seat, and as a colonel

of volunteers (commissioned Major-General after his death) fell at the head of his regiment, October 21, 1861, at Ball's Bluff, his first battle.

General William Walker, "the gray-eyed Man of Destiny," a Virginian by birth, undersized, quiet, self-possessed, gentle in speech and quiet in demeanor, also practiced law in California. His great ambition was to establish Anglo-Saxon rule on the Isthmus, and in Nicaragua had conquered the land and the hearts of the people. In an evil hour he came in conflict with the Vanderbilt interests, having, it is said, promised to the Morgan ring certain concessions secured by Vanderbilt. He was driven out of Nicaragua by American rifles and sailors of the Vanderbilt line. In Honduras he surrendered to a British force on promise of fair quarter, and was turned over to the Honduras troops, who shot him.

Two more California lawyers turned from the law and politics to the then popular pursuit of filibustering, which, despite a too general opinion in the Northern states, was by no means wholly due to a desire to extend slave territory. The ease with which Spanish and Mexican rule were overthrown in California, the ignorance and peonage of the masses, and the almost utter failure to exploit the resources of their vast territory, or even to keep in check the brigands who levied blackmail, and the Indians who made regular periodical raids into northern Mexico, inspired adventurous men not only with a desire for riches and power, but with a belief that they could establish on the ashes of a dying Castilian civilization a greater and freer state of the American Union, or perhaps an United Empire from the Isthmus to the Rio Grande.

Henry A. Crabbe, a Tennessean, practicing law at Stockton, and State Senator McCoun, a Kentuckian of the Contra Costa County bar, entered Sonora in 1857 with a few hundred followers, expecting to be joined by Mexican revolutionists. They were attacked by greatly superior numbers, and defended themselves in a church, the roof of which was finally fired by fire-arrows. Compelled to surrender, they were all stationed in lines in front of open graves and shot in the back. McCoun at the word "fire" turned quickly and received the bullets in his breast. Crabbe, it is said, was not shot. Having married a

Mexican lady, he was allowed to write her a letter of farewell, and was then beheaded.

Bret Harte's deliciously portrayed "Colonel Starbottle," the Southern-born attorney, who was always "personally responsible, suh," was by no means an utter caricature of the fire-eating attorneys of the "days of forty-nine." Even South Carolina, whose John Lyde Nelson (1784-1849) is the only legal authority on "The Code of Honor," of which I have knowledge, or Louisiana, whose annals abound in personal rencontres, could scarcely afford more interesting stories of professional and political enmities, settled by the "wager-of-battle."

Judge Stephen J. Field, a son of Rev. David D. Field, of Haddam, Connecticut, a brother of David B. Field, the great New York barrister; of Cyrus W. Field, the promoter of the first ocean-telegraph cable; of Hon. Jonathan Field, once president of the Massachusetts Senate; Stephen Johnson Field, the jurist, and of the Rev. Henry Martyn Field, editor of the New York *Evangelist*, went to California in 1849, and found himself in San Francisco on the first day of October, with just three dollars in his pocket. By a succession of fortuitous circumstances and bold strokes for fortune, he secured support and assured position in Marysville, had become alcalde and justice of the peace, and made many thousands of dollars in the "boom" period on Marysville town lots.

Unfortunately Judge William R. Turner, appointed in 1850 to the eighth judicial district, took a very great dislike to Mr. Field, and at the first opportunity in court denied a motion made by Field's associate counsel, refused to hear or consider a decision bearing on the question, and when Field said that he excepted and would appeal on that point of law, fined him two hundred dollars for contempt of court. This fine was raised to three hundred, four hundred and five hundred dollars, in a few moments, and an order for Field's imprisonment added. On the next day Judge Turner expelled Field from the bar, and threatened later to publicly insult him and shoot him if he resented it. This feud existed until Judge Field was on the Supreme Court Bench.

Judge William T. Barbour, having been asked to explain some very bitter expressions, verbally invited Field to settle the matter "in the usual way among gentlemen."

Barbour chose a room twenty feet square in which the duellists, armed with revolvers and bowie-knives, were to stand opposite each other and at the word to turn, fire while advancing, and finish the conflict with knives. Judge Mott, Field's second, objected to these conditions as unusual and barbarous, but as Judge Barbour insisted, Judge Field told Judge Mott to accept them.

Then Judge Barbour said he would "waive" the bowies, and later sent word that it would not do to fight in the room as the firing would attract a crowd. So it was arranged that Judge Barbour was to take one of the Sacramento stages at Marysville, and get out at a retired spot which Judge Field was to reach by a private conveyance. Judge Field waited for the stage. The first one stopped, but there was no one inside. The second contained Judge Barbour and his second, Fairfax. Barbour exclaimed that "as a judicial officer he could not fight a duel, but if assailed would kill the assailant," and leaving Fairfax walked to the empty stage and went on to Sacramento. Judge Field invited Fairfax to breakfast with him near by, and all returned to Marysville.

Some sharp squibs in the Marysville paper naturally resulted. Barbour demanded the name of the author, and Judge Field told the editor to give his name. Judge Barbour one day came behind Judge Field and holding a cocked revolver to his head cried, "Draw and defend yourself." Field replied, "You infernal scoundrel, you cowardly assassin! You come behind my back and push your revolver to my head and tell me to draw! You haven't the courage to shoot. Shoot and be d——d!" Barbour put up his pistol and walked away.

B. F. Moore, state representative from Tuolumne County, in answering Judge Field's motion for the impeachment of Judge Turner, drew two revolvers, cocked and laid them in an open drawer of his desk, and in a most savage and abusive reply, declared that he was "responsible for what he said there or elsewhere." Field sent a challenge to Moore by State Senator David C. Broderick. Moore finally concluded to fight a duel. He then reconsidered and refused the challenge through his friend, Drury R. Baldwin. Then Broderick told Baldwin that Field would the next day recapitulate in the legislature what Moore had said and his declarations

that he was personally responsible, and that, while Judge Field's respect for the dignity of the House had prevented a fitting reply, he had demanded satisfaction of Moore, who had refused to respond, and would denounce him as a liar and a coward.

"Then Judge Field will get shot in his seat," said Baldwin hotly.

"In that case there will be others shot, too," replied Broderick.

Broderick told Field, and asked: "Will you act as you said you would?"

"Most certainly, never fear for me," was the reply.

When the House opened, Field was at his desk. Near him sat Broderick with eight or nine other gentlemen, armed and ready for hostilities. The House was still as death while the journal was being read. Then Field and Moore both rose and addressed the speaker, who recognized Mr. Moore, and Field took his seat. Mr. Moore read a written apology, and the incident was closed.

Later, Field was taking a glass of wine with Broderick in the old Union Hotel, San Francisco, when Broderick suddenly sprang in front of Field and pushed him into another room, probably saving his life. Vicessimus Turner, a brother of Judge Turner, had recognized Field, and throwing back his Spanish cloak, levelled a revolver at him, but at Broderick's prompt intervention put up his weapon and walked away.

Later at Washington Judge Field received a small infernal machine. He suspected from the appearance of the contents, when partially opened, that all was not right, and escaped injury, if not death. Slips from a newspaper formed all the directions, and the author was never discovered.

Judge Field, who had spent two years on the bench with Judge David S. Terry, who killed United States Senator David C. Broderick in a duel September 13, 1859, always regretted that he was absent from the state, as he felt that he might have reconciled the parties. It may be doubted that he had much influence with Terry, who later came to his own death at the hands of a bodyguardsman who was in attendance on Judge Field to protect him from Judge Terry.

David S. Terry, born in Todd county, Kentucky, March 8, 1823, was left an orphan when only thirteen years old, and served

under General Houston at the battle of San Jacinto, where Santa Anna was defeated and made prisoner.

Admitted to the Texan bar, he left it to fight at Monterey in 1846, and in 1849 led a company of Texans across the plains to California, having two sharp Indian fights in which he lost only one man, while the Indians suffered heavily.

He began the practice of law at Stockton, but in 1855 was elected a justice of the Supreme Court, and in 1857 was made Chief Justice.

In 1856 he was strongly opposed to the great vigilance committee in San Francisco. The committee wanted one Reuben Maloney as witness, who refused to testify before it, and S. A. Hopkins, Vigilance Sergeant, with two men were sent to arrest the witness. They found Maloney in a room with Judge Terry and another man. Terry told them they could not make the arrest in his presence. Hopkins made his report and was sent back with reinforcements, but met Terry and other armed men on the street escorting Maloney to the State army.

The arrest being resisted, Hopkins seized Judge Terry's gun and was stabbed with a bowie knife in the neck. Judge Terry was overpowered, disarmed, and was incarcerated in the vigilance committee's headquarters, "Fort Gunnybags," for seven weeks, being confined in a special cell or cage made by Winslow Hall, an uncle of the writer.

Hopkins recovered, which saved Terry's life, although many advocated his immediate execution on general principles.

In 1859 the California democracy split absolutely in two, Broderick leading the Douglas wing, and Terry supporting Buchanan's leadership. Terry made a bitter speech at Sacramento, calling the opposing wing of the Democracy "a miserable remnant of a faction, sailing under false colors. . . the followers of one man—the personal chattels of a single individual, whom they are ashamed of. They belong body and soul to David C. Broderick, etc."

Broderick, as he read the report of this speech at the breakfast table of his hotel, remarked "that he had considered and spoken of Judge Terry as the only honest judge on the Supreme Bench, but he took it back."

Perley, a former law partner of, Terry,

was at the table and told Broderick that he "should hold him accountable," and sent him a challenge. Broderick said he could not, at that time, afford to violate the state laws and constitution, and intimated that a challenge must come "from a gentleman holding a position equally elevated and responsible," and even then after the close of "the pendency of the present canvass."

After the election, Terry resigned his judgeship and demanded a retraction. Broderick wrote the words as he remembered them and added that Judge Terry could decide whether the words were offensive. Judge Terry at once sent a challenge through his friend, Colonel Calhoun Benham, which was accepted, and the parties met near Lake Merced, September 13, 1859. Senator Broderick fell at the first fire, mortally wounded.

In 1862 Judge Terry went through Mexico to the Confederacy, joined the army, serving first on the staff of General Bragg, and later became colonel of a Texan regiment, rising to the command of a brigade. His discipline was rigid and his courage indisputable.

At the close of the war he went to Mexico, and refusing a high military command under Maximilian, devoted himself to raising cotton. In 1870 he returned to Stockton and soon had a large and lucrative practice.

On January 7, 1886, Judge Terry married his second wife, Mrs. Sharon, for whom he had been counsel in the celebrated case of Sharon vs. Sharon. Mrs. Sharon won, but the case was appealed, to be closed by the death of Mr. Sharon, November 13, 1885.

His tragical death at the hands of the body-guard of his old associate, Judge Field, closed a life of more than unusual adventure and absorbing interest.

Judge Child of the Supreme Court of Mississippi in 1830 was a curious character, below the middle height, long bodied, short legged, drank heavily, loved hunting, believed in the code, and was overbearing and rude in manner. Having a quarrel with General Joor, they fought it out without seconds, armed and accoutred as each chose. Child came accompanied by his mulatto body servant, who drove a vehicle loaded with weapons of various kinds, which with remarkable *sang froid* he handed to his master as the exigencies of the combat seemed to demand. Both were severely, but neither mortally, wounded.

THE SUMMER BOARDER INDUSTRY

By THOMAS F. ANDERSON

WITH all this prevalent discussion about the renaissance of New England agriculture—the development of its long-neglected apple culture, the stimulation of sheep-raising, etc.—we are apt to lose sight of an even more important rural industry, that of the entertaining of summer boarders.

The summer vacationist, in the aggregate, is an annual "crop" whose value is never impaired by weather, business conditions or cost of living. People simply will have vacations, even though at home they refuse to indulge in potatoes, eggs or honey.

Go up and down through this fascinating section of our continent we call New England, and you will find scattered throughout its six commonwealths thousands of farms upon which their owners, if they willed, could annually raise a midsummer crop of humanity that would add millions of dollars to their collective bank accounts.

To be sure, there are hundreds of our farmers who are reaping a goodly harvest of "made" dollars from this source every year, especially in New Hampshire, but there are hundreds of others equally qualified to share in this lucrative business, who have as yet given no serious thought to the idea.

It is a curious fact that some of the very best of our city people—men with good incomes and women with social position—prefer to spend their summer vacations on a farm, rather than at the fashionable hotel they could well afford to patronize, if they can only find the right sort of farm. Indeed, the "back to the farm" movement has a broader significance than many realize.

These people like the quietude of farm life, the absence of convention, the plain but good food, the close association with nature they can enjoy in every waking hour, and the naturalness and sincerity

of the social life in which they for the moment move and have their being.

All they ask in the way of accommodations is the best that the farmer and his wife would give their "company," the only difference being that they are willing to pay a fair price for what they get, whereas "company" is never an immediate dividend-paying proposition in country or in city.

From the viewpoint of the farmer, there are several important factors entering into this proposition of "taking summer boarders," most of them of a favorable kind. The financial factor is a self-evident one, for it is obvious that if the agriculturist can keep his house filled with paying guests for a couple of months every summer without adding materially to his "operating expenses," there must be a respectable money balance in his favor at the end of the vacation season; and the average New England farmer, not being as affluent as his automobile-owning, mortgage-free contemporary of the West, is usually very glad to get hold of a few extra dollars in any legitimate way.

To the farm owner with a mortgage hanging over his head, like a threatening thunder cloud, this source of extra annual income is frequently a veritable godsend. New England farmers have been taking summer boarders on a more or less extensive scale for more than a quarter of a century back, and if the entire story of what has been accomplished by them through the utilization of this extra source of income could be told, it would make most remarkable reading.

There comes to mind one case in particular, where, in the last ten or twelve years, a mortgage debt of no inconsiderable size has been lifted from the farm property of a New Hampshire widow, her son sent through college and important repairs and additions made to the farm

house and its outbuildings, simply because she was enterprising enough to throw her comfortable home open to summer guests; and the manner in which she received the hint from a visiting Boston business man was quite accidental, at that.

Instances like this could be multiplied many times; and what has already happened along this line can easily be duplicated in every town and village in New England.

There are other elements beside the more sordid one of money-making that enter into this question also. The enlightening and uplifting contact of country boy and girl with the more traveled and cultured "city folks" who form this great and increasing army of "summer boarders" is one of the most important benefits that follow this custom.

While the elders in the farm home may be too old-fashioned and "set" in their ways to be receptive to new ideas, there are few of them who do not want their children to get all the Twentieth Century education and "polish" possible; and nothing so quickly tends to impart that polish, to smooth the rough corners or stimulate the latent ambition of the youthful native as this daily association with the visitors from the metropolis. Each one of these has something to give his country neighbor, covering the entire range of

travel, business, industry, music, literature and general education. And certainly, this visitation of the wide horizoned city folks is an exceedingly pleasant break in the humdrum existence of the farmer's wife, even though it adds a little to her daily labors.

This latter day invasion of the "summer boarder" in our New England country districts, indeed, has had a wonderfully energizing influence in many directions. It has increased the summer social life of the community and made it better worth while; it has stimulated better methods of cooking and housekeeping, and brought improvements in sanitation and various other benefits in its train. Even the religious life of communities has felt its stimulus.

There is "good money" in the summer boarder as well as a lot of other things the average New England rural community needs. It is a marvel that in a thrifty community like ours more farmers do not take advantage of the opportunity. It is estimated that the great army of vacationists that yearly invades New England's mountains, seashores and farming country leave between \$50,000,000 and \$60,000,000 ere they depart. The farmers are not getting as large a proportion of this vast sum as they ought to receive. They can have more of it if they want it.

WORK THOU FOR PLEASURE

FROM THE BOOK "HEART THROBS"

Work thou for pleasure; paint or sing or carve
The thing thou lovest, though the body starve.
Who works for glory misses oft the goal;
Who works for money coins his very soul.
Work for work's sake then, and it well may be
That these things shall be added unto thee.

—Kenyon Cox.



GEMS from "H. M. S. Pinafore," that famous little Gilbert and Sullivan opera whose music has been sung and whistled the country over, will meet with more enthusiasm, perhaps, than any record which the Victor people have offered for some time. With "We Sail the Ocean Blue," "A Maiden Fair to See," "I Am the Monarch of the Sea," "I'm Called Little Buttercup," "Captain of the Pinafore" and "His Foot Should Stamp," the Victor Light Opera Company presents a medley which cannot fail to meet with public appreciation.

From the operas of the day "The Stepping Stones" from "The Belle of Brittany" and "Ring o' Roses" from "The Dollar Princess" are charmingly sung as duets by Miss Lucy Marsh and Harry McDonough.

The success of the past month's Bayes-Norworth records assures an equally enthusiastic reception for "Young America," sung by Miss Bayes, and "Come Along, My Mandy," by Miss Bayes and her husband. "We parted on the Shore" and "Killiecrankie" are sung by Harry Lauder in his own inimitable style.

A pleasing deviation from North Pole gossip comes in the record "A Dash for the South Pole," in which Sir Ernest Shackleton tells a modest but interesting story of his journey over the Antarctic ice fields. The number has an educational as well as an entertaining value.

Strauss's "Voice of Spring Waltz," called one of the best compositions ever written by the "Waltz King," is rendered with variations by Alfred Grunfeld, the well-known German pianist. Three new

Caruso records appear on the June list. Two are from "Germania," the third the duel trio from "Faust," in which Scotti and Journet take parts.

There are three new McCormack records, "I Hear You Calling Me," the Flower Song from "Carmen" and the "Salve, dimora" from "Faust." The leading women singers of Grand Opera are represented in records by Mmes. Homer, Gadski and Farrar. A novelty in Red Seal records comes with the Elman violin reproductions.

* * *

The Columbia list for June announces two very stirring military marches played by Prince's Band. The recording of one of these, the "Colt's Armory March," was made in the laboratory before the music was issued to the public. It is sure to prove popular and is rivalled only by the selection on the reverse side of the record, "Old Number One March," written by the leader of Prince's Band.

The usual Collins & Harlan success is "Underneath the Monkey Moon," a new jungle ditty by Meyer & Drislane, composers of many other successful songs of this character. On the reverse side of the record is the old college song, "The Bulldog," sung by the Columbia Quartet. It is surprising that this famous old selection has not been given place among the musical records, for its popularity makes it sung in every college in the country.

Favorite selections from two recent successful light operas, "Bright Eyes" and "The Arcadians," furnish an interesting record of copyrighted popular music.

In humorous and light material for the

month is a coon song of originality and interest, "You'll Come Back," sung by Miss Elida Morris, new to the Columbia ranks.

Raymond Hitchcock, the versatile humorist, has contributed another of his popular songs, "So What's the Use?" which promises to equal in popularity his record issued last month. George Lashwood, another well-known vaudeville artist, has contributed a new song, "Send for a Policeman." These two well-known entertainers are assisted by another artist under exclusive contract with the Columbia Company, Miss Kitty Cheatham, whose success has been achieved by the interpretation of children's songs, etc.

The two and four-minute indestructible lists are as usual replete with good numbers.

The Grand Opera selection for the month is by Mme. Lina Cavalieri, the well-known Manhattan Opera House singer, who sings a selection from "La Boheme" and one from "Mefistofele."

* * *

The importance of the Edison Grand Opera records is growing each month, and anticipating the pleasure afforded by this kind of music, the Edison people have given an especially good list in their June catalog. One of the most expressive of these is by Ernesto Caronna, who sings "Eri tu," from "Ballo in Maschera," by Verdi. Another conspicuous success from the same composer is "Preghiera di Fiesco" from "Simon Boccanegra," sung in the effective bass of Luigi Lucenti. Marguerita Sylva, soprano, renders the "Ballatella," well known as the bird song,

from "Pagliacci," and her trilling is exceptionally well recorded.

Carmen Melis, soprano, has contributed an effective number from "Zaza," being the story of the sacrifice of love and happiness for another. A Massenet selection is sung by Luigi Cilla, tenor.

Some exceptionally good comic numbers are given on the Edison list for June. Billy Murray in "What's the Matter with Father," Murray K. Hill in "Don't Go Up in That Big Balloon, Dad," Marie Dressler in "I'm Looking For a Angel," Sophia Tucker in "My Husband's in the City," and Billy Murray and chorus in "Casey Jones," represent a collection of the best comic artists and most popular "funny" songs of the day.

"My Hero," the song success of the "Chocolate Soldier," Strauss's Opera Bouffe, which is having a long run in New York City, is sung by a new Edison singer, Miss Marie Florence. Ada Jones is at her best in affecting the slight brogue and emotions called for in "When He Sings the Songs My Mother Sang to Me," and Len Spencer and Billy Murray in "Two Gentlemen from Ireland" present an original and unpublished sketch of Irish wit and humor.

Edison owners who have not already one of the "Annie Laurie" records will be interested in Mr. Roxy P. La Rocca's harp solo. "Larboard Watch," Williams' famous old sea song, is sung by Stanley and Gillette, and W. H. Thompson's rendition of "Forgotten" forms the third of the "old songs" offered for the month.



Brain vs. Buncombe in Traction Companies

A Story of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company

By W. C. JENKINS

BROOKLYN, New York, is known as the city of churches. Whether there has been more religious enthusiasm in Brooklyn than in most American cities is perhaps open to argument; but certain it is that the street railway company of Brooklyn, in bygone days, excited more profanity than any similar corporation in the world; and the argument might be advanced that the unusual number of churches in Brooklyn was a result that had its inception in a desire to counteract the effect of this profanity. Indeed, it would seem that at a certain period while one half of the people of Brooklyn were engaged in devotional exercises the other half were strenuously damning the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company.

It is perhaps no exaggeration to state that much of this blasphemy was uncalled for; yet there were sufficient grounds for complaint, so that the little flame of discontent was fanned into a formidable conflagration. Everybody seemed to find solace in blaming the Rapid Transit Company for every known difficulty or trouble that arose. If taxes were high, it was caused by the supposition that the railway company had inveigled the politicians into making unnecessary street improvements; or perhaps it had shirked its own share of the taxes. If one political party was successful in gaining control of the municipal government the other parties attributed their defeat to the lavish use of money supplied to their opponents from the coffers of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company.

The condition of affairs in Brooklyn can hardly be classed as one of the many mental epidemics that has at various times taken possession of the people of a municipality because, as a matter of

fact, the affairs of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company were in a condition that was calculated to invite criticism and animosity. In those days the Rapid Transit Company was a typical soulless corporation—an institution controlled by men who clung to the theory that people hate the corporations anyway, and that it is impossible to please. The officials of the company had acquired "vested rights" and behind the shield which the law had provided they laughed while the people kicked. They had more interest in watching the ticker in their office which told of the daily battle of stocks and bonds than in those requirements which ensured safety and comfort to the people who patronized their road; and so after a continued era of incompetence and indifference it is perhaps no wonder that revolt on the part of the people against the Rapid Transit Company was imminent.

There are possible reasons why the people should in many localities entertain a profound hatred for the corporations of a semi-public nature. The legislators in days gone by improvidently granted huge powers which are beyond the reach of a reasonable and proper regulation, and many managers have arrogantly and defiantly ignored the rights which in all fairness the people should possess. The American public utility men watched with eager eyes the methods employed by great corporations like the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company, and it was not strange that the stock-jobbing and other questionable methods were quickly imitated by similar corporations in other cities.

Street railway operation has from the beginning been one continued period of experiment. The public knew but little

about the details of organization and development; in fact it was not intended that the game should be understood except by the players who were behind the table. It was, therefore, an easy matter to acquire franchise privileges which in effect gave the stock-jobbing corporation men not only business control of cities, but a complete political dictatorship that brooked no interference. But with all these powers and privileges many street railway companies found they had figured unwisely—they had undertaken innovations of an experimental nature which sooner or later led them into the hands of receivers. Prior to 1885 the only means of surface transportation was by horse car. It was common for one big, arrogant concern to control the principal thoroughfares while dozens of smaller companies operated in the outlying districts. Before the purchase and consolidation of the various properties which now comprise the Brooklyn Rapid Transit system there were fifteen different railroads operated by ten different companies and separate management in the city of Brooklyn. The methods of acquiring one property after another varied considerably, but an illustration might be given of the plan of consolidation: On April 1, 1900, the railroad property, franchises, etc., of the Nassau Elevated Railroad Company were leased to the Brooklyn Heights Railroad Company for a period of 999 years. The terms of the lease provided that in addition to the interest on bonded indebtedness and the assumption of taxes and organization expenses, a rental should be paid of not less than four per cent per annum on \$6,500,000 par value of the Nassau Electric Railroad Company's preferred cumulative stock. It should be understood that all but \$448,000 par value of the stock was the property of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company, and the latter company naturally engineered the deal.

In the early days of street railway operation in Brooklyn, the Brooklyn City Railway Company controlled most of the downtown streets. This rich, presumptuous concern never added to its equipment until demands came from sources that could not be disregarded;

and it harassed rivals who attempted to penetrate the territory it served.

It is true that various street railway companies were organized in Brooklyn, and some were the creation of promoters who imagined that the day would arrive when the Brooklyn City Railway Company would be compelled to buy them out. Tom L. Johnson, the three-cent fare advocate of Cleveland, was one of the promoters who invaded Brooklyn with this object in view. He built the Nassau Railroad lines, but the officials of the Brooklyn City Railway Company evidently saw the hook through the bait—and did not buy him out.

About this time electricity as a motive power was beginning to attract considerable attention. People began to clamor for the new method which meant greater rapidity in transit, but the horse railway men controlled the streets and were unwilling to make the change. Abnormal concessions and vast sums of money were demanded, and being in control of the thoroughfares with perpetual franchises, they were in position to dictate the terms under which the new system might be put into effect. When the Long Island Traction Company in 1895 took over the properties and converted the motive power to electricity, the company had submitted to exactions by the transportation barons which are even a burden today, and one of the underlying troubles of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company.

In order to legally effect the work of consolidation, it became necessary to organize a holding company, and January 18, 1896, the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company was given birth. Today, barring some minor changes, the Transit Company is substantially the same as it was on the date of organization.

A complete story which would detail the high financial methods on the part of the men who turned over their properties to the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company will perhaps never be made public, but as a matter of fact the holding company attained, besides the franchises, rattling, rolling stock, rack-shambling "L" tracks—nothing, in all, but a varied assortment of junk—at a fabulous price.

One predicament followed another in

rapid succession. The Transit Company had pinned its faith on the new motive power—electricity—believing that the innovation would pull the company out of the hole into which it had so blindly stumbled. But alas and alack! the early electrical experiments only served to make the hole still deeper. While the company was guided by the advice of "experts" of that day it was early shown that the chief stock in trade of their counselors was ignorance. Defects began to creep out at every turn. Some of the early difficulties were overcome at great expense, and disheartened and discouraged, the men in control abandoned their effort to build up a creditable street railway system in Brooklyn and turned their attention to Wall Street as a more fascinating and profitable game. The stock of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company became a football in financial circles; the public was kept in dense ignorance of the actual state of affairs of the company, while the directors piled up fortunes in margin trades. In the meantime the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company property and organization had gone from bad to worse, and it was at this time that one-half of the Brooklyn population spent considerable of its time heaping curses on the company—not even the employees of the concern had a kindly word to say for the corporation.

Poor old Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company! Its stock was battered about from pillar to post at sixty-seven, and the stockholders who sighed for dividends waited in vain.

The darkest hour is usually before the dawn, and so it was in the affairs of the Transit Company. While certain directors were blaming everything and everybody, a few boldly asserted that something radical must be done. "Who cares for yesterday when tomorrow is ahead?" said one, while another optimistically stated that the company was now more concerned with the rising sun than the setting sun. It was agreed that making money by manipulating the stock of the company was a thing of the past, and it was frankly admitted that the necessities of the company included a higher assortment of brains—a man was needed

who, like Napoleon, would do things without talking. Where, in this vast territory known as the United States, was there a man who could place the poor old decrepit Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company on its feet?

Out in the West was a man who had won distinction. He had been a protege of Marvin Hughitt, and at that time was president of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. This man was Edwin W. Winter. Someone suggested the name to the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company, and speedily all the directors echoed "Winter!" Then there was a call to the West, and Winter came—and true it was a seasonable change!

In their selection of a man to rejuvenate their tottering concern they unwittingly upset a theory entertained by many American street railway men. They selected a steam railroad man to manage a street railroad property—and he made good—something which most public-utility men say can seldom happen.

Mr. Winter had been educated in the broad school of experience which teaches men that honor and honesty are prime factors in successful corporations, and that one of the most valuable assets is the confidence of the people.

When Mr. Winter arrived in Brooklyn he discovered a condition of affairs that was most discouraging. He found the elevated structures so weak that he was apprehensive of their being able to stand the traffic until they could be temporarily braced. There was no system in the organization of the company and no intelligent direction.

"Give me money and men," was his first demand. He called the heads of the different departments together and announced the policy he proposed to carry out. "You men who stand by me in this fight," he concluded, "will find I'm easy enough to get along with; but the first 'knocker' will get out of the company at once!"

He proceeded to banish the stock ticker from the company's office and ignored the appeals of the "Street" for information which might "bull" or "bear" the stock.

Naturally this policy did not meet with the favor of some of the stock-jobbing

directors, and there was an immediate undercurrent of disapproval of the new condition of affairs; but Mr. Winter was more concerned with the rights of the stockholders and the general public than with the speculators, and he set to work to make the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company a public service corporation instead of a financial joke.

At first the directors were disposed to be niggardly in the appropriations for betterments; but Mr. Winter stood firm on the ground that unless large sums of money were provided the whole outfit had better be cast into the scrap heap.

Within five years after he assumed control there had been expended nearly \$40,000,000 in improvements—a large sum of money—but it had been wisely invested. This expenditure has transformed the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company from the most inefficient street railway system in this country to one of the very best, and it is now paying dividends.

Nor was the physical part of the road the only phase to which Mr. Winter gave careful attention. He found, when he took hold of the property, a great, disorganized body of employees who had no pride in the road nor interest in its welfare. No one realized better than the new president that one of the great problems of the traction and railway system of the country was the labor question, and he conceived what is known among traction men throughout the country as the "Brooklyn Idea," the evolution of which in Brooklyn has been watched with considerable interest. The "Brooklyn Idea" gives a man a chance; it recognizes merit among employees and is not too severe when an occasional mistake is made. The company does not encourage the professional disorganizer, and disloyalty is weeded out as quickly as possible.

Back of President Winter have stood, throughout the entire process of revigorating Brooklyn Rapid Transit, Vice-President and General Manager J. F. Calderwood and Vice-president T. S. Williams. To the labors of these two experienced street railroaders as well as to the genius of President Winter has the new-found success of the big Brooklyn

property been due. Mr. Calderwood started as an expert accountant—possibly the best that this country has ever known—and developed into a wonderfully able operating man. From his management of the upbuilding of the systematic Twin City Rapid Transit of St. Paul and Minneapolis he came, seven years ago, to bring system out of chaos in Brooklyn, and has had signal success. The old-time crude bookkeeping and operating methods of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company's horse car forbears have been displaced by a system whose perfection is being imitated by many other roads.

Colonel T. S. Williams, the other Vice-President, a reporter who became a prominent state executive, left service as the private secretary of Governor Roswell P. Flower, to enter the ranks of the new and struggling Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company. To him has been entrusted the great legal machinery of the company, and his intimate and personal knowledge of each of its franchises has often been of great value. Sometime ago he discovered a loophole in a contract with one of the old companies, and by bringing suit in the courts was able, after a long cause, to convert the substantial verdict of \$3,600,000 in favor of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit.

No one but the men who have to foot the bills fully realizes the enormous expense caused by the electrical and other machinery becoming obsolete. The Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company years ago discarded engines which were sent to the World's Fair in Chicago and captured gold medals. First-class engines of today form a part of the scrap-heap tomorrow. Cable systems which had involved the expenditure of millions of dollars had hardly been introduced when the equipment was torn out to make way for the electric trolley, and so it has been one continued season of experiment and expense.

Today the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company is in excellent physical condition. The daily average of cars run for the year 1909 showed an increase and the earnings per passenger have been increased despite the abuse of the transfer system. Five cents is fixed as the rate

of fare on a transportation line, but the public has lost sight of past conditions and is exacting too much of the company. In the old horse-car days the ride was limited, but now the public can ride all over Brooklyn for a nickel. Should the people exact such liberality on the part of the company and still expect the highest type of efficacy in service? That is the question.

On the elevated part of the company's system there is no abuse of transfer privileges, and the result is shown in the fact that while the elevated lines consist of sixty-eight miles of trackage and the surface lines 529 miles, the elevated provide forty per cent of the earnings, while the surface lines contribute sixty per cent.

Then again the system of taxation is a handicap and an unjustifiable burden. The road is liable for thirteen different kinds of taxes, aggregating nearly seven per cent of the total capitalization. This is too heavy a burden, and the people might to their advantage remedy the injustice. Take off a million dollars of these taxes and it will pay the interest at five per cent upon \$20,000,000, which, invested in betterments, would add tremendously to the wealth of the property-owners within the zones served by the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company.

The law provides that corporations are allowed to earn a fair return upon an investment and it should not be difficult to figure that excessive taxation and an abuse of the transfer system prohibit the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company from making what might be termed satisfactory returns upon money legitimately invested.

Let the public once realize that the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company is a valuable property, that it has rights that should not be ignored, and they will get into the market and restore the value of the stock and bonds to something like what they should be. The property is good, the traffic is there and no other company to handle it.

Think of a company with a capital stock issue of \$45,000,000 spending an amount equal to eighty-eight per cent of its capitalization for betterments in five

years, and it will at once be seen that the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company has been one of the most potent factors in the remarkable strides which Brooklyn has made during the past five years.

Street railway companies must build months and sometimes years ahead of the cities. They must have confidence in the growth of their respective cities and also in the people. This faith cannot be promoted if radical common councils



RALPH PETERS

President and General Manager Long Island
Railroad Company

and the general public impose upon the companies conditions that are impracticable and impossible. Without new money no street railway company can make extensions that are necessary in growing cities, and new money cannot be obtained if there is a spirit of hostility and animosity on the part of the people.

Physically the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company is today an ideal American public-utility company. Mr. Winter has done wonders during the last five years, and he asserts that the work of improvement will continue to go merrily on.

Early Days of the Wells, Fargo Company

By W. C. JENKINS

FROM the early history of the Pacific Coast eliminate the romance of gold discoveries and the career of Wells, Fargo & Company and there is little left. The history of the Argonauts of '49 and of the creation of immense fortunes and of great states will always command the interest and admiration of mankind and form one of the most striking episodes in American history; and of it all there is no more thrilling phase than the story of the great express company that under the most perilous and trying conditions guarded the property of the miners and transported treasure and papers of incalculable value to their destination. In an unostentatious manner Wells, Fargo & Company launched in 1852 an industry that began the development of the Great West. The company has never thrust itself into the limelight for deserving applause, it has never asked tributes from journalists or orators; but it has steadfastly pursued a course designed by the men whose names were used to represent the corporation, and today no more worthy testimonial to honest endeavor exists than the solidity of this great transportation company—nor is any American semi-public corporation held in higher esteem.

Subjected to merciless attacks from the abandoned profligate who with gun in hand brags that "might is right," day after day and night after night its brave messengers have defied death at the hands of hostile Indians and highwaymen—its progress has ever been coupled with enterprise and heroism. When in 1855 the financial crisis prostrated Adams & Company and several California banking institutions, Wells, Fargo & Company officials bowed their heads in humiliation. Their corporation was also in the hands of a receiver; its doors were closed. Following his enquiries into the condition of the company's affairs, Henry C. Naglee, who had been appointed temporary receiver, imme-

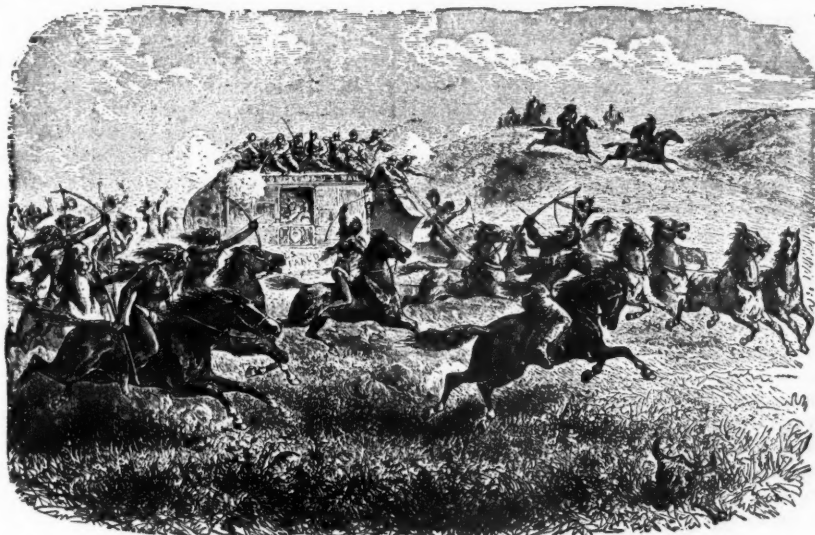
diately decided that the assets of the company were sound and amply sufficient. In three days the suspense was terminated and the business resumed. While the failure of Adams & Company in California threw overboard its managers and broke up their business, the field was not left clear for Wells, Fargo; several of the employees of the late wreck formed the "Pacific Express," which disputed the Western field with indifferent success for several years. Other express companies were organized in the West, but in the course of a very short time were consolidated with the powerful Wells, Fargo Company.

The part which the company has played in the Western states during the past fifty-eight years is well worthy of a conspicuous place in the country's history. Its foundation dates back to the days when Henry Wells acted as agent in Albany for William F. Harnden, the founder of the express business. Young Wells urged Mr. Harnden to extend operations to the West, but the latter objected, stating that the country was too sparsely settled; however, he attempted, before death, to overcome this obstacle by furthering a gigantic immigration scheme to people the West, but the young assistant lacked faith in the colonization project, and began an express business running from Albany to Buffalo. At that time the government was charging twenty-five cents a letter for carrying mail. Wells offered the same service for six cents, and the delighted public held meetings denouncing the government and encouraging the young expressman. The government officials, however, retaliated by ordering his arrest, and later passed a law requiring every letter sent by express to bear a government stamp. To the present day express companies are not allowed to carry letters for the public unless the proper postage is affixed.

Wells's express and letter-carrying busi-

ness had blossomed into a large industry by 1845, in which year Wm. G. Fargo became a partner. Other rival express enterprises had meantime been established by Butterfield, an old stage driver in western New York, and Livingston, another driver. Butterfield finally proposed a consolidation of the three concerns, and the result was the birth of the American Express Company. After this organization had been launched, a distinct corporation under the name of Wells, Fargo

located geographically on what has been designated as the Southern route, the initial point being St. Louis, thence through Southern Missouri, Indian Territory, New Mexico, Arizona and Southern California to San Francisco. The route, though followed for several years, did not prove satisfactory, and in 1861 it was abandoned for the Central route. This was considerably more to the North—the Eastern division, from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Salt Lake City being operated by one firm, the



A WELLS, FARGO & COMPANY ADVENTURE WITH INDIANS

& Company took possession of the Pacific Coast territory.

From the earliest period after the acquisition of the extreme Western coast, the question of rapid and frequent mail conveniences agitated the public mind. The first practical effort in this direction was in 1858, when a company was formed which contracted with the government for carrying the mail overland from St. Louis to San Francisco. The appropriate title of "The Overland Mail Company" was assumed—John Butterfield appointed president, with Wm. G. Fargo, Wm. B. Dinsmore, the Barneys, B. P. Cheney and others associated in the enterprise. It was, in short, controlled by the originators of the Wells, Fargo Company. The line was

Western end, from Salt Lake City to Sacramento, by another.

In 1859–60, when the "Pike's Peak Country," now the state of Colorado, came into prominence as a mining region, the Eastern half of the combination was absorbed by the Central Overland California and Pike's Peak Express Company, a new organization. It was this company that started the famous Pony Express. In 1866, under the Holliday charter, there was a general consolidation of all the interests. The name Wells, Fargo & Company was adopted, a capital of \$10,000,000 possessed, and the conditions of consolidation ratified by a special act of the legislature of Colorado.

The entire stage trip, extending half-way

across the continent, was made in seventeen days when no accidents befell. To accommodate the business about 150 coaches were required, most of which were kept running continually. To haul them the company possessed 1,500 horses scattered all along the route from St. Joseph to Sacramento. In addition, the company had six or seven thousand head of cattle, part of which were used in conveying heavy freight, and transporting feed for the horses and provisions for the men. When the Union and Central Pacific Railroads were completed to California in 1870, this overland traffic and mail service could be managed to better purpose by the railroad, and the overland stage went out of existence.

This overland branch of the Wells, Fargo Company had scarcely begun before the company experienced difficulties and dangers that form a conspicuous part of American history. It was a brave but hazardous undertaking for the company to attempt to keep its routes across the plains open during the Indian uprising. The cause of the bitter hostility of the Cheyenne Indians toward the United States, even though maintaining appearances of nominal friendship, is to be found in the Chivington massacre of 1864. The circumstances of this attack upon a peaceable band of Indians, encamped under the protection of the United States flag and at the direction of an officer of the government, are well-known. The immediate consequences are set forth in a report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, who said: "Exasperated and maddened by this cold-blooded butchery of their women and children, disarmed warriors and old men, the remnant of these Indians sought the aid and protection of the Comanches and Kiowas and obtained both. The combination which followed embraced all the tribes of the plains, from the Red River of the South to the Red River of the North, and resulted in the general Indian War of 1865, which cost our people many valuable lives and \$40,000,000 in money."

The peace concluded with the Southern tribes in October, 1865, and with the Missouri River Indians late in the same year, was not lasting. The Sioux Indians recom-

menced hostilities July 17, 1866, and warlike operations were carried on until April, 1868. The Cheyennes were hostile as early as May, 1867. It has been claimed by the government when defending suits for damages caused by Indian depredations that the Indians were actually hostile from the date of the Chivington massacre in 1864. They had never forgiven nor forgotten that event, and there existed between them and their red brethren of the North a tacit agreement, the object of which was to close the Western plains to the white man forever. They made known their intentions during the winter and early spring of 1866-67 by messages which, considering their savage and untutored form of government were tantamount to a declaration of war, and as soon as they could get forage for their ponies they began an organized attack upon the Wells, Fargo Company's stage line and emigrant route, which represented to them the invasion of their territory by the white race.

In the spring and summer of 1867 the Wells, Fargo people lost property amounting to \$242,500, caused by Indian depredation. Of this amount \$182,000 was lost along what was known as the "Smoky Hill Route" through the state of Kansas and in what was then the territory of Colorado. In all there were thirty-two attacks during that year upon the company's employes on this route, and in nearly every case the stations with all their supplies were burned and the horses either burned or stolen. Several employes of the company were killed by the Indians during these attacks. The largest single loss on the Smoky Hill Route was encountered by the company on May 12, 1867, at Lake Station, Colorado, where the Indians burned the station and other buildings with their contents, including twenty head of horses. The loss amounted to \$32,000.

In the same year the company suffered losses on the Overland Route amounting to \$54,000 by Indian depredations.

The Indian outrages covered but a comparatively brief period; the real features of annoyance ever present in the early days were the attacks made upon the company's property and men by stage

robbers. Few if any of the drivers of the company's primitive vehicles have any place in the records of the government; they are little known outside the country in which they lived. Their perils have at times been recounted by writers, but are not recorded in official documents.

It is not to be supposed that the stage and express routes in the Western country have been dispensed with; in fact, there are many of them in operation today at points not contiguous to railroads; but the glamor and renown attached to them in the olden times have, in a great measure, vanished.

However full of dangers and hardships, the life of a messenger in the early days was a particularly fascinating one. The long, uncertain hours, and the possibility of being knocked in the head or shot furnished the men with a peculiarly thrilling mode of occupation. In the golden days of California a Wells, Fargo express messenger was a "big Injun" all along the Pacific Coast. The men gave him big dinners, while the women beamed on him, or he could bring all their little necessities, as well as the latest dress patterns from San Francisco. The fatted calf was usually killed in the little mining camp and all the gay young miners had to take a back seat when Wells, Fargo Company's messengers came to town.

These little pleasantries, in a measure, offset the hardships and hazard in traveling from place to place. Coupled with this feature, these men possessed a spirit of loyalty and devotion to the company that impelled them to brave all dangers. Many a poor fellow, however, fell from

his seat as a result of the well-directed bullets of the stage robber.

The exact number of lives lost and the actual amount of money stolen from the Wells, Fargo Company's stages while in transit over the mountains and across the plains cannot be accurately determined, as the records were lost in the San Francisco

Agents of W. F. & Co. will not post this circular, but place them in the hands of your local and country officers, and reliable citizens in your region. Officers and citizens receiving them are respectfully requested to preserve them for future reference.

Agents WILL PRESERVE a copy on file in their office.

\$900.00 Reward!

ARREST STAGE ROBBER!

On the 3d of August, 1877, the stage from Fort Rose to Russian River was stopped by one man, who took from the Express box about \$300, coin, and a check for \$305.62, on Grangers' Bank of San Francisco, in favor of Fisk Bros. The Mail was also robbed. On one of the Bills left with the box the Robber wrote as follows:—

"I've labored long and hard for bread—
For honor and for riches—
But on my knees too long I've trod,
You fine haired —

BLACK BART, the P. O.

Driver, give my respects to our friend, the other driver; but I really had a notion to hang my old disguise hat on his weather eye." (for simile.)

Respectfully *Black Bart*

It is believed that he went to the Town of Geunerville about daylight next morning.

About one year after above robbery, July 25th, 1878, the Stage from Quincy to Oroville was stopped by one man, and W. F. & Co's box robbed of \$379, coin, one Diamond Ring, (said to be worth \$200) one Silver Watch, valued at \$25 The Mail was also robbed. In the box, when found next day, was the following, (for simile):—

*How I lay you down to sleep
to wait the coming morning
perhaps success perhaps defeat
And wondering how you
are labored long and hard for bread
for honor and for riches
But on my knees too long I've trod
You fine haired —
let come what will I'll try it on
My condition built to make
and if there's money in that bag
The money in my purse
Black Bart
the P. O.*

A WELLS, FARGO & COMPANY REWARD CIRCULAR

fire; but a statement published in 1885 shows that for a period between November 15, 1870, and November 14, 1884, the amount taken from Wells, Fargo's Express by stage robbers, train robbers and burglars was \$415,312.55. The company paid as rewards for the arrest and conviction of robbers and percentage on treasure recovered, \$73,451; for attorney's fees and assisting in prosecution, \$22,367.

incidental expenses, \$90,079; salaries of guards and special officers, \$326,417—a total of \$927,726.55 during fourteen years. The number of robberies in this period is given as 313; thirty-four unsuccessful attempts were made, and a total of 240 convictions of robbers was secured.

Among the many uncertainties attending the production of California's wealth of gold none were more conspicuous than the chances which attended the transportation of the precious metal from the place of its extraction in the mountains to towns and cities below. As the conveyance of the gold was managed almost exclusively by Wells, Fargo & Company, the detective department was kept particularly busy. For many years James B. Hume was its chief, and when he died, in 1904, he had seen the work of the stage robbers almost suppressed, due largely to his untiring efforts. This country has produced few men who have made such a remarkable record in the persistent and successful pursuit of that class of robbers who prey especially upon the express and transportation companies as has Mr. Hume. In his thirty-two years' continuous service, some of the worst criminals the country had ever known were brought to judgment. Whenever Hume started on the trail of an offender against the Wells, Fargo Company the pursuit was never relinquished until his capture was effected. For more than a generation his name was a terror to stage and train robbers of the West.

It is the policy of Wells, Fargo & Company never to abandon or relax the pursuit of anyone who has committed a criminal offence against it. In some instances the pursuit has extended over a series of years, and has been carried to remote countries. Detective Hume always carried out this policy in spirit as well as in letter.

There was a time when the company put aside \$100,000 a year to meet highway robberies in California, and some years this large amount was not sufficient to meet the losses.

Perhaps the most annoying robber who continually and for several years successfully preyed upon the company was Charles E. Bolles, known to fame as "Black Bart." He was incomparably the most

conspicuous character in the history of Western stage robbers. From 1875 to 1883, "Black Bart" is known to have committed twenty-seven stage robberies single-handed. Northern California stage drivers stood in constant fear of this unique desperado. On various occasions the drivers were able to give a good description of his figure, hair, feet and hands, yet no clue to his actual identity was gained during the eight years of his stage-robbing career. He was finally betrayed by a laundry mark on a cuff which had dropped from his wrist when opening a treasure box which he had taken from a Wells, Fargo stage in San Joaquin Valley. When he was finally captured in San Francisco the detectives were amazed to find the famous "Black Bart" a slight, quiet-mannered man of fifty-five, familiar in face to all the San Francisco detectives—he had for years frequented a little restaurant near police headquarters where many of the detectives dined!

Another troublesome character who became famous with Wells, Fargo detectives was a young Missourian, M. S. Sharp, who worked on the stage road over which the Wells, Fargo Company carried the gold from the Bodie mines in California to the Carson City, Nevada, mint. In four months, during 1880, he held up successfully six stages before being caught.

"Once a stage robber always a stage robber" has been pretty conclusively proved; the history of any criminal of this class shows that he never leaves the prison, even when pardoned, except to make his way with astonishing promptness to the nearest mountain road and there rob a stage. John J. Ivey was a convincing example. His record is thirteen robberies, eight terms in prison and six escapes from behind the bars. He always followed flights or releases with a hasty return to his former pursuit.

"Old Jim Smith" escaped from prison three times and was thrice discharged, having served his terms. Once the governor of California made the experiment of pardoning him, but "Old Jim" was not to be nursed to righteousness by any such means, and within two months he returned to prison with a fresh offense in stage robbing.

Perhaps the most picturesque figure on the old trail was the Pony Express rider. The Overland Stage proved too slow for mail and express in its flight from the Missouri to the Pacific. True it had cut down the months of the old ox-team to twenty-five days, and still there was a clamor that the East and West be brought closer together—and it was done. The Pony cut the time to ten days.

Those who were personally acquainted with the famous Wells, Fargo Pony Express of those days could never forget the intrepid rider who braved all peril, forgetful of self, intent only on the speedy delivery of his precious mochila to the next hardy horseman. Hard and fast he rode over mountain and plain, across scorching desert and icy snow, through sunshine and rain, past friend, away from foe, to the final achievement—the safe delivery of his charge.

Forty fearless horsemen in saddle riding west, as many more riding east—and this novel but useful enterprise was in motion. For two years the Pony Express carried messages of business and love across two thousand miles of Western mountains and plains, over a country peopled with a hostile race, destitute of cultivation or development, through a region wild, desolate and little known.

It was in 1859 that the Pony Express was established. The route, briefly stated, was due west from St. Joseph to Fort Kearney, up the Platte to Julesburg, thence, by Fort Laramie and Fort Bridger to Salt Lake City, thence to Camp Floyd, Ruby Valley, the Humboldt, Carson City, Placerville and Folsom, to Sacramento and San Francisco by boat.

The intention of the Pony Express was to carry letters only, and not more than ten pounds at a trip. It was decided that the safest and easiest mode of carrying the mail was to make four pockets, one in each corner of the mochila, a covering made of heavy leather for the saddles and generally used by the expert Mexican and Spanish riders. The mochila was transferred from pony to pony, and went

through from St. Joseph to San Francisco, the pockets containing the mail being locked and opened only at military posts en route and at Salt Lake City. These precious letters were wrapped in oiled silk to protect them, but even this precaution sometimes failed. Rivers had to be crossed—horse and rider swam together.

It cost \$27,000 to build relay stations and lay out and construct trails over the mountains. It was a hazardous undertaking, but save for the number of riders killed by the Indians was a complete success, notwithstanding the prediction of many well-known men that it would be a failure. The late C. P. Huntington,

president of the Southern Pacific Railroad, asserted that it was constructive murder to send out lone horsemen to ride 2000 miles to the Missouri River, because not one in five could get away from the Indians.

One of the most remarkable pony riders was William F. Cody, who has become famous as "Buffalo Bill." His regular route was 112 miles every other day through Nebraska, and he became known through the plains as the toughest rider in the

West.

Few stamps are held so sacred by collectors as those issued by Wells, Fargo & Company for the Pony Express. They recall at once the stirring scenes of early life that seem like fairy tales to the present generation. Although put out by a private corporation they were sanctioned by Congress and were in use throughout a large territory. The Wells, Fargo Company service was independent of, but auxiliary to, the United States mail. The charges, as sanctioned by Congress, were five dollars per ounce for the trip from San Francisco to St. Joseph, with proportionate lower rates for intermediate points.

Although no visible monument marks the deeds of chivalry and valor which ennobled the careers of many of these fearless riders who figured in the annals of the Pony Express, they have an enduring remembrance in the hearts of the people of the Golden West, and the story



A Wells, Fargo
Pony Express
Stamp

of their bravery will be handed down in the pages of fiction and poetry to awaken the enthusiasm and appreciation of thousands of American citizens of the future.

In the world's history there are few instances where a corporation has striven under such trying circumstances to acquire and maintain a name that carried with it so complete a suggestion of integrity and honor. When Wells, Fargo Company first began operations on the Pacific Coast, mining camps were being rapidly organized over the northern and central parts of California, and the men who were obtaining the yellow metal in such abundance knew that to keep any large amounts in camp was practically an invitation to hordes of desperadoes to commit crime.



PONY EXPRESS RIDER OF THE PLAINS

It was equally unsafe for any individual to undertake to convey the product of his labors to the seaboard.

With this condition staring the miners in the face, small wonder that the Wells, Fargo Express office was considered a necessity in every camp, as from the first a Wells, Fargo receipt was worth its face anywhere.

With the company's auxiliary mail service carrying letters from the terminals of mail routes to points where its service had penetrated, many a lonely miner was made to realize that he was not beyond the reach of love missives, even though he was in reality far into a pathless wilderness. But for the energy and enterprise of Wells, Fargo & Company in the early days of California, thousands who had left loved ones behind would have been

lost to them forever, and it is perhaps not strange that no company was ever held in higher esteem in the West than this great express corporation.

Many of the important cities of the Great West owe their rapid progress and present prosperity to the encouragement given them by this company when they needed such assistance. When Denver was a mining camp of insignificant pretensions, the selection of that place for the Wells, Fargo & Company department headquarters and stables gave the city's growth an impetus that started the remarkable development which it has since experienced. Other Western cities are equally indebted to this company for the assistance given them in their early days.

So absolute was the faith of the pioneer in Wells, Fargo & Company that wives and children were often shipped as express. Children were brought from the little interior mining camps and placed in school at Oakland and San Francisco and when vacation had arrived were returned home by the same gentle hands. A commission given to a Wells, Fargo & Company agent in 1860 reads:

"Meet Mrs. John Jones and three children, who should arrive by steamer Uncle Sam from Panama about the 10th. Escort them to Occidental Hotel, furnish them what money is needed, and when recovered from fatigue of the journey forward them in charge of messenger." The far-famed "Sermon on the Mount" does not contain admonitions more admirable than features of the instructions to agents. Here is an example: "The most polite and gentlemanly treatment of all customers, however insignificant their business, is insisted upon. Proper respect must be shown to all—let them be men, women or children, rich or poor, white or black, and it must not be forgotten that the company is dependent on these same people for its business."

On the payrolls of Wells, Fargo & Company are still listed many names of men

whose usefulness to the company terminated several years ago. They had become incapacitated through shotgun wounds or accidents met with while in the discharge of their duties. Few corporations can show such a large number of men killed while defending their company's property. A trust with these men as a class has always meant "fight," and stirring tales have been told of the heroism manifested by Wells, Fargo & Company employees. Many have gone to their graves, some on mountain sides, some in the valleys, and some in lonely towns, but the San Francisco earthquake destroyed all records of their fates, and their names will remain forgotten. The company has always exerted every effort to protect its employes, and at times Wells, Fargo & Company handbills offering rewards for the apprehension of robbers and murderers have been as thick as leaves at every post office and drinking saloon in the California mining regions.

For a period of eighteen years beginning in 1890 there were a total of 385 train robberies in the United States, and in a large number of these robberies Wells, Fargo & Company sustained heavy losses. During these hold-ups, 106 people were killed and 121 shot, some of whom later died from their wounds. The year 1895 was the most active, when forty-nine trains were held up; while 1905 was the lowest, only seven train robberies taking place during that year.

The first American train robbery of which there is any record took place near Verdi, Nevada, on the Central Pacific Railroad about 1 A. M., November 6, 1870. Wells, Fargo & Company lost \$41,000. On the same day a train robbery took place near Pequot, Nevada, in which the company lost heavily. Most of the robbers were captured and nearly all the money was recovered.

Perhaps the most unusual robbery of the company was that of a robber who concealed himself in a rough case and was shipped as a corpse by express. When a favorable opportunity presented itself en route, the man in the box raised the lid, got the drop on the messenger and robbed the safe.

The letter-carrying feature of the Wells,

Fargo & Company service, after forty years of effort, was discontinued by the company May 24, 1895. At one time from seven thousand to twelve thousand letters were handled daily; when it was discontinued there were but a few hundred. The falling off of this branch of the company's business was accredited to the improved service of the postal department. Many California merchants noted the passing away of the Wells, Fargo Company mail system with regret; the service had dated back to the earliest settlement of the Pacific Coast by Americans, and was one of the old-established institutions of the golden era in California.

Notwithstanding its general usefulness to the public at a certain period, the Wells, Fargo Company letter-carrying feature was the subject of investigation and attack by certain politicians in 1879, and a committee of enquiry was appointed by Hon. D. M. Key, Postmaster General, on the claim that the company was in competition with the United States Government, and was corrupting the United States postal service by engaging postmasters as its agents.

The letter service of the company had existed with full knowledge of the Postal Department for more than a quarter of a century. It had at that time reached and extended through three states and five territories; it had been patronized and endorsed by over two million people, yet suddenly it was declared by this committee of enquiry to be "at variance with both the letter and spirit of the postal laws."

A committee of representative California citizens appeared before the Postmaster General to protest against any ruling which might deprive the people of the West of Wells, Fargo & Company's letter system, and the company was permitted to continue the service.

The amity of relationship that has always existed between Wells, Fargo & Company and its employes has been one of the distinguishing features of the company. When the magnitude of this great express corporation is considered and the fact that fifteen thousand men are on its payrolls, this friendly relationship carries with it a significance that attracts at once

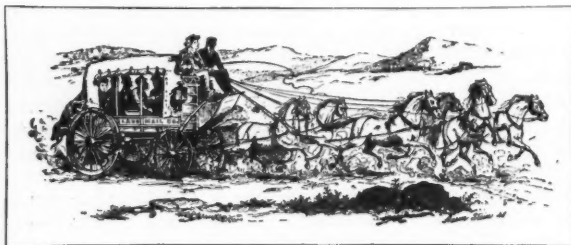
not only the attention of economic writers but of the commercial world. The spirit which employes of the Wells, Fargo Company display in the execution of their work evidences more than a mere *quid pro quo* of labor for pay. The company has not been unmindful of this friendly attitude, and on many occasions has shown appreciation of this loyalty and enthusiasm. Substantial reminders are sent to every employe on Thanksgiving Day each year, no distinction being made between president and wagon-boy.

Up to 1880 Wells, Fargo & Company's operations were confined practically to the railroad lines on the Pacific Coast, on what is now known as the Southern Pacific System, extending as far east as Ogden, Utah; Yuma, Arizona, on the south, and

augurated its service on the Burlington & Missouri River Railroad lines west of the Missouri River.

In 1883 the Southern Pacific lines were extended from El Paso to New Orleans. Wells, Fargo & Company followed that extension and in the following year included the Chicago and Northwestern lines west of the Missouri River and the Northern Pacific lines. Owing to a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, it withdrew its service from the Northern Pacific and Oregon Railway and Navigation Company's lines in 1886.

In 1887, the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe had completed the construction of its line through to Chicago, and Wells, Fargo & Company extended its service over this route, thus making its advent east of the Missouri River. In the following year it succeeded to the express service of the Erie Line from Chicago to New York, including the operation of several contiguous lines hitherto operated by the Erie Express Company, which extension of service gave birth to the often heard phrase "from Ocean to Ocean."



THE OVERLAND STAGE COACH

Redding, California, on the north. It also operated over steamer lines between San Francisco, Portland, Port Townsend, Tacoma, Seattle and Victoria, and from Portland south to Roseburg it operated over the Oregon California Railroad and east over the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company lines.

In the latter part of 1880 the Southern Pacific Line was extended southeast to Tucson, Arizona, Deming, New Mexico, and El Paso, Texas. About the same time the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe was connected with the Southern Pacific at Deming, and in 1881 Wells, Fargo & Company extended its service over the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe to Kansas City; a year later over the Denver and Rio Grande as well as the Atlantic & Pacific Railway lines. In 1882 its service was extended over the Mexican Central Railway from El Paso south to the City of Mexico. It also in-

In 1892 it acquired the express privileges of the St. Louis and San Francisco lines; in 1898, the Rio Grande Western and Chicago Great Western; and in 1909 the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, until today it operates over fifty thousand miles of rail routes, one thousand miles of stage routes, five hundred miles of inland steamer and eight thousand miles of ocean steamer, having offices at more than five thousand points.

In 1909, in conjunction with the government-controlled railroads in Mexico, the company formed a local express, jointly owned by the two interests, to operate over lines in the Republic of Mexico. This Mexico company operates over upwards of 8,700 miles of railroad, and has in the neighborhood of seven hundred offices in the Republic.

There is one marked peculiarity about the Wells, Fargo Company—but eight

men have been raised to the honor of presiding over its destinies since its organization, more than fifty-eight years ago. E. B. Morgan, of Aurora, New York, was its first president, holding the office from March 18, 1852, to November 25, 1853. D. N. Barney was elected his successor, and held the office until 1865, when his brother, A. H. Barney, was elected. He held office until February 18, 1867, when he was succeeded by Louis McLane. A year later, A. H. Barney was again elected. Wm. G. Fargo, one of the founders, was elected sixth president, and was succeeded by Lloyd Tevis, who was continuously at the head of the great banking and express company for more than twenty years. August 11, 1892 he insisted upon retiring, and John J. Valentine, who had been identified with the company for more than thirty years, was unanimously elected his successor. When Mr. Valentine died in 1901, Colonel Dudley Evans was chosen president, and held the office until his death on March 27 of this year.

The principal active men in the early operations of Wells, Fargo & Company were:

Louis McLane, born in Baltimore, Maryland, and at one time an officer in the United States Navy, who died only a few years ago at a ripe old age. He was appointed General Agent of the company on the Pacific Coast in 1855. Upon the consolidation of several companies took active charge of Wells, Fargo & Company affairs, and when the consolidation of Wells, Fargo & Company, the Holladay Overland Mail & Express and the Overland Mail and Pioneers' Stage Companies under the title Wells, Fargo & Company was effected, Mr. McLane was elected president. He was the founder of the Pioneer Stage Company, running between Shingle Springs, California, and Virginia City, Nevada, one of the most perfectly

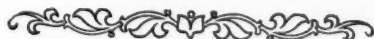
equipped and ably managed stage lines ever organized.

Lloyd Tevis, the seventh president, who was born in Shelbyville, Kentucky, in 1824 and emigrated to California in 1849. In 1870 he became interested in the company's affairs, and in 1872 was elected president, which office he held for the twenty succeeding years.

John J. Valentine, the eighth president, elected to that position in 1892, born in Bowling Green, Kentucky, in 1842. His first express service was performed in his native town, but shortly before the Civil War he removed to the Pacific Coast, where he entered the service of Wells, Fargo & Company and became probably the most conspicuous of any of the officials in the upbuilding of the company.

Colonel Dudley Evans, the ninth president, who entered the employ of the company in 1867, serving his apprenticeship in the Victoria, B. C., office. In the late '70's he was transferred to Portland, Oregon, and successively took various positions of responsibility until he was elected president of the company in 1902.

The men who are directing the affairs of Wells, Fargo & Company today have all risen from the ranks. The circumstances of their early years did not lead them to college halls, but they are ripe scholars. Starting at the bottom, where all true manhood begins, with health and courage, honesty, genius and appreciation, they began the struggle upward. Through the great labyrinth of difficulties that always overshadows the paths of the successful, they finally reached the top, to become the honored heads of one of the greatest corporations in the country. There is no difficulty in reading the letters that marked their stepping-stones—each possessed youth, courage, appreciation, honesty, integrity, rectitude and moral grandeur.





ATLANTIC CITY'S PROMENADE

WHERE EVERY "WALK OF LIFE" IS REPRESENTED

THE Boardwalk at Atlantic City is without question the most familiar promenade in America. In considering the great centers of population, one thinks of the cities of New York, Philadelphia, etc., yet over sixteen million people visited Atlantic City last year. Up and down its five miles of boardwalk, where the eye can take in the broad expanse of ocean or enjoy the gorgeously decorated shop windows, laden with trinkets and souvenirs, there is something of interest and amusement to every individual in every "walk of life," who either rides or strolls down the crowded thoroughfare.

At night the scene is made more brilliant by wonderful electrical displays, arranged with surprising ingenuity to attract and fix in the mind of the passerby a particular well-advertised article—"lest we forget."

Last year it is conservatively estimated that over eight million people were at-

tracted by a beautiful American flag waving majestically in the breeze, the delightful effect being accomplished by a moving-picture device. Connected with this waving flag were the words "THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE—Read by the Nation." Alternating with this was a large size color reproduction of the cover of the current issue of the magazine, while an additional flash brought to light the familiar covers of the great gift books—"Heart Thrills" and "Happy Habit."

All this took place in the white square in the above picture every night during the busy summer season. We heard many complimentary remarks from our friends, to whom as they walked along the Boardwalk the familiar names flashed out and greeted them as an unexpected friend. This service was arranged by the Irving Advertising Agency, 407 Betz Building, Philadelphia.

Merging the Wireless Companies

IN the early part of May was announced the consolidation of four wireless telephone and telegraph companies operating in various parts of the United States. Naturally this announcement occasioned considerable interest, and the public became eager to learn what the consolidation portended in the way of electrical feats. During the past few years the public has been treated to many surprises in this line—it has seen the telephone rise from an insignificant toy to an indispensable public utility; it has watched with keen interest every innovation in electrical science; and particularly has it been interested in every wireless feat which scientific men have performed.

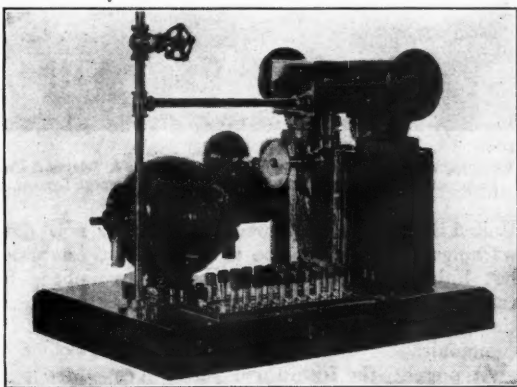
Wireless telegraphy by induction—the transmission of electric impulses without any apparent conductive medium—has been a scientific and commercial success. It was first suggested by Dr. Henry, who, in 1838, when a professor of mathematics and natural philosophy at the Albany Academy, established wireless communication between two rooms in his house. These rooms were situated eighteen feet apart and were separated by two thick walls.

During the succeeding fifty years many scientists attempted to solve the great problem of wireless telegraphy, but it was not until 1888 that Professor Hertz of Bonn, by discovering the waves that bear his name, established the correctness of the hypothesis often advanced, though never with any great degree of conviction, that electric impulses might be transmitted to unlimited distance without artificial conduction. In reality, it was a wonderful discovery, and one that theoretically, at least, revolutionized the whole science of electrical communication; never before had it

been dreamed that an electric impulse could travel 186,000 miles a second, passing through every opaque substance but metal, and making at the same time over 245,000,000 distinct impingements on any object susceptible to its influence.

Science the world over immediately recognized that in the practical utilization of this marvelous force would lie the solution of the great problem of wireless telegraphy, and their efforts were directed to this end.

Another invention which is destined to play an important part in the world of communication is the wireless telephone. The wireless telephone has been brought to a remarkably high state of development, and is by no means in an embryonic stage. Thomas E. Clark of Detroit has demonstrated the tremendous value of the wireless telephone and telegraph to the shipping interests of the Great Lakes. It has been estimated that eighty per cent of all the water tonnage of North America is carried on their waters. This, computed, means nearly seven times as much freight as the combined mercantile fleets of the world carry through



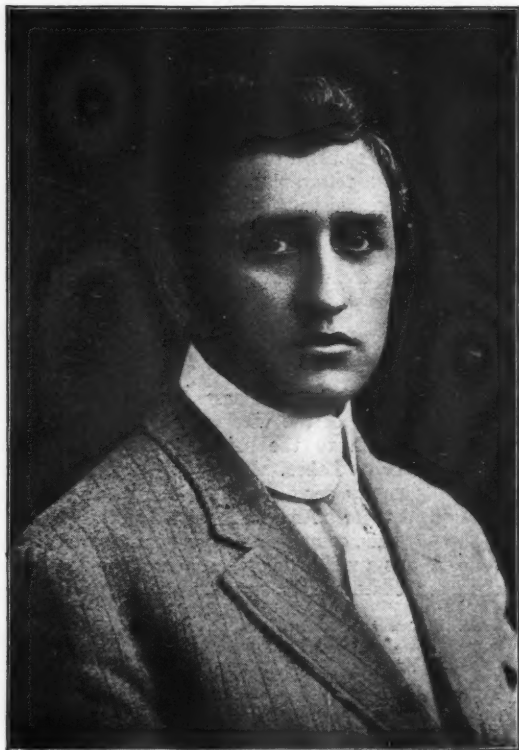
A. FREDERICK COLLINS' ROTATING OSCILLATION ARC, WHICH SCIENTISTS BELIEVE WILL MAKE WIRELESS TELEPHONY POSSIBLE

the Suez Canal. At the present time over 4,000 freight, 250 passenger and 2,500 pleasure and other craft compose the fleet of the Great Lakes. Every year there are hundreds of accidents, for their waters are among the most treacherous in the world. Many vessels have left their docks never to be heard from again; storms arise without warning—to the sailor. True, the

The consolidation of companies previously referred to includes the Collins Wireless Telephone Company of Newark, New Jersey, the Clark Wireless Telegraph-Telephone Company of Detroit, the Pacific Wireless Telegraph Company of Los Angeles and the Massie Wireless Telegraph Company of Providence, Rhode Island. The operations of the companies in the new corporation cover New England and the Middle Atlantic Coast, the Great Lakes and Middle Western region, and the Pacific Coast. Ultimately, it is declared, the operation of the Continental will be extended so as to allow for the transmission of wireless messages from New York to San Francisco, or a dozen other places on the Pacific Coast, and to hundreds of intermediate stations.

In the consolidation of these companies is ample capital to back the venture; there is a volume of meaning in the combination of four concerns whose business is the transmission of wireless intelligence, and it is a significant step in the world's progress. Wireless, the greatest distance eliminator that has come to mankind, is in its present state like an unbridled colt. Its tremendous energies have not been fully utilized, and the best method of directing those powers is the present-day study of scientists.

Three men, prominent in the art of wireless; each of whom has traveled ahead of public knowledge regarding this new means of communication, have



WALTER W. MASSIE

Vice-president of the Continental Wireless Telephone & Telegraph Co.
President and inventor of the Massie Wireless Telegraph System

United States Weather Bureau has posted warnings hours before the storm broke, but hitherto it has been impossible to carry these warnings to the sailor out on the mighty deep, far from any source of communication.

At present, the future and possibilities of the wire ess cannot be predicted. That it is destined to be an important link in intercommunication, no one can gainsay.

now determined on concerted action to establish trans-continental wireless telephone-telegraph service and to give an immediate wide field of operation. They are A. Frederick Collins, inventor of the Collins Wireless Telephone; Walter W. Massie, inventor of the Massie Wireless Telegraph system, and Thomas R. Clark, inventor and founder of the Clark Wireless Telegraph-Telephone system.

Mr. Collins's laboratories are at Newark, New Jersey, Mr. Clark's at Detroit, Michigan, and Mr. Massie's at Providence, Rhode Island. These scientists form the technical directorate of the Continental Wireless Telephone & Telegraph Company, which is to furnish a means of wireless communication on land and sea, but primarily on land. The object of this organization is worthy, as all such ventures make for the ultimate good of humanity. It will bring men closer together, expedite commerce and serve as savers of lives, in times of danger, by quick communication.

Edison said: "All that remains to be invented is the frictionless machine, and the only frictionless machine running now is the world whirling in resistless ether." The man who invents a frictionless machine discovers the secret of perpetual motion—but he is not yet known. Nowadays everything that moves causes friction, likewise innovations cause friction because established conditions resent disturbance. The listless content of "what was good enough for father is good enough for me" is dissipated in the wind of the rush of this progressive age, actuated by the thought "onward and upward." Mutation of human affairs is as inevitable as death, and improvement follows every change. Between man and his fellow-men, communication is the first requisite of progress, and the shortest route to a given point is the straight line. Of all the methods of communication known, wireless is the only one with which it is possible to utilize the shortest distance between two points. Ether is everywhere, and the wireless wave travels with the speed of light, namely, 186,000 miles per second. There is nothing faster.

On May 4, somewhere in the thick fog off Cape Cod, the steamship Santurce, bound for New York from Boston Light, collided with the steamship Ligonier. Through the roaring of the immediate panic on board both steamships, the wireless operator sat calmly tapping out his C. Q. D. calls. Walter W. Massie, at his home in Providence, five minutes later, was awakened by a call from the station at Point Judith, telling him the story of the collision, giving him the names of the

two vessels and appealing urgently for help. Immediately, Massie communicated with the wrecking tug, Tasco, and President Scott of the Scott Wrecking Company of New London, and the work of rescue began at once. This was merely one of the hundreds of instances where wireless served as a life saver on boundary and inland waters. On the Great Lakes numerous instances of this kind occur with consequent good results, to the credit of Thomas E. Clark, making the lives of



A. FREDERICK COLLINS

Technical Director and Consulting Engineer of the
Continental Wireless Telephone & Telegraph Co.

sailors and travelers comparatively safe.

But it is not on the water alone that the three inventors plan their great improvements. At present, it is impossible to telephone from New York City to San Francisco. In the future, it will be possible to communicate over this distance by wireless. If the wire telephone cannot convey speech over the United States, there must be some other means of covering that distance. Everything points to wireless as the solution of difficulties presented to commercial and social life by

distance, and Collins, Massie and Clark are working at the puzzle.

The Massie Wireless Telegraph System is the result of years of study and experiment by Mr. Massie, and has been in practical operation for over six years, accomplishing much in New England and along the Atlantic Coast. Steamers of the following lines have used the Massie equipment: San Francisco and Portland, Pacific Coast, Matson, Maine, Fall River,



THOMAS E. CLARK

Of Detroit, inventor and founder of the Clark Wireless Telegraph-Telephone Company and general manager of the Continental Wireless Telephone & Telegraph Company

Providence, New London, Norwich and other steamship companies and lines. In addition to this service, land stations are located at Wilson Point, Connecticut, Point Judith, Rhode Island, Block Island, Rhode Island, Cape May, New Jersey, New London, Connecticut, Chatham, Massachusetts and Jacksonville, Florida.

The Collins Wireless Telephone Company of Newark, New Jersey, has spent years in developing its wireless telephone under the well-known expert, A. Frederick Collins, and it is the intention of the Con-

tinental Company to install the wireless and put it in operation at all the wireless telegraph stations.

A. Frederick Collins is a man of mental force, and judicial scientific publications place him in the class with Morse, Bell, Edison and Marconi in furthering the cause of modern science for the benefit of mankind. Mr. Collins says:

"My wireless telephone represents the last stage known in the evolution of communication. Wireless telephony is a great advance over the wire system because distance between two stations ceases to be an impediment to clarity and reliability, and the cost of maintenance and installation is slight in comparison."

Since its inception, the Collins company has grown from healthy infancy to vigorous youth, through the policies of A. Frederick Collins, technical director, and his associates, owing to the fact that Collins is the pioneer of wireless telephony in America, and is probably the best informed on all wireless matters, being author of five books on wireless, the authority quoted in many encyclopaedias, and his aim being to further modern science. He was awarded the only gold medal ever won by any company or scientist, exclusively for wireless telephone, at the Seattle World's Fair, in September, 1909.

The Clark Wireless Telegraph-Telephone system is the creation of Thomas E. Clark, electrical engineer of Detroit, and has been in practical and successful operation on the Great Lakes of America during the past five years.

On the Pacific Coast, the Pacific Wireless Telegraph Company has been established for several years, and enjoys an excellent reputation for efficient service.

America's broad areas will lose the quality of magnificent distances when the East becomes constantly in instantaneous touch with the West by means of Continental Wireless. Stations are now built and operating in New York City, Buffalo, Detroit, Toledo, Chicago, Oakland and San Francisco, and intervening points may be Salt Lake City, Denver and Omaha. A Northwest Coast-to-Coast wireless line will be arranged from Seattle, taking in the following points: Ellensburg, Spokane, Helena, Fargo, Duluth, Milwaukee,



COMPREHENSIVE PLAN BY WHICH THE CONTINENTAL TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. PROPOSES TO COVER THE UNITED STATES, SHOWING PRINCIPAL STATIONS

Chicago, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and New York. The Massie service on the New England Coast will be extended from Portland, Maine, to Key West. On the Pacific Ocean, the stations Seattle, Port Townsend, Friday Harbor, San Francisco, Oakland, Los Angeles and Catalina Island have already furnished a wireless service of great value.

The list of ships using service of the combined companies shows a remarkable development of wireless communication. The Pittsburg Steamship Company, own-

ing 115 vessels, utilizes the Clark wireless for reporting on the Great Lakes.

The future of wireless looms big in the world's affairs, and if development and progress in the next ten years is proportionate to the past ten years its dimensions in 1920 will be magnificent. In 1897 there were in existence two wireless stations, and the longest distance covered was fourteen miles, and in 1909, there were on earth 1250 stations and intelligence had been transmitted wirelessly nearly four thousand miles.



Fortune From Nature's Minute Creatures

By GEORGE E. HEYL

President of Standard Nitrogen Company, Singer Building, New York, N. Y.
Formerly Chief Chemist and Engineer of W. T. Glover & Company, Manchester, England; Chief Chemist and Engineer and Chairman of St. Helen's Cable Company, Warrington, England; Consulting Chemist of Continental Rubber Company of America; Consulting Chemist of Consolidated Tire Company, etc.

NO subject of modern scientific development is of greater importance to the human races and animal life than the study of small organisms, commonly called microbes or bacteria. No life can exist without their co-operation, no sickness is caused except by bacterial action, and no healing or curing of the sufferer is possible without either destroying the harmful bacillus by another one or by killing it in the living animal through other agents, such as medical, electrical or other treatments. It is therefore very evident that the production of bacterial preparations, called serums, is one of the fields in which the most wonderful discoveries have been and are being made, discoveries which, by applying such serums or bacterial antidotes in a proper manner for the curing of diseases caused by the great host of harmful bacteria, must benefit mankind to a greater extent than has been dreamt of. The knowledge we have and use in trying to solve these problems is great already; we know for instance that a great many diseases have their origin from bacterial infection, and statistics show that the application of the proper serum has decreased mortality to a considerable degree. We are today in possession of a thoroughly effective bacterial serum for diphtheria; we can and are using successfully inoculation against typhoid fever; we are able to reduce and before long are certain to eradicate the dangerous microbes lurking in milk by methods so carefully studied and worked out by Dr. T. Darlington, late Commissioner of Health of the City of New York.

We have bacterial serums for the inoculation of hogs, preventing the loss of many hundreds of thousand of dollars yearly through hog-cholera.

The elimination of the microbe causing the curdling of milk and the formation of lactic acid, so called from the Latin word *lac* (milk), has and is of vast importance to the human race. Professor Metchnikoff, director of the Pasteur Institute of Paris, made a special study of this sour milk bacillus, because he found that the natives of Bulgaria reached the average ripe old age of over ninety. On enquiry he found that they were consuming huge quantities of sour milk from childhood.

The result of his investigations was the finding of the lactic acid bacillus, which, when introduced into the human system, has the quality of fighting and killing all other harmful microbes which may be present in the digestive organs. The result is an ideal state of health and as the bacteria are inexpensive, and only a few are needed to convert ordinary milk into the desired sour milk, it is most likely that this bacillus will take one of the most important places in the households of the American citizen. To enumerate all known bacterial preparations would be beyond the space allowed for this article; suffice it to say that the field is a virgin one, though the results in using these preparations for the well-being of the human and animal races, while doing already away with useless suffering, loss of life and also money, are becoming more incisive every day.

More surprising still, however, is the work carried out by the bacteria of the soil. No plant life can take place without the silent and efficient work of our little friends, only visible through a microscope enlarging their size 800 to 1,000 times.

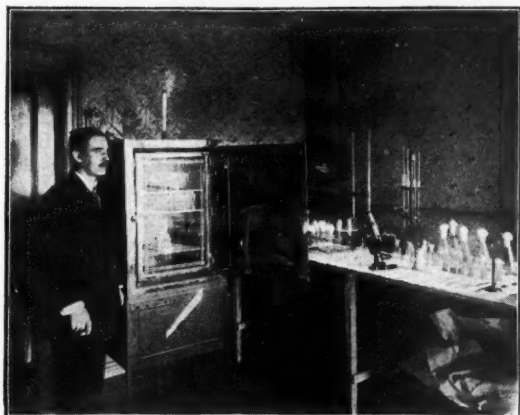
The great wave sweeping over the United States at the present time, "back to the farm," may make a few words as to the role played by our soil microbes not

FORTUNE FROM NATURE'S MINUTE CREATURES

inopportune. Secretary of Agriculture, the Honorable Wilson, is no doubt America's grand old man in pushing forward to the mind of people in the large cities that there are thousands of cheap farm lands lying uncultivated ready for them to make a decent living on. A great many farms have been abandoned on account of their poor soil conditions

breed them by having carefully studied their food necessities, and we breed them in quantities so that one four-ounce bottle, containing about 250 millions of living organisms, supplies enough nitrogen for an acre of land and only costs fifty cents per acre.

Now, all that remains is to explain how we can make the nitrogen-gathering bacteria happy and vigorous when they get into the ground and when we want to use them as a means of rejuvenating abandoned farms or for making good land out of bad land or to increase our crops as far as their nourishing value is concerned. Understand clearly: the more nitrogen in the soil, the more nutritious will be your food material derived from your crop; therefore the more bacteria, the bigger your bank-roll at end of the season. Their enemy is acidity; acidity is caused through the use of acid commercial fertilizers; also through continuous cropping. Old meadows which are never ploughed up refuse to



BACTERIOLOGICAL LABORATORY OF STANDARD NITROGEN COMPANY AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

mostly. Why has the soil become unfertile? Why has the yield of crops become smaller year by year and why is the same sort of thing going on to some degree on all farms unless worked on a basis to be referred to hereafter? The main reason is that the soil has become unfit for the habitation of the bacteria, the little creatures which one might call the wet nurses of plant life.

Let us see what they do and what they require for their comfortable existence.

We find there are bacteria, and they are the most important ones, which have the faculty to take nitrogen from the air and then feed it to the plant in a peculiar way. Nitrogen is the most expensive of all fertilizing elements; it is used today in large quantities costing from forty-five to fifty dollars per ton as nitrate of soda, the supply of which is getting less every year. Our nitrogen-gathering bacteria are supplying more nitrogen to an acre of ground than one ton of nitrate of soda. We do not pay them any wages, we simply

produce sweet hay; the corn crops get smaller every year, and so on. And this state of affairs is all caused through the inability of our nitrogen and other bacteria to live; they hate acid and die. The remedy is lime; use it every two or three years on your fields, lawns, vegetable gardens; make the land sweet, and our microbe friends will do their duty. If the wheat crop averages eighteen bushels per acre in the United States and thirty-eight in Germany, there is no reason at all why the average should not be the same here, if scientific practical methods are applied.

The writer, who enjoyed a chemical education, came to the conclusion that there was one line of applied science which opened the door not only for doing an immense amount of good to humanity, but also to make a reasonable commercial profit by creating an institution in America, the sole object of which should be to manufacture useful bacteria on a large scale for all purposes. There

FORTUNE FROM NATURE'S MINUTE CREATURES

is no such institution in America or elsewhere making a specialty of this new branch of applied chemistry. He therefore developed several branches of microbe and serum manufacture and incorporated a company, called the Standard Nitrogen Company. A large amount of money has already been invested, but the demand for the company's products increases in leaps and bounds. The field is enormous; every doctor in the Americas will ere long be a customer of the corporation, every veterinary surgeon, every farmer, estate and garden owner.

The company have at their disposal the advice of some of the greatest experts in the world, amongst others Dr. T. Darlington, late Commissioner of Health, City of New York; Dr. Victor Heyl, Director of the Institute for Physiological Chemistry, and inventor of a serum for syphilis.

The company's products have proved to be very successful; their present laboratories at Richmond turn out thousands of bottles of material, and tons of "Heyl's Inoculated Humus" are shipped every day to large users at two dollars per one hundred pounds, leaving a fair profit.

To enable the company to cope with their ever-increasing business further capital is required. Several opportunities offer themselves to buy farms close to good markets, which can be raised in value from ten dollars per acre to \$150 to \$200 per acre by means of the company's agricultural bacteria, applied and managed under their expert's advice.

The farming products accrue to the company in the meantime.

To fully exploit the company's most valuable processes and formulae, the Directors have found it advisable to form subsidiary companies in each state. Local influence and local supervision by the qualified officers of the state whose services, where obtainable, will be retained. Virginia and New York are already in-

corporated, and the parent company receives a substantial payment from each state organization in consideration of the sole right to use their processes in such state.

* * *

The profits accruing to the Standard Nitrogen Company as a parent company from all these sources should make every shareholder an independent fortune.

The stock is all common stock and is now obtainable at four dollars per share of five dollars par value, but will be raised very shortly, as subscriptions are coming in at an abnormal rate.

The company also issues six per cent. convertible twelve months Gold Bonds in denominations of one hundred dollars and upwards, interest payable monthly, such bonds being convertible at the option of the holder into common stock at four dollars per share during this period.



VIEW OF ANALYTICAL LABORATORY OF STANDARD NITROGEN COMPANY AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

They are protected by all the assets of the company, and further, a sinking fund has been created by paying five cents for every bottle of bacteria sold and depositing such funds in a separate account at the First National Bank of Bayonne.

Applications for stock or bonds to be addressed to M. C. Fogarty, Cashier, Standard Nitrogen Company, Singer Building, New York, N. Y.



OUR readers will please note that this number of the NATIONAL bears the date June-July. By way of an explanation we wish to assure them that all subscriptions will be extended one month, in order that regular subscribers may receive the full number of copies to which they are entitled. We have found it necessary to advance the date of publication by issuing this double number because of the exactions of the news-stand trade which require that a July magazine shall be issued the first of June.

* * *

A STORM of protest has poured upon Congress from all sections of the country in reference to the government printing return cards on stamped envelopes. Every printer and country editor is interested, and tax-payers are objecting to paying for printing which benefits only corporations and users of envelopes in large quantities. When the largest corporation in the world—the United States of America—does printing at a loss, contrary to the wishes of the nation, it is regarded as a menace to private rights. If continued the practice will put the private envelope manufacturer out of business, and will seriously affect the trade of those producing paper used in making envelopes. An important avenue of income is closed, for it is impossible for smaller printing offices to compete against the encroachments of a vast government corporation, in whose printing establishment work can be done free, owing to the simple fact that their payroll

is met without charge to the government. Eliminate the payroll from any printing office, and work could be done at a fractional charge.

All trades allied to printing and publishing are also affected. Everyone employed in the graphic arts is deprived, in some measure, of legitimate rights by a manifestly unfair government monopoly. Monopoly in any form is repugnant to popular ideas of government, and the people can see no reason why large quantities of envelopes should be printed free of charge, and furnished to corporations at a price which makes it difficult for many people to continue to earn an honest living in the printing business.

* *

The use of stamped envelopes is allowable, but the free printing of a return request is a phase of paternalism that may throw some light on the present deficit. It seems reasonable to expect that, if the government is going into business, the people paying the printing office bills should insist on having a fair price charged for work done. Any person may now order a large quantity of envelopes, and have the name and address printed in the upper corner, securing delivery free of charge for printing. It is claimed that the "printed free" return request is not advertising, but the very names of many large corporations suggest their business, while others are so well known as to be in themselves a form of advertising.

A bill has been introduced by Mr. Tou Velle in the House of Representatives. It has been prepared by him and by Senator Knute Nelson, who has charge of

LET'S TALK IT OVER

the matter in the Senate, and it prohibits the printing of certain matter on stamped envelopes. It is believed that all Congressmen and Senators who value the inherent rights of their constituents will support a measure which checkmates what promises to become a disastrous promotion of government monopoly.

* * *

IT has long been felt that our Publisher's Department ought to be a true "Let's Talk it Over" and contain an expression of opinion from many readers on matters of general importance. Do not hesitate to send in contributions and criticisms on any subject which is of general interest. The NATIONAL never has been and never will be what is called a "muck-raker," or a "yellow journal," and when an objection is taken to existing conditions, a remedy must also be suggested that both may be printed together. Under no circumstances will personal attacks on character be presented in this department. We wish to deal with principles rather than personalities. Anything throwing light on national problems will be welcomed, and for this the latching string of the NATIONAL's publisher's department will be always out.

* * *

THE widespread interest in the article, "One Year of Taft Prosperity," published in the March issue of the NATIONAL has been very gratifying. Newspapers have quoted and commented quite extensively, but most gratifying of all is the comment received in the personal letters from readers. True there are many who did not agree with conclusions, but all seemed to agree that it was at least an effort to present a comprehensive survey of the first year of President Taft's administration, and a refreshing change from the current of comment by critics with torpid livers. Among many letters received were the following, which we believe somewhat indicative of the sentiment among readers of the NATIONAL:

National Magazine: I have been a reader of your gem of a magazine for five years and like it better every year.

I want to thank you for the article in the March number: "One Year of Taft Prosperity." That reads good alongside of the articles in many magazines criticising and

lying about our President and his admirable administration of State affairs.

Will you kindly mail a copy of March issue to a friend of mine in the far west, Dr Louis C. Harmon, 2115 Estrella Avenue, Los Angeles, California?

O. K. JONES, Winona, Minn.

Mr. Joe Mitchell Chapple: When I read your admirable article, "One Year of Taft Prosperity," I felt like saying "Amen," and I surely wish that I might see more of a similar nature in several other magazines that I read. Some of them came before yours and I began to think that muck-racking and unkind criticism, if not worse, had taken place of patriotism and national pride. When the NATIONAL came I felt better and decided when I read the request of Bennett Chapple that I would say at least that I like your good-natured, patriotic manner of saying good things about our great men and the greatest nation on earth. More might be said, but this shows my approval.

As to the North Pole article, I find that some, if not most people, feel that if any part of the magazines and newspapers is to be "skipped" it is the story told over and over again during the past six months of the ship "thumping and grinding," the dogs and Eskimo eating blubber, etc., for days, months and years of the same kind of hardship that Cook and Peary have given us. I am looking for a magazine that did not think at one time that its life depended upon somebody's story of Arctic experiences.

I cannot tell you how I like "Hum" yet, but hope to as soon as I can get a February NATIONAL as ours for that month got lost in the mails, etc.

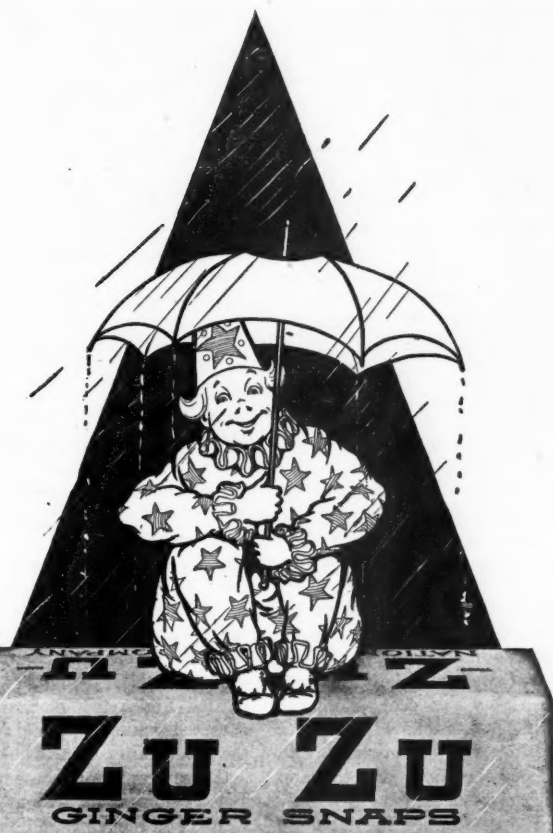
As for "Little Helps" I think that I will send with this one or two that have been helpful to me during the last six weeks of confinement upon a sick bed. Yes, that reminds me that Mrs. S. read me the January number and I resolved that if ever I got well enough I would ask our country papers to print "Our Office Boy's Philosophy of Life." I wish all our boys big and little might get the spirit of that article.

W. H. RUSSELL, School Commissioner,
Yates County, Rushville, N. Y.

* * *

IN the lively discussion of "Back to the land" and "Produce more wheat to supply the need of the country," as propagated by James J. Hill and others of equal prominence, it is refreshing to sit down with the practical, hard-headed men who have lived in these sections of the country in which the development of farm lands is something more than an academic theory.

Hon. B. F. McMillan, of McMillan, Wisconsin, is one of the men who has been



Rain! Rain!! Rain!!! All in vain!

If you lack snap and want ginger,
use the old established countersign

ZU ZU
to the grocerman

No one ever heard of a **ZU ZU** that wasn't good

No! Never!!

5¢

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

LET'S TALK IT OVER

an extensive lumberman in Northern Wisconsin for thirty-five years. He cut his lumber in the old-fashioned, thrifty way, according to the plan of our New England forefathers, and like many another lumber man when he first went into the timber had little appreciation of its value from a farming standpoint. In those earlier days the land was freely given to the settler and during the summer season these men gradually cleared up the land and tilled it until today fields blossom with grain and cereals in the slashings of years ago. These new settlers were cared for by Mr. McMillan and others in the saw-mills and lumber camps until their lands were self-supporting. The settlement, however, was of slow growth and did not keep pace with the lumbermen, many of whom finished up their timber holdings and dismantled their mills long in advance of the settler. Much of the land passed into the hands of the real estate agents, who kept selling and re-selling to speculators, the prices of land continually advancing without increasing their value. Mr. McMillan contends that most of the men who are advocating the return to the soil, in so far as the undeveloped lands are concerned, do not get down to actual conditions. Their theories are good, but they fail to take into consideration that eighty per cent of all the people who are inclined to follow their advice have less than three hundred dollars with which to commence operations, and the land available for this class of settlers is usually so isolated and opportunities for labor so few that success under present conditions is exceedingly doubtful. The question that seriously confronts the country is: How can these men of limited means, the men who are the natural developers of the soil and who were able to make this development in the past, be started on homes and assured of success? There are ten million acres of undeveloped farm land in Wisconsin. No better land lays out of doors. There are thousands of people who would like to make use of this land, and Wisconsin would welcome them. The all-important question is: What system can meet present conditions?

To the solution of this great problem Mr. McMillan is now directing part of his old-time energy and is lending his aid and support to a plan originated by John P. Hume, of Marshfield, Wisconsin, who has created a

company for the purpose of carrying on the work. The company has been in existence for a short time, but has already replaced the old hand methods of clearing by using steam stump machines. It clears up the land, builds roads and develops ahead of the settler, thus enabling him to find employment at his own door.

The company has worked on very conservative lines, and has not aimed to see how much land could be disposed of, but how men of limited means could be successfully established on land. Herein is one of the most interesting features of the new enterprise, and the essential one so far as the possibilities of the man of limited means is concerned. It was announced through various sources that any man with one hundred dollars could secure a farm home and on payment of that amount, material for building would be advanced, tools, machinery and stock gradually supplied, assistance given in clearing the land for cultivation at reduced cost, teams furnished for putting in crops, all of which could be paid back to the company on the installment plan of from five to ten dollars per month, the company furnishing employment to every purchaser, all services rendered the company to be paid in cash, monthly. Some seventy settlers have located under this plan and all have been accepted without prior investigation as to their familiarity with farm work.

These people have come from as far west as Washington, as far east as New York, from Canada on the north and Texas on the south. Some fourteen different states are represented and twelve different nationalities. A majority of these people have had no previous experience in the timber country, but under the direction of competent foremen they readily learn. This new method has been tried out, and no serious failure can be charged against it. Another striking feature is that under the cash system of payment for work these new settlers all pay cash for their supplies, which they buy in the near-by towns as their fancy dictates.

The work of Mr. McMillan and his associates would make some of the most illustrious conservationists forget for the moment their disfavor toward cutting down the primeval forests. The beautiful farms that bloom in the northland of Wisconsin now are striking examples of American pioneer pluck.



The great progress recently made in the art of Victor recording is truly wonderful.

Records whose superior qualities were universally acknowledged are now far outclassed by the new Victor Records with their new sweetness, clearness and tone-quality.

Go today to the nearest Victor dealer's and hear these new Victor Records made by the improved process of recording.

The Victor Record catalogue lists more than 3000 selections—both single- and double-faced records. Same quality—only difference is in price. Buy double-faced if the combination suits you.

Victor Single-faced Records, 10-inch 60 cents; 12-inch \$1.

Victor Double-faced Records, 10-inch 75 cents; 12-inch \$1.25.

Victor Purple Label Records, 10-inch 75 cents; 12-inch \$1.25.

Victor Red Seal Records, 10- and 12-inch, \$1, \$1.50, \$2, \$3, \$4, \$5, \$6, \$7.

And be sure to hear the Victrola

To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Victor

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month.

LEY'S TALK IT OVER

A COLONY of NATIONAL subscribers at Homeland, Georgia, have sent us the following enthusiastic sketch of their new home:

The location of the "1906" Colony Company is at Homeland, Georgia, just forty miles north of Jacksonville, the gateway of commerce for the whole southeast country. The "1906" Colony Company owns a ten-thousand acre tract of land that is drawing several thousand people from the northern and eastern states, who want to make more money than is possible on their lands of the North; people who desire to get away from the rough winters and live in a salubrious climate such as that of South Georgia, where life is worth living both summer and winter.

There is no attempt in telling you about this South Georgia land to impress you with its marvels of money-making and its hundred and one home-making delights, except as facts and experience. We want every man to realize what this land offers to the hard-worked farmer who knows farming in the North. You know that there are years of low as well as high prices. You have to work long days and extra hard, during the spring, summer and fall, and one crop a year is all that you get. Then, in the late fall, comes idleness when you are compelled to turn away from your land to make money. Perhaps you take to stock feeding or some other occupation; in any event your land produces no profit for four or five months. Now, compare, please, the best conditions of work, the results of your work in dollars, the extremes of heat and cold every year where you now are, particularly in Ohio, Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa or the Dakotas.

With ordinary farming in South Georgia on the truck or fruit farms there is a paradise for you, to you of limited means, to the man who works for a salary, to the renter of a 160-acre farm, to the mechanic, to the clerk, or any man working on a salary. One of the many good things about this land is, it does not cost much to get it, and you won't have to struggle hard to pay for it, and while you are paying you can save from your present means enough to build a house for—building is cheap in South Georgia.

The following is not to "impress" you, but is a plain statement of facts about labor, climate and earnings of one who cares to work for his home and who is absolutely

independent as soon as he has begun life on South Georgia soil. Remember Southern Georgia is woman's "Paradise" and man's realization of ambition for independence.

We all want to improve our financial condition, to take care of our loved ones and to accumulate something for old age. Your present wages, if you use economy, will soon enable you to own a home here. The only way for you to get ahead is to get an investment—small or large—but get one. Buy at the right time, in the right place, at the right price. If you cannot pay cash, pay by the month, buy anyhow, and the property will increase in value, and make you money, and soon you will have something and by and by you will be well-to-do.

Thousands have succeeded along these lines, earning no more than you are at the present time. Now, why not you? Why not do as many of your friends are doing and invest a part of your earnings in these ten-acre tracts and make money? Start to save and accumulate. If you have already started, add some of these tracts to your holdings.

* * *

THE candid thinking public who are now watching the actions of our good old Republican party see some things that we condemn and cannot possibly endorse, and in that list of things we beg to refer to the action of President Taft in withholding his endorsement and recommendation of a party for the position of Pension Commissioner of the states of Iowa and Nebraska. The present occupant's time expired last fall and the recommendation to fill the position was sent to the President about January 11 and was strongly endorsed by both Senators and nine out of the eleven congressmen and so far as the public are advised not one word of objection has been filed against the party so recommended, thus making definite that the said appointment is being held up on account of its having been made by Senator Cummins and other progressives. This does not sound like the action of the good old Republican party and in the judgment of many will do the party a serious damage. The Republican party should be too large for this kind of treatment of its members.

A VETERAN REPUBLICAN.

**"The
Smallest Grand
That's Safe
to Buy"**



STEINWAY MINIATURE

The purchase of a Steinway Piano carries the assurance that money can buy nothing better. In its qualities as a musical instrument, its beauty of outline and its intrinsic value the Steinway is in a class by itself.

The exact size of this Grand,—5 feet 10 inches,—has been determined through scientific research.
In an ebonized case, \$800.

Illustrated catalogue will be sent upon request and mention of this magazine.

STEINWAY & SONS,
STEINWAY HALL,

107 and 109 East Fourteenth Street, New York.

Subway Express Station at the Door.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

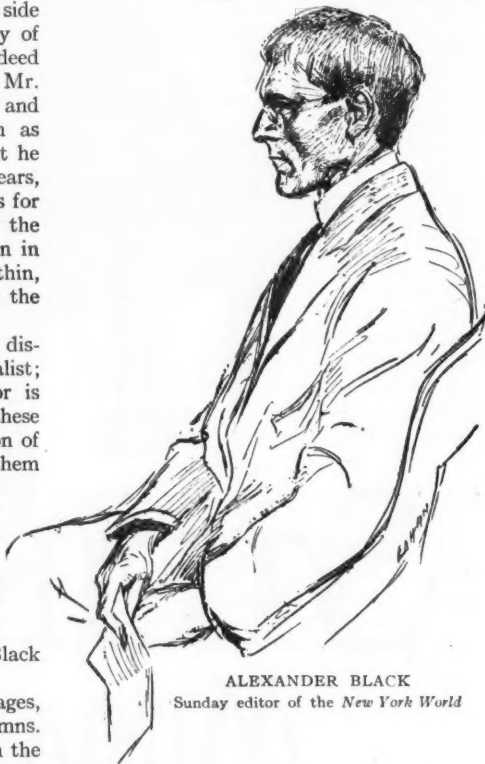
IT is really surprising how our most delightful between-the-soup-and-nuts acquaintanceships are often formed. At a recent banquet Mr. Alexander Black, the Sunday editor of the *New York World*, sat next to me on my right hand. It is to be feared that our neighbors either side had cause to demur at the monopoly of the conversation, but for me it was indeed "a feast of reason and a flow of soul." Mr. Black succeeded Mr. Arthur Brisbane and many other notable newspaper men as editor of the *Sunday World*, and that he has held that position for over five years, the longest on record, speaks volumes for his genius and ability. He enjoys the distinction of being the slimmest man in New York City, but there is nothing thin, slim or narrow in his views of what the public want.

Mr. Black has already achieved distinction as an author, artist and annalist; and his success as a Sunday editor is probably due to his experiences in these various fields. He seizes the attention of a great world of readers, and makes them glad that they are seized. There is a marked difference between a daily paper and the Sunday issue, for readers are in a different mood and attitude toward the press on Sunday morning, when men rise late, rub their eyes and get into an old coat, all ready to read the Sunday paper, Mr. Black records tersely:—

"The Sunday newspaper contains pages, where the other papers contain columns. In other words, pages are the units in the Sunday paper." One great problem is the "make-up," which is just as important as in the actor's art. In fact, the Sunday page of today has been a development in the process of illustration, and oftentimes engages as serious and reverential thought as thirty-five minute sermons from the Sunday pulpit. Formerly one feature was taken up and illustrated—now everything seems to be sketched by pen, pencil and photographs, and in group pictures. The illustrator's art is brought into play to form a complete picture and harmonious whole.

Readers never seem to outgrow the pictorial taste—the appeal to the eye; and it is by a thorough understanding of this taste that Mr. Black, as an artist, has

arrested the attention of his readers, and makes them glad they are arrested with his stirring effects of Sunday *World* pages, which look as tempting and inviting as a well-spread table artistically decorated by the hand of the gracious lady of the house.



ALEXANDER BLACK

Sunday editor of the *New York World*

While people may not stop to analyze the details of the make-up of a book or paper, they are quick to recognize a page that looks interesting and artistic. It is not enough that a paper shall look big and bulky, and be filled with matter of vital interest, but in these days it must recognize the basic principles of good architecture. Mr. Black insisted that, while some editors will edit text matter down to the smallest adjective and split infinitive, they pay little attention to pictures, which speak louder than any mere words. It is the right blending of matter and illustration on a page that tells the story. Mr. Black has the true Scotch

Safety and Sanity

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard



LIFE insurance eliminates chance through the operation of the Law of Average. The knowledge of the Law of Average as applied to the duration of human life is gained in but one way and that is through statistics. Now, there are accurate statistics, not only as to the average life of individuals, but also as to the life of a legacy; that is, how long five thousand, ten thousand, or twenty-five thousand dollars will last the average person who is not used to handling such sums. A widow with money is a shining mark for the mining-shark. I am sorry to say it, because I think well of woman's ability to manage her affairs; but the fact is five thousand dollars usually lasts a widow three years, and ten thousand is dissipated in five years. Doubtless, the average man, not used to having such lump sums come to him, would do no better. Money in a lump sum in the hands of those not versed in finance is a burden and sometimes a menace. It lays them open to the machinations of the tricky and dishonest, also the well-meaning men who know just how to double it in a month. Realizing these things, and to meet a great human need, the Equitable is now issuing a policy which, instead of being paid in a lump sum on the death of the insured, gives a fixed payment every year (or more often) to the beneficiary as long as she shall live. On her death any unpaid instalments are to be paid to her heirs in one sum or in payments, as may be desired. Here is a plain, simple, safe plan whereby you can insure those dependent upon you against want and temptation, by insuring them against their indiscretion, and yours. It is the Equitable Way.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES

"Strongest in the World"

The Company which pays its death claims on the day it receives them.

PAUL MORTON, PRESIDENT

120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

AGENCIES EVERYWHERE! None in your town? Then why not recommend some good man—or woman—to us, to represent us there—Great opportunities to-day in Life Insurance work for the Equitable.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

admixture of idealism, logic and a fine appreciation of facts, and his first purpose is always to have his pictures true, so that after the attention is arrested, the reader feels repaid. The den or "studio" where the *Sunday World* is made up is an interesting work in the newspaper palace of gilded dome. There is not that oppressive spaciousness of mahogany and rugs which suggests the office of a railroad president, but an atmosphere at once active and artistic. Gathered around Mr. Black's desk are the artists almost under his eye, working by lights as soft as those which filter through an Italian art gallery.

Mr. Black was born in New York City in 1859, and has to his credit a number of books, including "The Girl and the Guardsman," "Richard Gordon," "Modern Daughters," "Miss Jerry," in the fiction list, while in more serious vein are "Story of Ohio," "Photography Indoors and Out," the latter indicating the hobby of Mr. Black. He was the inventor of the "picture plays" which were presented on the lyceum platform ten years ago, the predecessors of the modern moving picture playlets.

He pays a splendid tribute to his chief when speaking of the great success of the *New York World*. Mr. Black insists that Mr. Pulitzer did not care so much to know what was all right about the paper, as to know *what was wrong*, and invited the criticism of every member of the staff; but woe unto him who offered criticism or complaint and was not ready with a suitable remedy. Such things as mere complaints of what the other fellow did not do in order to show what this fellow would have done if the other fellow had not done so and so, were things which exasperated the editor of the *World*.

Mr. Black quoted an interesting definition by Mr. Pulitzer. "Imagination," says Mr. Pulitzer, "is not distortion, exaggeration—not saying a million when it is half a million, not saying greatest when it is but one of many that are equal—imagination is the capacity for finding, for recognizing, for appreciating THE FACT. In a world full of real facts and real wonders only indolence and incapacity resort to exaggeration or misstatement.

A story is told showing how absolutely

free the *World* is from the slightest outside influence, other than that of supplying news for the reader. A prominent advertiser desired an extended story of a certain movement or enterprise, which he sent to the paper. Complaint was made to that genial, whole-souled publisher, Don Seitz, that the article had not appeared. He shrugged his shoulders with the Seitz shake: "Tried my best to get the stuff in, but those men upstairs run the newspaper—you will have to see them. We don't seem to have much influence down here."

Mr. Black is indeed one of the leaders in modern Sunday journalism, and enjoys a marvelously wide acquaintance with the artistic, literary, political and industrial celebrities of the day.

* * *

AT some time during the life of the average man he gets the idea that he ought to take up raising poultry. A book called "Progressive Poultry Culture," by Dr. A. A. Brigham, of the Agricultural College of South Dakota, promises to help many a beginner along the road and save him from the many pitfalls that entrap the unwary. This book has become in fact a text book of the poultry industry. Like all other modes of making a living, poultry raising depends on the "know how," on enthusiasm for the work and eternal vigilance against mistakes.

Marvelous stories have been told of the money which the American hen has poured into the pocket books of the farmers, and the information offered by Dr. Brigham has been gained by wide experience, including that gained in the Imperial College of Agriculture, Sapporo, Japan, where he spent about four years; and at Ithaca, New York, where he made many experiments in incubation. He is now Principal of the School of Agriculture, Director of College Extension and State Summer School and Instructor in Poultry Culture, South Dakota State College, a position which he has held since 1907, and is now imparting his knowledge to the young women and men who are eager to fit themselves to make the best of their South Dakota lands. His book will be read with great interest, even if the reader "has no chickens in the coop" at this time.

THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE CHARTREUSE

has always been and still is made by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), who, since their expulsion from France, have been located at Tarragon, Spain; and, although the old labels and insignia originated by the Monks have been adjudged by the Federal Courts of this country to be still the exclusive property of the Monks, their world-renowned product is nowadays known as



LIQUEUR PÈRES CHARTREUX

GREEN AND YELLOW



At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés.
Batjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N.Y.
Sole Agents for United States.

"DAGOR"
"CELOR"
"SYNTOR"



GOERZ
XEXCELL
AND
TENAX
SHUTTERS

GOERZ LENSES

For all kinds of photographic work, give results
that no other lenses can even approach

C. P. GOERZ AMERICAN OPTICAL COMPANY, Office and Factory: 79 East 130th Street, New York

Makers of Goerz Lenses, Goerz Binoculars and Goerz Cameras
Dealers' Distributing Agencies: For Middle West: Burke & James, Chicago; San Francisco: Hirsch & Kaiser; Canada: R. F. Smith, Montreal



RATTLESNAKES AND A MAD DOG

By MRS. C. SMITH

MENTION of a rattlesnake or a mad dog will strike terror to the heart of a mother who has small children.

One summer we had experience with both, but were fortunate enough to escape being bitten by either.

My boys were cutting wheat, and I went out every day and helped set up the shocks. We often ran across snakes, but they were the harmless kind, and I felt no uneasiness, but one day while walking across the wheat field I found the first rattlesnake I had seen in this state. I did not know there were any here.

The boys were close, and I called to them to come and kill it.

A day or two after this we were still working in the wheat, and I sat down on a bundle to rest awhile. After a few minutes, I picked it up to place it on the shock, and there was another rattlesnake. It was under the bundle of wheat on which I had been sitting. Our good old dog, Shep, was near and killed this one.

I kept a constant lookout for them after that, and told the smaller boys to keep Shep by them, wherever they went, for he always killed every snake he saw.

The boys and I saw our third rattlesnake some time after this, as we were walking through some tall grass. It bit Shep, then he killed it. I have always thought it might have bitten one of the boys if the dog had not been with us.

We did not know of anything to do for the dog, and thought perhaps it would not hurt him, but in a few days he died. How sorry we were to lose that good old faithful dog!

We had another dog, and just before Shep died, he bit it. In a week this other dog went mad. One evening we noticed him jumping at the chickens and pulling out feathers. The boys whipped him, and tied him up awhile. He was let loose at dark.

In the night I heard a commotion in the chicken-house, but it quieted down so I did not call any one to see about it.

It was fortunate that I did not, for whoever had gone out would have been bitten.

At daylight, some of us looked out, and there was that dog killing chickens, also a cat that was coming up from the barn.

"CANDIES OF RARE QUALITY"



Kuyler's

One of the Vacation Luxuries.

Take it along with you or purchase it from
any of our Sales Agents



Kuyler's
Candies
Have never been
equalled in Purity
Quality
and
Flavor

**CALIFORNIA
Listed Exchange
OIL STOCKS**

We make a specialty of dealing in California oil stocks (listed Exchange only), representing every oil field. Good listed exchange stocks can be sold any day the investor wishes to realize. Good California oil stocks are listed on the San Francisco or Los Angeles Oil Exchanges as soon as they are on a producing, dividend-earning basis.

These seasoned securities can be bought today at prices earning dividends of one per cent or more a month (payable monthly) from the day of purchase. Many assure much greater returns as development progresses. Many of these stocks are advancing in price, point by point as the oil industry grows daily.

We will furnish to those interested, without charge, a list of all the California oil stocks which are listed and paying dividends, together with photographs and maps of the various fields. We will furnish without charge, a report on any California oil company. A postal card request will bring much valuable information and a copy of our publication, "The Oil Book," without charge.

Lincoln Mortgage & Loan Co.

138 Whittell Building, San Francisco

622 Citizens National Bank Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

537 Henry Building, Seattle, Wash.

New York Office: Lincoln Stock & Bond Co.

946 Marbridge Building, Herald Square.



FISH

All Sea Foods

No better or more delicate
flavor can be added to all
fish cooking than by using

**LEA & PERRINS
SAUCE**

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

A perfect seasoning for Soups, Steaks, Chops,
Roasts, Gravies and Salad Dressings.

It Aids Digestion.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, AGTS., N. Y.

Marvelous Midway

Just as sure as you and I are here there is a tremendous turning toward California oil and in this case the interest of the public is not based upon wild stories of possible profits to be made, but upon a solid, growing and highly significant dividend record extending back now nearly ten years. This record has been furnished by the dividend paying oil companies of California and is an intensely interesting exhibit as showing the great profits of the industry.

The midway field of California has sprung into prominence with a record of gushing wells far beyond any ever heard of in the entire history of the industry. It is today producing more oil than any field in California. One well has flowed as high as

60,000 BARRELS A DAY

and 2,000 to 5,000 barrel wells per day are common. I have written a most interesting booklet giving all the facts and figures about Midway and the various other oil fields and can tell you about one company known as the Hale-McLeod, located in the very heart of the district which is producing heavily now, is surrounded by gushers, and should duplicate the record of other great dividend payers.

If you want big dividends and handsome profits write me today.

CLARENCE M. SMITH

64 Wall Street

New York

THE HOME

The boys got a gun and killed him, then we went out to see what he had done.

Such a sight as met our eyes. There were dead chickens lying thick all over the chicken yard and in the house.

The boys dug a deep hole and buried the dog, cat and 120 chickens, just right to fry.

How thankful we were that none of the family were bitten, and that the stock escaped.

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

For the Little Helps found suited for use in this department we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, your subscription must be paid in full to date in order to take advantage of this offer. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your Little Help does not appear it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes unless you have one for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose a stamped and addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

INDEX BOOK

By K. P. B.

Many things about the house are not in constant use, yet are sometimes needed in a hurry and hard to find; one method is to have a notebook with alphabetical index; list in this all articles you have in certain places; another, is to have a drawer or shelf for odds and ends and have the list attached to a string which is tacked just inside the drawer or shelf.

To Clean Mica

The mica in stove doors will look like new if washed in vinegar; if the soot sticks, soak the mica in vinegar slightly diluted, then rub with a flannel cloth.

To Keep Fruit

Oranges and lemons last longer if hung in a net mesh in an airy corner of the store cupboard. If you will wrap sound apples, each in a separate piece of dry paper and put in a box or barrel that is lined with paper, and keep in a cool, dry place, they can be kept much longer; I have had them keep till August; of course you must have a good keeping variety to last that long.

If you treat tomatoes in the same way, you may have nice sliced ones at Christmas time.

EVEN EYELET HOLES

By Mrs. H. W. Barnes

When making perforations for eyelet embroidery, hold a piece of soap under the goods; let the stiletto pass through into it; this stiffens the material, insures perfect eyelet holes, and does away with the tendency to close up.

DRESSING DAUGHTERS

By V. Wellman

It had been a real nightmare for months to me—this endless, unanswered question. The family purse poorly supported me in my theories on keeping daughters at home if possible, save for educational purposes, letting them intimately know all about home work. The daughters about whom I felt most concern were but a year apart in ages and were nearing graduation in high school to which they had been faithfully sent despite many sacrifices, and were hoping to become teachers in certain branches. Many mothers can bear witness to the aggravation of heavy additions to the expense column for one aspiring high school student, even though there be but moderate indulgence in social joys; as to the cost of dressing one daughter of this age it is modified or multiplied by modest good taste and care of clothes or a great vanity joined to carelessness. Moreover, the daughters were but two out of eight children, only two of the group being boys. "Misfortunes come not singly," and ill health seized me, the busy mother, and left me so in need of outdoor air that, unable to obey my good doctor and "go South," it was suggested that I work in my flower garden and develop it as a pin-money earner.

For pin money, therefore, it was begun, and never were such great and varied profits secured. Walking, bending and digging in the open air, getting interested as it dawned on me that my violets, pansies and other flowers were bringing me health and also largely helping answer my problem. Filled with courage by my experiments that summer I enlarged and improved my venture which soon ceased to be known as "Mother's Pin-Money Garden." In truth the blessings made possible by my rather small cold frame bed of violets alone would surprise many an anxious woman worn out by "house nerves" and verging on nervous prostration.

To my mind this form of money-making for women excels all the other excellent methods familiarly discussed in poultry, pigeon or bee journals, and all which are good when suited to time, strength and capital. Dressing daughters is no longer a fear to me. We even have vacations together now.

REMEDY FOR BURNS

By Mrs. George R. Bright

Cover a cloth of the required size with a thick layer of scraped raw Irish potato, and apply to burn with potato next the skin. Tie in place with bandage. The potato should be renewed as often as necessary to keep moist. When other remedies failed, this relieved a hand badly blistered by grasping a red-hot poker.

FOUR GOOD SUGGESTIONS

By A. R.

For making the lamp give a better light, put it on something white.

For indigestion use Cayenne pepper on your food.

Buttermilk is good for acidity of the stomach. Pour boiling water over frozen eggs and let stand until cool, it will make them all right.

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT WATCHES LOFTIS SYSTEM

GIFTS FOR THE JUNE BRIDE AND GRADUATION GIFTS

A Diamond Brooch, Locket, La Valliere or Diamond-Set Watch

Our Great Special-Ladies' Watch Solid Gold, polished, raised star; Genuine Diamond, perfect in cut

and full of fiery brilliancy; choice of Elgin or Waltham movement.

Extraordinary value at \$25. Easy payments, \$2.50 per month. Guaranteed to keep accurate time.

Write for Our Handsome Free Catalog containing over 1500 beautiful illustrations of Diamonds,

Watches and Artistic Jewelry. Select any article you would

like to own or present as a gift to a loved one: it will be sent on approval to your home, place of

business, or express office, without any obligation whatever on your part. If satisfactory in every

way, pay one-fifth down and keep it, balance in eight equal monthly amounts. If not satisfactory,

return it. We pay all charges and take all risks. Our prices are the lowest. Our terms are the easiest.

An Account with Us is a confidential matter. Our customers use their charge accounts with us year

after year, finding them a great convenience at such times as anniversaries,

weddings, birthdays, graduations, etc. Any honest person

may open a charge account. Diamonds increase in value 15

to 30 per cent each year. Send for free copy of the LOFTIS MAGAZINE.

LOFTIS
BROS. & CO.

THE OLD RELIABLE ORIGINAL DIAMOND
AND WATCH CREDIT HOUSE
Dept. F 10, 92 to 98 State St.,
CHICAGO, ILL.
Branches: Pittsburgh, Pa., and St. Louis, Mo.



\$25

**CREDIT
TERMS**

**\$2.50
PER MONTH**

PARROTS
FROM
OLD MEXICO
(Imported direct)

Guaranteed Good Talkers

Rare and beautiful birds from the Tropics—most popular and interesting of all household pets, showing great intelligence and ability to imitate the human voice in conversation, song and laughter, making them a never ending source of amusement and entertainment.

\$4.75 Pays for a choice selected Mexican Red Head Parrot

Including shipping case and food for the journey, if ordered before September 1st. Mexican Double Yellow Heads \$9.75; other varieties at low prices.

Strong Parrot Cage, 12 inches in diameter, \$1.50; 14 inches, \$2.50. Complete book on Parrots 25 cts.

Write today for illustrated catalog of Parrots, Gold Fish, etc.

IOWA BIRD CO. Dept V
DES MOINES, IA., U.S.A.

A Skin of Beauty Is a Joy Forever

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

Purifies
as well as
beautifies
the skin.
No other
cosmetic
will do it.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 60 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations."

For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER
For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin Irritations, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion.

Price 25 cents, by mail.

GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTILE

Removes superfluous hair.

Price \$1.00, by mail.

FRED. T. HOPKINS, Prop., 37 Great Jones St., New York City

"Water Sprite"
Outboard Boat Motor

You can attach this splendid little gasoline motor to any row boat or sail boat in 5 minutes. Then twitch the switch and away "she" goes at 5 to 8 miles an hour. Strong, powerful, absolutely reliable and simple as A, B, C. The "Water Sprite" is light, easy to handle, two-cycle and the only air-cooled, adjustable boat motor on the market. Special low price for a few weeks. Write now for booklet and full information.

"Water Sprite" Motor
1230 E. 46TH ST., CHICAGO

10 Days' Free Trial

Agents: Make B-g Money

OIL

Just published, new 112-page book issued by the Los Angeles Oil Exchange, containing complete description, capitalization, names of officers and directors, amounts of dividends being paid, etc., of over 1,500 Active, Operating California Oil Companies. Absolutely essential to properly guide you in making your oil investments. Write today and obtain this book FREE OF COST, together with our

Daily Oil Market Letter

The only Daily Market Letter published which keeps you thoroughly posted upon all active Oil Stocks. Late news from the fields, quoting low prices upon all oil shares. We can save you from 10 to 25% upon your purchases. Direct connections with the West. Save time, trouble and loss of certificates in mails by buying in New York. Low commissions, close prices and all Oil securities bought either for cash or on a margin of one-third. Write today—a postal will do—and start receiving our Market Letter at once.

**C. D. MORGAN & CO.,
BROKERS**
Tels. 4345-46 Rector
20 Broad St., New York

FREE

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

THE HOME

REMEDY FOR BAD ODOR

By Mrs. H. C. Clark

Next time your immediate neighborhood is treated to a spell of that offensive odor of the pole-cat, just try putting a pan on the stove with some vinegar and spices in it; let it boil briskly; it will prove stronger than the first arrival and will save many sick headaches. Try it and be convinced.

Use for Fish Scraps

Save all trimmings and bones from any fish you may use; next scratch dirt away from sickly bush or flower, bury the fish scraps next to the roots, then cover and watch the plant take a new hold on life; also save all bones from soup meats and roasts; crush with stone or hammer; this is fine to put under small shrubbery or shade trees.

Utilizing Space

A handy wood-box may be had by nailing a foot-wide board near the bottom of the kitchen table legs; one may drape a curtain around the table if one thinks it unsightly, leaving an opening nearest the stove to get the wood when needed.

QUICKLY PATCHED OVERALLS

Mrs. M. Mitchell

Rip the inside seam, lay on a generous patch and sew on the machine; re-sew the seam, and a great bugbear is easily vanquished.

Stocking Kitchen Rugs

Ladies, take the family's worn stockings, cut them round and round, each in one long strip, and have them made into rugs. Overall make fine rugs, too.

CANNED SWEET POTATOES

By Mrs. T. J. H.

Boil four large-sized sweet potatoes until thoroughly soft; slice them and put in a baking dish with butter the size of an egg, one-half cupful of sugar, one cupful of warm water, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half cupful seeded raisins; make two layers of this and bake for a half hour in a moderate oven; then can in the usual way.

To Remove Grease Spots

To remove oil stains or grease spots from clothing, place a white blotter over the stains and iron with a very hot iron.

EVAPORATED MILK

Mrs. Minnie Duntun

Returning home a few evenings ago with a bad headache, I found that all the creameries in the vicinity were closed. I was perishing for a cup of good tea, but don't like it without cream. One small grocery store was open and I went in. The man persuaded me to try Van Camp's Evaporated Milk. I find that it is scarcely to be distinguished from cream; the slight cooked taste is not perceptible in tea, and with proper care it keeps in perfect condition for several days. I poured blessings on Van Camp's invention that night as I drank my tea. You people who have so much trouble with your cream souring, just try it.

SANDPAPER FOR SHINY CLOTH

S. E. P.

To remove the "shine" of wear on cloth or dress goods, use fine sandpaper and press.

For the Primrose

To keep a primrose in bloom, set the pot in a saucer of water; never water the soil directly and they will bloom indefinitely.

To Keep Cranberries Fresh

When they are your own growing, do not remove the chaff by winnowing; take to a cool upstairs place and stir lightly with the hand occasionally, till dry; then leave them to freeze, as it happens, and they will keep both color and flavor as long as they last.

NEW WAY TO BAKE JUICY PIES

Mrs. Charles S. Pickett

Place half the amount of sugar used on bottom crust with a slice of bread, cut into small squares; then put in the fruit and the other half of the sugar with bits of butter on top; put on top crust. The bread will absorb the juice.

Light Dumplings

To insure light dumplings, drop them in the stew and leave the cover off the kettle until they are twice the size they were when dropped in; then place on the cover and boil fifteen minutes.

AN AID TO DIGESTION

Jennie S. Potter

Take the lining of a chicken gizzard, scrub clean, then dry. Eat a small portion at a time, several times a day; it is most effective in the morning before breaking your fast. A lady troubled very much with indigestion found permanent relief after using two of these linings.

SUBSTITUTE FOR BEESWAX

Mrs. C. F. Streeter

In the absence of beeswax or paraffine, sad-irons, heated by gas-flames, or otherwise, may be rendered perfectly smooth by a particle of lard on a sheet of brown paper.

FOR HOT APPLICATIONS

By Laura Cadwell

Where immediate hot applications are desired, fold cloths around an electric bulb. The result is surprisingly satisfactory.

FERTILIZER FOR PALMS

By M. J. B.

Horn shavings is an excellent fertilizer for palms, ferns, aspidistra, and other slow-growing plants. Mixed with the soil, it decomposes slowly, giving the roots food in small quantities as needed and lasting a long time. It is not expensive, and most dealers sell it.

